NEIGHBORHOOD

MY STORY OF GREENWICH HOUSE

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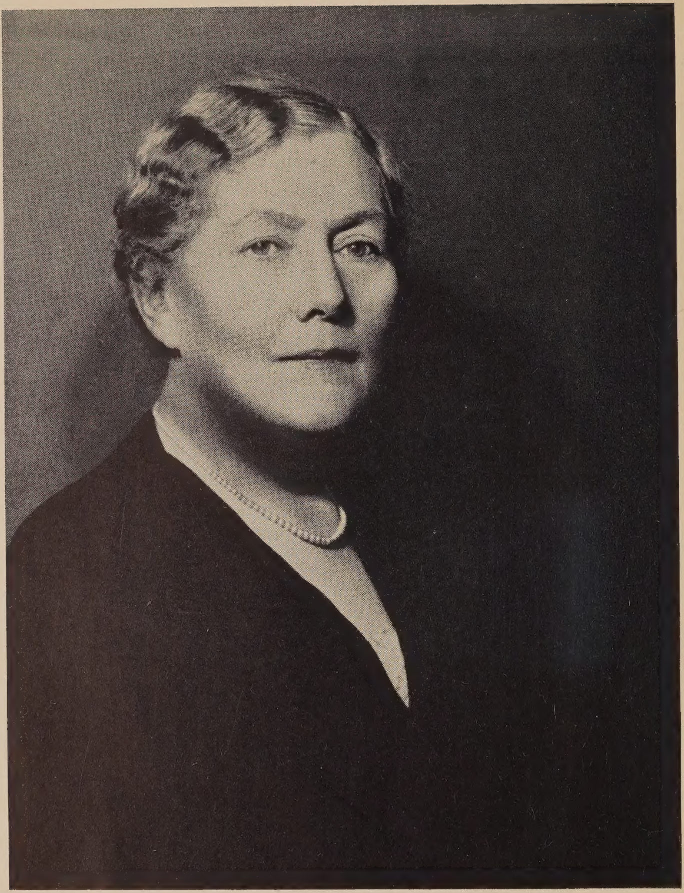

MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

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By

MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

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TO MY GRANDSON

Dear Paul:

This book is for you. Perhaps you may like to read the first chapter now, and the others later on. You remember your great-grandmother, and she remembered her great-grandfather Samuel Shaw, who fought with Washington at Valley Forge. So you see, it takes only two steps to go back to the beginnings of our country. This book is a tiny chapter in that history.

M. K. S.

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CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

A BIG Newfoundland dog, Bruno, went with me as I walked on the little plank sidewalk to my grandmother's in Chestnut Hill on a brisk fall morning. I had on a white coat with a cape. There were little blue dots in the basket weave, and Bruno was taller than I. This is my earliest memory. Grandfather's farm was beautiful with orchard, fields and swamp. Huge cherry trees, the old winter-long-green pear trees, summer and winter apple trees, and above them all an old elm that swept the roof of the farmhouse. Trees! Next to friends come trees. In the hothouses were cucumbers long before they came to the Boston markets from California or the far South. At twenty-five cents apiece they helped to fill a goodly bank account. Inside the spacious house was the "clock room" where Grandfather's grandfather's clock ticked in the corner. An open fire heated the room, where, before my day, my great-grandfather John lived with closed windows to help him combat his tuberculosis. Even so it took a long twenty years for him to die. It was strange a few years ago to see that clock again in San Francisco in my cousin's drawing room.

In the farmhouse there was a suite of rooms upstairs different from the others. Gilt moldings under the cornice, pale blue-green wallpaper, and on the dresser pale green glass bottles with gilt stoppers. Here it was that my aunt Hattie was to come back from her wedding journey in the South. But when she came back, it was in a leaden coffin. My father had gone in time to say good-by to her when she fell ill with typhoid in a village near Natural Bridge, and he with her stricken husband brought back her body. I was five years old, and I still see the wedding party in the big double parlor—my aunt very breezy and a bit late, as usual, darting into her place for the ceremony. Her wedding dress, with its tiny organdy ruffles edged with lace, was bewitching to look at, as was my mother's white cashmere dress with bright blue silk ruffles pinked at both edges. After the ceremony the colored waiters with white gloves serving the breakfast were an impressive sight, too. When she came back there was the same old minister, Dr. Furber, and everyone weeping except the husband. "Why doesn't he cry?" I whispered loudly as I looked at his white face.

This same Dr. Furber had had a great romance. When he was twenty-five he fell in love with a schoolteacher of fifty. She told him she would give him two years before she would consider his offer. But at the end of two years there he was again as eager as ever. She accepted him and they lived happily ever after. I can see her now sitting upright in the old Congregational Church in Newton Centre, never deigning to lean back against the pew and with black lace mitts opening the hymnbook. I sat next to my grandmother, who had been a pupil of Mary Lyons at Ipswich, in a pew on the right side of the church.

She was a very human grandmother. As the long sermon wore on and on, she would encourage me to sit very still by surreptitiously passing me pink peppermints. She sang very well. Indeed, it was when she sang in the choir of the Park Street Church, near her home on Tremont Street, with the Homer family cow pastured on Boston Common, that my grandfather courted her and brought her to the country to live. She carried her music with her. She always had a blackboard in her room at the farm, and when her grandchildren came in to see her she would stop us and, giving us the right note with her tuning fork, she would write some score on the blackboard which we were to read at sight.

We all learned to read and sing, and my four cousins, the Brown boys, developed quite a famous little quartet of their own as a result of Grandmother's training. My aunt Hattie who died had a beautiful voice, and my father after his return from the war and through all the years at the State House as assistant adjutant general sang in both the Cecilia and the Handel and Haydn choruses. It was natural, therefore, that I should take piano lessons as a very little girl. My teacher was Miss Ellen Whittlesey, who sang alto in the Congregational Church choir, of which my father was the tenor and the director. She was what would now be called a progressive educator, for she taught me how to listen for all sorts of musical sounds—not only those of the birds but also the wind in the trees or surf on the shore or the twanging of wire. She believed in learning sight-reading by playing duets, where each stimulated the other. And if I were to play some air by Bach, she would lend me a book giving the story of his life so that I should realize that music is an expression related to its time and the thoughts and emotions of the composer. She taught me to play my father's accompaniments. Those were cherished hours when in the evening after my proper bedtime Father and I played and sang together. It was like a secret party, and we didn't disband till Mother's voice called us. Then, too, Miss Whittlesey would take me to concerts, and she gradually taught me to read the score and follow the orchestral themes with mind as well as ear. And so when later the Episcopal Church was organized in Chestnut Hill, and my father became senior warden there, I naturally played the organ.

Professor Nash from the Cambridge Theological School was the pastor of this little church, which was consecrated by Phillips Brooks. This famous preacher, whose Friday afternoon talks in Boston's Trinity Church were the great educational and emotional force of that period, towered above other men both physically and spiritually. He was wholly without vanity. When elected bishop and it became his duty to visit a humble tiny parish in the western part of the diocese, he commented on the large overflowing congregation with surprise: "Why, after all, they have a flourishing parish," he naïvely remarked.

Professor Nash was a man of great learning, of humble spirit, of prodigious industry. He came from Kentucky and was a descendant of Admiral Maury, of French Huguenot stock on his mother's side and of Connecticut paternal ancestry. It is said of his father's grandfather that when listening to a sermon on eternal damnation, he rose from his seat and stamped down the aisle shouting, "I don't believe a word of it." Dr. Nash's influence over his students and familiars was deep and lasting. With a large family and countless friends, with many who depended on his training for their personal development, he had little time for writing. Nevertheless, his *Genesis of the Social Conscience* remains a too little known but great classic, though his lasting influence is to be seen rather in the devotion to social ideals and practice, the implications of Christianity, which characterize those who came under his influence.

As a little girl of fourteen I had joined the Congregational Church at Newton Centre. I suppose I may have been the last of my generation to be asked if I were willing to be damned if it was God's will. The deacons all sat in a circle to listen to my assent. I told Dr. Furber, when he gave me his final interview before I was received, that I understood it all except the Trinity. "Well," he said, "I'll explain that to you." And after his explanation, "Oh, I see," I said. "I understand the Trinity perfectly now."

It was at that time, too, that my Sunday school teacher took the members of the class on a Thanksgiving morning to a Kneeland Street tenement in Boston to see a poor woman sitting in a fireless kitchen with no food or fuel. There we left coal and a turkey. Though this scene was doubtless staged for our benefit, it was also no doubt a true enough picture of many a home that day. At all events, it certainly worked. There were, then, actually people who had no food and no fire! How could that be when all the people I knew had all the food and clothing and warmth they desired? There is nothing so impressive as a fact. I had seen it, and I never forgot it.

This was the time also of my first real friendship. Josephine Burrage lived near us. There was a big orchard between our houses, and this was our playfield. In summer we camped out. That is, we had a tent and our friendly intelligent parents let us get up softly and secretly from our beds and dart to our tent, where we got breakfast on the little fireplace we had made of stones with a slate on top. There we made our scrambled eggs, ate the berries we had picked from our bushes and drank the milk we had begged from my grandfather. We cooked our three meals a day and instituted another meal called "pancakes" to which we invited our families at four o'clock, as we wished to dispense hospitality. We collected all the local flora and pressed the flowers to keep for our winter inspection. Down in the "springpiece" back of the church there were Arethusa, Calopogon and Pogonia. These lovely orchids, I'm afraid, are not to be found in Chestnut Hill now.

Between camping days we had a secret post-office box in the orchard, with a private stamp designed as a buttercup, which was the flower we had been gathering when first we met. At times in the summer there were neighborhood apple battles, when the children were divided into two hostile camps with well-planned campaigns of action; in the winter snowballs soaked overnight into ice cakes were the weapons. I was always chosen to be the doctor and referee. I had a bottle of Pond's Extract and some cotton and bandages, and the wounded of both sides were, under a flag of truce, brought to my hospital for repairs.

At other times—for all these various goings-on were the invention of the enterprising Josephine—we produced plays in the Burrage barn. One entitled *Noyama's Choice* was an international drama in which the fairy godmother, Mellelalon, overcame the villainies of the witch. A horrible brew was concocted and

> "Hissing bubbling, bubbling hissing,
> Bubbling hissing, boils the cauldron,
> Boils the fate of nations in it."

At the end of the play dawn was indicated. But Josephine as stage manager was equal to the emergency. "Simply open the back doors gradually," she directed. It was perfect. I felt that when the performance came off and the audience had applauded our efforts, they should be rewarded by some sort of refreshment. But with so many, how could we manage? Josephine thought a moment. "Take them out to the thimbleberry bushes [which were at the moment laden with juicy fruit] and ask them to help themselves."

When a few years later this girlhood friend died, the scar of her loss persisted. She was a leader with an inventive turn of mind. Her mother came from Philadelphia, and the beautiful orderliness of that city's ways was evidenced in the household daily life. Grandmother Love in her Quaker dress and cap, with her wise comments and her eager interest in the children's affairs, bore a slightly foreign air that was good for us all. For the New Englanders of that day, though at home in Rome or London or Paris, were not so much at home in the non-New England America. Indeed, to say that a person was "New Yorkey" was to lift eyebrows while smiling. One honest woman confessed to me that for her New England came first and America second. However that may be, the whole tone of my childhood life was parochial but solid. The substantial virtues of truthfulness and honesty were so deeply inculcated as to be taken for granted.

The great romance of the neighborhood was intensified for us all one morning when, with a clatter of hoofs, the Emperor of Brazil with his gentlemen rode out to pay a breakfast visit to a local lady of Swiss birth, the wife of a physician whose sister had married the King of Portugal, the Emperor's brother, I believe. The two beautiful Swiss girls had found their homes far apart, but the children of the doctor's lovely wife visited their aunt's castle in Portugal and so bound the sisters together.

When Theodore Roosevelt married Alice Lee no premonition warned us of his future. The groom was an energetic and promising young man of good family, and the bride a much loved girl of great beauty. Mrs. Lowell, wife of the judge, was the great lady of our suburb. Whatever she said and did was right. But when one day she greeted me with "Good morning, Dolly," I felt the time had come to cast aside my baby name. "My name is *not* Dolly; it's Mary!" and I stamped my foot. This was a cousin of the Mrs. Lowell in New York who made in later years such a deep impression on me and on all the young women with whom she came in contact in her service to humanity.

In these early years there were two outstanding days of terror. One was the "yellow day." I believe it was afterward learned that the phenomenon was occasioned by some distant forest fire. At all events, the day dawned a bright yellow and became darker and yellower as the hours wore on, giving a ghastly look to the grass and foliage. It was declared by the butcher to be undoubtedly the end of the world, but, as I noticed then, he kept on his rounds as usual. So today the Spanish soldier will drop his gun to go home and plow and reap, returning to the front as soon as his fundamental task is over.

The other frightful day was the appearance of a veritable tornado which not only blew away our play tent but also laid low huge trees. There was a ten-barrel russet apple tree at Grandfather's farm which blew down but which afterward was propped up sufficiently to carry on its blooming and fruit in a desultory manner. It looked like an old soldier with a wooden leg, gallant but done for.

Pilgrim's Progress was my favorite story as a very little girl, but nevertheless I felt it was only too probable that Apollyon lurked under the bed, though I never found him.

The hill for which our suburb was named was to be seen from my bedroom window, and I often wondered whether it would not some night belch forth flames and stones like Vesuvius. For eruptions came always unsuspected, and so the calm indifference of my parents and other adults really signified nothing. On the other side of the railroad tracks was Thompsonville. It was inhabited by Irish day laborers whose children were always supposed to be the guilty parties when melons and cherries disappeared. When my cousins and I ate the wild grapes my grandmother cherished for her best jelly, we knew we were safe and the blame would go to the mysterious Thompsonville boys. Our laundress was a Mrs. Cullinane of this region. She once showed us with pride a wonderful quilt she had made for the church fair. The design was simple—blood-red hands on a white ground.

My mother, realizing, I suppose, that nature was too strong for us, never appeared to notice when my brother and I climbed a neighbor's big cherry trees laden with huge black luscious fruit, but I discovered later that at the end of each season she gave a check to Mr. Stone to cover our depredations.

Under one of our apple trees my little brother kept his tub for the turtles he secured at Hammond's Pond. This pond was a mysterious spot in the midst of fine woods, through which were scattered great boulders and rocky caverns supposed to be frequently visited by gypsies. It was the habit of the Newton Theological School students to practice delivering their sermons from the top of one of the boulders near the pond. My grandfather owned a woodlot in this region which we used to visit occasionally.

My brother was a scientist from birth. As a tiny boy he knew every flower, every plant and every living thing in the neighborhood. Snakes and birds and squirrels and woodchucks were his daily friends.

One day when our cat had given birth to three little kittens, my mother plucked up sufficient courage to take them out and, with averted face, plunge the kittens into the tub of water reserved for my brother's turtles. Having gone so far, she took the little dead things down into the raspberry patch and buried them each in a separate spot. Exhausted by a feeling of horror, she went to lie down. My father came back from the State House. He was very fond of all living things. "Laura, how is our cat?" he said, thinking of the imminent arrival of the kittens. Whereupon Mother burst into tears and told the tale. At that moment, my brother ran in to shout, "The new little cat is sitting on top of her grave!" And so it was. This survivor was obviously foreordained for a longer life and became the family pet. For Zip, our Scotch terrier, had had to be chloroformed owing to the infirmities of old age. He had been our friend and playmate so long that his loss was a very real grief. When I went by his grave, I took off my hat as I had seen the men do when my aunt Hattie's body was put in the tomb.

Occasionally in our childhood we went on lovely excursions in the family surrey. Sometimes to Plymouth, where my mother's ancestors had landed in the late sixteen hundreds; sometimes to a pond for fishing; and sometimes, especially on the Fourth of July, Father would take us to Jamaica Pond in a boat placed on wheels in such a way that when the horse backed the truck into the water there we were afloat in the boat ready to row off to see the races.

But of all the excursions, I liked best to visit my mother's old home in Bridgewater. This place had something softer about it than the Boston area. It was near the Cape with sandy soil and pine woods in which lady's-slippers grew. The house was shadowed by huge sycamores, and had cinnamon roses at the doorways; and at the back of the house was a stone step where I ate my bread and milk for supper—with little red checkerberries floating in it, for fun—and listened to the whippoorwill. The parlor was cool and darkened by drawn shades. It was furnished with carved black walnut furniture upholstered with black horsehair. The mantel was decorated with silver coffin plates. A large ottoman with gilt corners was covered with diamond-shaped pieces of green and black velvet. I slept in a bedroom with such a huge bed in it that I had to climb into it by steps. The washstand opened at the top and there was always a round cake of Windsor soap in the soap dish. Under the eaves were dark little closets that seemed to have no back and so were always filled with unknown possibilities for evil. Up the road one went to the Wentworth farm, where a very bad turkey gobbled in a hostile way and with a big flutter of outspread tail as one went by. But there was a peace about this place I have never felt elsewhere.

Perhaps the charm was heightened by my mother's tales of her own youth. She went to the little district school near-by. One day the teacher let out all the pupils to see a wonderful new vehicle go by on its tracks! It was the first locomotive to be seen in those parts. On Sundays she went with her parents into town to church. An hourglass stood on the pulpit, and as the minister began his sermon, he turned it over. When at the end of the hour the sand had all gathered in the lower part of the glass, he turned it over again, for the congregation expected a full two hours' sermon every Sunday morning. Taking their luncheon with them, they ate it out in the adjacent burying ground and then went in for the afternoon service, where the hourglass did its double duty again.

My grandfather was deacon, and so were all the Cornelius Holmeses buried with their slate slabs at the head of their graves in the old Bridgewater burying ground. So also were my grandfather's mother's family, the Conants, descendants of Roger Conant. One of these, Timothy Conant, was a minister who testified to his fear and consternation when in another village one day the great

Daniel Webster marched in to service. But Timothy went on as best he could, and afterward Mr. Webster congratulated him on his address and took him home to dinner.

Every morning in my grandfather's home in Bridgewater there were prayers for the freeing of the slaves. Mother said they stood when praying, and they followed up their prayers with shelter for runaway slaves.

While my mother's family had a genuinely religious passion, my father's grandfather John took a more fatalistic attitude. He gave the First Congregational Church in Newton Centre, which the family attended, a Bible marked with his name, and he was glad to see his children and his children's children join the Church. But he never joined, himself, for, as he said, "If I'm going to be damned, I'm going to be damned."

Once my great-grandfather was offered almost the whole of East Boston in payment of a debt, but, unfortunately, he took cash instead. However, his descendants all received their education and wider opportunity by the sale of real estate. For we were only seven miles from Boston. And so we went to college by the road of the unearned increment!

Mother told us, also, of the square dances they used to dance on the green in front of their house to the playing of old Mr. Carver's violin. These dances, as she described them, must have preceded in age the lancers and Portland fancy so widely known. They were doubtless English folk dances brought over by the earliest colonists.

A visiting sailor used to appear from time to time in that neighborhood to earn his meals by cutting wood and telling sea yarns. Once he said he had been on a ship which was nearing a savage, lonely shore when a pirate craft appeared flying a black flag. The sailor's ship was rifled of all its cargo and then scuttled, and the men with it—all except himself, who was given the choice of being put into a keg afloat with a bottle of water and a loaf of bread or of being thrown overboard with the others. He voted for the keg. After a long time, he heard what he knew must be surf pounding on the shore, and soon his keg lay still on the sandy beach. He opened the plug to let in the air, only to see a fiery eye looking in. Then a bushy tail passed the opening. He put his hand through the hole, took tight hold of the tail, and the keg began bumping and pounding along as the frightened tiger dashed away to free himself—when bang, the keg struck a tree with such violence as to smash it. And so, as the tiger ran away, the sailor looked about and then headed down the coast till he came to a village. There in the harbor floated a ship with the United States flag waving from its stern, which he boarded and so made his way home.

My early schooling was uneventful, though disciplinary incidents left their impress. There was a Miss Roberts who taught us eight-year-olds. "Position!" she would say with tight lips, as the day was about to close. And we folded our hands in front of us. "All those who have communicated will now raise their hands, and by communicating I include also drinking water out of bottles," she added, significantly looking at me. For though I had not "communicated," i. e., whispered to my neighbors, I had, it is true, brought a purple cologne bottle to school filled with water which I could drink after raising the cover of my desk without, as I thought, being noticed. The injustice of this inclusion rankled. I learned that there is such a thing as unfairness, and that one can't do anything about it. But unfairness is the worst thing in anybody, I thought. And so the seeds of fighting injustice were planted.

It was when I was fifteen that I discovered a little book of Emerson's essays. This was a great excitement. "Compensation" and "Friendship" opened wider thoughts and interests. I was on my way to the northern part of New York, where my uncle Charles had a Congregational parish. On the train was a mother distracted by a very unhappy, screaming baby. I offered to hold the baby to give her a rest and suggested that she would find my book exciting. She gave it a glance and said, "No, thank you," looking at me rather suspiciously.

My uncle was a quiet and rather saintly man. He had married a fashionable New York lady who stood the quiet of rural parish life admirably. She was indeed much entertained by local custom. At one of the outlying weddings which I was allowed to attend by my uncle, who officiated, the refreshments consisted only of very sticky but luscious hot popcorn balls. My uncle's diversion was horse racing with his friend the local Roman Catholic priest along an excellent roadway.

Frequent visits to Orange, in New Jersey, where my uncle Francis lived, established an intimacy with my cousins there. My uncle, who was with the Pennsylvania Railroad, was associated with the first Interstate Commerce Commission; it was very educational to me to listen to the problems which confronted this new type of governmental agency. My father had also left the State House to become City Clerk of Newton. He was deeply interested in city government and did much to develop in Massachusetts a better type of town organization. Larger problems than those of everyday home life began to interest me now, as a growing child.

When we came to the Newton High School interest in both the past and the present became a definite part of life. Miss Pierce, with soft red hair and always a little bright green bow under her chin, taught us Latin. Mr. Kent was a sarcastic but kindly and thorough mathematics teacher. "Yes, yes, that is the right answer," he said to me one day, "but it is exactly as if you had gone to Worcester via Europe and Asia."

There was an air of solid study and intellectual excitement about our high school. And it was good for us all to recognize as the outstanding scholar and Commencement speaker of our class a brilliant Irish boy from the industrial part of Newton. He afterward went to Boston College, for he was a serious lad with a vocation for the priesthood. He died in his first year, and his friends attended the Requiem held for him in the Upper Falls church. It was the first time I had attended such a service. It asked new questions of me, and so I read Dexter on Congregationalism, Kip on the Church and Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, all of which stirred up a new ferment.

The friendships of high school days were filled with these new interesting inquiries into the meaning of religion and what that implied in social life. Many of us used to go into Boston to hear the great Phillips Brooks preach on Friday afternoons in Lent. When he went into the pulpit, the church was very still. He began in a very low tone, but soon his words flew faster and the tone gradually heightened till there flowed forth a torrent. We were lifted out of the church, out of all the surroundings of our daily existence, to find a new level of life. He was like the sun pouring into a dark place. There was something vastly simple about him. His sermons were never oratory and there was no trick of language or gesture. These addresses had a practical effect on his listeners. They experienced a dynamic feeling of the necessity for personal and social change.

As I look back on these early years I see more clearly the influence of my parents and what they signified to me. My mother was primarily an intellectual person. Domestic duties worried rather than interested her. She was from childhood an outstanding student, both in the country school and at the Normal School. When my father returned from the front on a furlough after being wounded at Cold Harbor, they were married and went to Gallup's Island, where my father was stationed till the close of the war. At Gettysburg he had seen his cousin Charles Ward shot at his side at Round Top; when my parents came to Chestnut Hill to live, the Charles Ward Post was formed in Newton. All the events of our family life were celebrated by Mother's verses. The launching of my brother's yacht in Maine, when she was long past eighty, the raising of the lintel in his summer home, and our birthdays throughout the years were marked by Mother's witty lines. Indeed, only three days before her death at ninety-four, she thanked in verse a friend who had sent her flowers. Widely read in many languages, she exemplified the old literary culture now passing away and indeed deprecated by a generation too engrossed in the violent passions of world conflict to sympathize with the detachment of more innocent years.

While my father admired my mother endlessly, his own interests were those of public service. After the Civil War, in the Customs House, at the State House and in the Newton City Hall, he was occupied with the public interest. My mother viewed with distrust the beginning of my own life at the settlement, thinking it was not suitable for me to go unattended to meetings at night, to come home alone at late hours. But from the beginning of my work in New York, my father understood why I was drawn to the life of crowded neighborhoods. My mother, as she visited me, came in touch with my neighborhood friends and learned to appreciate the color and warmth and talents she encountered. Indeed, in her last years she was the belle of those annual dinners held by the Greenwich Village Association at Greenwich House.

But my father's understanding dated back to those days of my childhood in Chestnut Hill when he and I would go for long walks together down the lane dividing my grandfather's place from the old Woodman property. There was a brook there, and he would idly prod the suckers as they went downstream, or look for birds or berries. It was down this lane, too, that a congenial cousin and I prowled to make away with one of the Woodmans' hens. Building a fire, we would wrap the hen, feathers and all, in clay from the brook's bank and, laying it in the coals, cover it up with earth and leave it to cook for long hours till our return for the secret feast.

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE

NEITHER Ida Davis (Mrs. W. Z. Ripley), my closest friend in the high school, nor I had any longing to leave home when it came time to go to college. The life of girls shut off and congregating with one another didn't appeal to us. Boston University was only seven miles away—an easy commuting distance by train. The College of Liberal Arts, the undergraduate department, was pleasantly situated on Somerset Street. There was an informal luncheon service in the building, run by the famous superintendent of buildings, Mr. Cyrus Babb, and a good lounge, so that between lectures one was quite comfortable and happy. Moreover, before long my friend and I were "rushed" by various fraternities; and after we were initiated into Kappa Kappa Gamma we had also the hospitality of friendly clubrooms, where new intimacies were formed.

From many points of view these college fraternities were snobbish and narrow. Each thought its membership to be superior to the others. No one could be admitted without having been passed on with a critical eye as to background, standards of conduct, creditable scholarship and personal traits that would be likely to win success in the various college activities. There was keen competition for the popular candidates, and often very superior girls were not asked to join any fraternity owing to some local taboo. Thus one of the girls, who became the most intimate friend of my high school associate and myself, though attaining great popularity and unusual honors as to scholarship, was never invited to join because she had an Irish name and was a Catholic!

The University, though hospitable to all and without propagandist designs of any sort, was founded under the Methodist aegis and attracted to its student body for the most part Protestants of an evangelical background. This was true of the College and the Theological School, but not of the schools of medicine and law, which harbored no prejudices of any sort. And as time has gone on, the distinctions made by the fraternities that I have instanced have disappeared.

Whatever the weaknesses of fraternity choices and life may have been, the good points were many. There was the ambition inculcated into new members to make a success of themselves in any field of college life. Loafing was discouraged and there was a healthy competition to see which fraternity could secure the greatest number of honors. This may not have been the highest motive for work, but we all enjoy the warmth of fellowship and group approbation and undoubtedly standards were maintained under this stimulus that might otherwise have slipped. "Kappa" honor, skill and reputation were all cherished.

There was an esprit de corps which is more intense in small groups than in the larger unit of class or college itself. In a way, it was the life of a gang, but what saved it from decay and infantilism was the influence of the older members on the neophytes. Most clubs and gangs are of the same age group. But in the fraternity freshman meets senior on a footing of intimacy rarely possible otherwise. The still youthful but vastly more mature enthusiasms and ideas the older members imparted to their new associates was the most valuable influence the college life afforded. Thus we were stimulated to read Walt Whitman, for example, and the discussion these poems aroused was ardent and provocative. We were, in other words, introduced to wider reaches of literature and larger social problems under the most favorable circumstances.

The combination of regard for standards with a free spirit of inquiry worked out well. I do not say it always does. The college fraternity may be used to divide people who should be thrown together. It may be used as a puerile substitute for a maturing intellectual life. But it can be also a most useful training school for other, wider associations, for its accent on the necessity for combining personal with intellectual standards is a lesson which is most valuable to learn in college years.

Another good thing about fraternities is the interest gained in other educational institutions. Fraternity conventions bring together girls of very different types—girls from the big colleges and the small colleges—girls of differing backgrounds. If the chapter life is fairly homogeneous, this cannot be true of a country-wide group of chapters. I was lucky enough in my junior year to be a delegate to a convention in Minneapolis. This allowed me to stop at Akron and Wooster and other places where we had chapters. The difference of attitude and emphasis in all these places helped me to modify my New England provincialism.

The college was small enough to allow of small classes and an intimacy with professors and teachers which made for a very real intellectual excitement. My two most stimulating teachers were Professor Thomas Lindsay and Professor Borden P. Bowne. Lindsay was a Latin scholar of distinction and an editor of Latin texts. He had a seminar for his students as they advanced, and he used us quite properly for his own research. We were thrilled by becoming collaborators. So for one whole season I was given the task of analyzing all the *qui* clauses with the subjunctive in Ovid, Propertius and Tibullus. This work instead of being tiresome was exciting, as we knew our tasks were to be put to some constructive use. In Latin prose composition he would challenge us to write in the style, let us say, of Tacitus in order that we might really feel the differences in form exhibited by various authors. And in a course in Latin literature we had a glimpse of the sweep of thought and interest of the whole range of Latin writings.

Whatever Lindsay taught I took, whether it was Latin, Sanskrit or German. His lectures on the second part of *Faust* were masterpieces of literary and philosophic skill.

He knew that to interest students in scholarship they must share the thought of the teacher, and so he took us out canoeing on the river and had parties at his house where we could discuss the themes we were studying. The old world became as alive as the present. Comparative philology was my main interest in college, and my Commencement essay—for we all had to present some special theme before receiving our degrees—was on the supine in "u" as a dative. Apparently a far cry from later interests! But I still think it sound to choose teachers rather than subjects. It doesn't make much difference what one learns, for any one subject leads into all others. Interest and thoroughness are more important than subject matter.

Professor Bowne was a most useful and inspiring teacher. For his was a critical mind that questioned everything. My friend and I had read widely in contemporaneous philosophy. John Fiske was the American interpreter and follower of Herbert Spencer, though differing with him in many points. His *Destiny of Man* and *Idea of God* were essays which caused wide discussion. Fiske was for that period what Emerson was for the previous decades, a focal point around which current philosophy circled. Into the Spencerian argument Bowne cut ruthlessly. He was a disciple of Lotze, and his own philosophy, which he called "Personalism," while contemporary with William James was anything but pragmatic in emphasis. Bowne's thought deeply influenced his students. Although he is often referred to as one of the three American philosophers, the other two being James and Dewey, he is not as widely known, largely, I think, because of his style, which was neither as human and casual as James's nor as flanked as Dewey's with another aspect, that of education, which has spread Dewey's doctrines so widely.

Bowne was first of all an excellent destructive teacher. A young woman student is likely to be gullible and to swallow her philosophies whole, hook, bait and sinker. But Bowne showed up the weaknesses of this and that in a witty and convincing way that cleared the ground for a cautious but positive outlook. To have learned how to distrust any message is the beginning of wisdom. Bowne came to his lectures with a rose in his buttonhole from the earliest blooming till the end of the season. He was a passionate gardener. I have often wondered if the enlightened attitude toward social problems which distinguishes Methodism among the evangelical churches is not largely due to the profound influence of Bowne on such men as Bishop McConnell and other leaders in that denomination.

Of the other teachers I would mention Professor Buck, who grounded us in Greek thought and literature. All these men were trained in German universities and had known the solid workmanship required in the old days of German scholarship. When later I, too, went to Germany for postgraduate work the training they had received and had passed on to their students stood me in good stead.

Although the study requirements were stiff, there always seemed to be plenty of time for college politics. At election time lazy voters were called for in the Boston cab of that period, the "herdic," and hustled to the polls —just as in later days I saw the same practice followed in New York. As the college was coeducational there was a natural alignment of certain men's and women's fraternities; the rivalries of the different groupings occasioned a good deal of fun and excitement. But these "collegiate" occupations by no means filled up our spare time. At Tremont Temple every Monday at noon during the winter season there was some speaker in a series of popular lectures intended for the enlightenment of the public. We used to attend those lectures and sometimes left in high dudgeon if the speaker inveighed against our favorite philosophies. Bowne gave us a wider vision but never fostered a tolerance that dwindled into indifference.

Among the most potent influences I encountered at this time was the Brotherhood of the Carpenter. This was a congregation ministered to by the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, who is known most widely as the editor of *The Encyclopedia of Social Reform*. He was an Anglican clergyman very much alive to the social implications of the Christian religion. There was a bookshop on the ground floor, and upstairs a reading room in the front and a chapel in the back. The reading room was a center for members of the Brotherhood and their friends. The chapel bore the name of the Church of the Carpenter, and was established in 1889. It must have been a parish congregation for it had a senior and junior warden, both of whom were well-known trade-union organizers. The Brotherhood held Sunday supper meetings in the basement where current social problems were discussed. Dr. Bliss was a socialist of the Fabian type, intelligent and devoted. He numbered among his congregation many persons who were attached to other parishes but who enjoyed the atmosphere and outlook of the Church of the Carpenter. People from as widely differing centers as St. John the Evangelist (the Cowley Fathers) and the little church at Chestnut Hill came to the suppers. Live issues were considered, and through the discussions many young people were led to associate themselves with movements of the day.

"Federal unions" so-called were instituted by the Knights of Labor whereby nonmanual workers were allowed to join on equal terms with those who were manual laborers. The headquarters in Boston for this type of union was to be found at Denison House, where also there was an open forum on current topics as well as on social-political theory. Helena Dudley was the head of the House. She passed many years in the heart of Boston's South End, always in the front trenches of conflict. The unemployment crisis of 1893–94 later engaged her constructive talent. She realized that the establishment of workrooms would provide only a temporary alleviation of distress, but she knew also that something had to be done at once and she did it. She engaged the public's attention, and the workrooms turned out to be a provocative subject of conversation among circles ordinarily holding themselves aloof from conflict. Miss Dudley had that gift of combining theory and practice that is all too uncommon. At Denison House we met Vida Scudder, Emily Balch and the beautiful visitor Mary Mumford from Virginia, who has done so much to improve social conditions in that state, and many other young people recently graduated from college to whom the poverty and lack of opportunity of the city's great majorities made an irresistible appeal for help.

The realism of the settlement, its understanding that, before any help can be given, the situation must be felt, realized and understood at first hand, was sound. Only that which is lived can be understood and translated to others. The chief mission of the settlement has always been its accenting of contact as fundamental. At the university one learned that scholarship is a sincere effort to get at the truth and that it follows a difficult path. In Denison House one learned much the same thing, but in the first case it was through contact with minds and in the other by contact with people and situations. The settlement is indeed from this aspect a graduate school.

Phillips Brooks at Trinity and Father Hall at the Church of St. John the Evangelist inspired the youth of those years with their call to integrity and that unity of purpose and action which religion secures. Father Hall, afterward Bishop of Vermont, had the power of showing one one's inadequacies and failures, but showing at the same time the way to a more integrated life. His was the native psychoanalytical gift, and under his ministrations many a life was remotivated and renewed. The little old gray stone church on Bowdoin Street in the days before its renovation had plain glass windows, in the ledges of which bright potted geraniums were casually placed, and beyond which one could see a stray green tree or so. This church has always possessed a certain natural note of authority. Devotion, like art, is self-explanatory and admits of no exegesis.

It was toward the end of my college years that a change took place at Bowdoin Street. Father Hall was recalled to Cowley, and a new group of clergy arrived, one of whom was Father Field. This priest was especially devoted to colored people, and he was in charge of St. Augustine's chapel on Phillips Street. This was a delightful building of the Spanish type. Sister Katherine from St. Margaret's Convent on Louisburg Square was the visitor for the congregation. I played the organ for the Saturday Children's Eucharist. We were the only three white people connected with St. Augustine's. I had a club of girls called the Primrose Club. This was my first opportunity to know colored people well and also my first chance to lead a club. The members invited me to their homes, and when I saw the primitive wooden houses in the rear of Beacon Hill with yard toilets and no bathing facilities I was amazed. "Who owns this house?" I asked the mother of one of the club girls, and in reply I discovered that the owner was a senior warden in one of Boston's oldest parishes! This certainly was strange, I thought. How could that be?

I now began to be more interested in social studies and less absorbed in classical literature. But political science was rather weak in the college curriculum at that period, and so I went on from German to Italian courses, Ariosto and Dante, and had to find out for myself as best I could what was the matter with my colored friends' houses.

After graduation I taught Latin in the Somerville High School. I was not patient enough to correct all the many examination papers that were required and often threw them away. Also, I hated to spend time on the backward pupils.

My mother, as a girl engaged to my father while he was serving in the Civil War from Bull Run through Gettysburg, taught school in Yarmouth. In her Dolly Varden dresses, she was a very popular teacher. Mates from ships plying to and from Calcutta, when on holiday, went to school to Miss Holmes, and their buggies were lined up at the door to see who first could claim the privilege of taking the teacher out to ride.

My mother never lost her interest in educational methods. When I taught in Somerville she would visit me, but highly disapproved my impatience and evident favoritism for the brightest students.

After two years of this work, I decided to go to Radcliffe for graduate work. This was a different milieu from Boston University. There was a Miss Agnes Irwin in charge at Radcliffe at the time. She was a conventional Philadelphia lady enlightened and truly interested in the higher education of women. Nevertheless, after the coeducational life of Boston University, which was more like a midwestern college, the Radcliffe atmosphere seemed rather restrained and narrow.

Though women weren't allowed to attend lectures at Harvard, the Harvard professors took us on as an extra. Some of them rather enjoyed teaching girls, as they are in general rather more conscientious students. Others felt it to be a bore, but nevertheless stuck it out manfully.

Meanwhile, ever since my experience with the colored girls' club, I had felt the need for understanding the situations I observed, and I realized that mere contact with practical problems was not enough; that I ought to know the background of the social problems I had glimpsed not only in my club relations but also as a member of the casework committee of St. Augustine's. This committee was headed by Father Field, who was a man of great common sense, simplicity of mind and artistic interest. He had a farm near Boston which he used as a vacation center for his colored children. When hard up for funds he would paint really admirable sketches on coarse brown paper and sell them off at a dollar apiece for the benefit of the farm. People loved to come to his sales and a great deal of money was thus secured, as he dashed these pictures off rapidly. At St. Augustine's there were always miracle plays for various festivals. At Christmas time the blue-clad, lovely black Virgin with an entire colored cast made a picture not to be forgotten. And once in every so often Father Field would have an ecclesiastical art exhibit which brought large crowds both to St. Augustine's basement and also to a growing interest in his unique work. He was greatly loved by all on the "other side" of Beacon Hill, and he knew all his families well. I shared in this work and soon the drama of lives shut in by poverty, prejudice and lack of opportunity became my major interest. I must find out more, learn how these things came about and what could be done to make life more tolerable.

When attending graduate classes at Radcliffe, I had the good fortune to live at the house of the Rev. Charles Tiffany, one of whose daughters, Esther, was quite a playwright. Mr. Tiffany was a Unitarian minister, a celebrated and witty man who was an editorial writer, but more of a "columnist," as we should say nowadays, for the Boston *Herald*. He was cultivated and mellow and his gentle thrusts were very good for a student. We argued in a mild way about all things late in the evening after our various doings were over for the day.

It was the excellent Tiffany habit to keep a brew of cocoa-shells steaming hour by hour on the back of the stove. This drink, called simply "stove," drew us to our nightly talks in the kitchen, where Mr. Tiffany would regale us not only with his own wise reflections, but also with tales of his travels. He was especially eloquent on his journeys to Palestine, where, though a Unitarian, he had lighted many a candle for his friends and had with amusement sat in the cathedral stalls, mistaken for some canon or other.

The Ashleys, Tiffanys and Nashes all lived near one another, and I shared their pleasant social life with the Harvard and Episcopal theological students. And Boston was only half an hour away for the symphony concerts and an occasional party.

The men under whom I did my graduate work at Radcliffe were Gross, who specialized in the medieval guild system, Palmer, who lectured on the history of philosophy, and Edward Cummings, who gave a course in sociology with a wide range of topics from the history of marriage to penology. Scattered but useful. But the most provocative and stimulating of all my teachers was the late Sir William Ashley. He was a great scholar and made his students work mercilessly but with ardor and excitement. There were his regular courses in economic history, where the drama of social change was unfolded. And there was his seminar, where my knowledge of Latin was most convenient. For we had to read a vast number of medieval Latin texts as the research material for the economic historical themes we were studying, especially those relating to the three-field system and the change from serfdom to a wage economy. Except under Lindsay, I had never really worked to capacity. But Ashley was a driver and he expected solid work.

He was a moody man and sarcastic. He referred to Harvard as a Unitarian high school, and he put up a notice on the Radcliffe bulletin board: "In accordance with the practice of the civilized world, I shall not lecture on Good Friday." When he was leaving a certain chapel after a late Sunday morning service, the dean, who had preached, was greeting the members of the congregation as they came out and receiving the thanks and admiration of many who had listened to his sermon. "Very helpful," "so true." But Ashley was heard to say, "Food for babes, my dear dean, food for babes!" But all this moodiness was a thin and unimportant veneer on a sensitive scholar who illumined many students with his own passion not only for careful research but also for seeing the vast sweep of change implicit in history which is a necessary foundation for an understanding of present problems in the light of their origins.

For Ashley I worked holidays and Sundays. He was so kind as to take a very friendly interest in my work in Berlin and later in my plunge into New York's crowded tenement districts. He returned to England to lecture at the University of Birmingham. His work did much to broaden the horizon of economists, who are likely to sink into dogma unless buttressed by history. Equally at home in German, French and English sources, he had a profound understanding of the life of the European masses in medieval times. The history of the labor movement under his guidance became a fascinating study leading from one economic era to another. To get firmly, once for all, the knowledge that change is inevitable and is always taking place is the first step necessary for the practical sociologist. I am inclined to believe that every adult should be obliged to take, whether in or out of college, a basic course in economic history. That change is inevitable should be realized by every voter, every industrialist, every judge. I learned more from Ashley than from any teacher before or after that graduate year at Radcliffe.

I was given a scholarship by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union at the end of that year to pursue my studies in Berlin.

CHAPTER III

I GO ABROAD

MOTHER went with me as I set forth on my first journey abroad. Girls were not free then to take trips by themselves, and, in any case, it was a great adventure for us both, for I was to study in Berlin for a whole year. The ship was a Dutch liner. On the first night out we ran down a Gloucester fishing boat off her course and stove in one of our plates. Our engines stopped and we knew only that something had happened. But soon we were off again, for the damage to both crafts was slight. After a rather eventful voyage, meeting an iceberg and lowering into the deep a sailor who had died suddenly, we finally ran up the Scheldt to land on a bright sunny morning in Antwerp.

I still think Antwerp the loveliest of all the approaches to the Continent. Country people were walking in their sabots on the riverbank to attend Mass at the Cathedral, whose chimes were ringing as we docked. We went to the little old hotel called Le Grand Miroir, and the proprietress, looking exactly like Queen Victoria, sat in the courtyard with white cap and a black silk dress knitting placidly. Our carriage made a lively clanking noise as we swung in rather smartly. Together we took a bedroom without windows but with a large door opening onto a second-story balcony. We were right under the Cathedral's shadow, and leaving our bags we went out at once to attend the High Mass and afterward to see the famous Rubens pictures.

We lingered in Antwerp for a few days and then went to The Hague and Scheveningen. At The Hague we occupied a vast chamber with two huge canopied double beds remotely placed one from the other. We asked for candles, as there was no other light, and were surprised to see a good round item for candles on our bill. All these new little ways were very intriguing to innocent Americans. To Haarlem for the Frans Hals collection and the old cathedral; thence to Amsterdam and the Zuider Zee. And then by boat down the Rhine to Cologne, where there was congregational singing of Bach chorals at the Low Mass.

The summer was spent first in Eisenach and then in Weimar in order that I might prepare myself for lectures in the autumn by turning my knowledge of German from a reading acquaintance into conversational ease. At Eisenach we boarded with a delightful family, and our hours with them when we drank coffee in their garden in the afternoon sunlight left a fragrant memory of courtesy, kindliness and good will. We used often to sit in the park, well set out with standard rose trees. An old couple approached us one day to ask if indeed we were Americans, as they had been told. And had we perhaps heard of their son, who so long ago had left home? When we learned that he was in the Argentine and explained that that was a long way from Boston, we were all disappointed.

In Weimar we lived with an historian's family. The good Herr Doctor, with his long little fingernail to indicate his scholarly profession, was waited on by his entire family. They all thought first of his interests and wishes. They looked up to him and took good care of him. It was patriarchal and very nice and sensible, for undoubtedly his work was really valuable, and it was good to see this practical respect for scholarship. One evening we went to hear *The Flying Dutchman* at the little theater in Weimar maintained by the ducal family. The music was good, with the intimacy of an amateur performance but the quality of professional excellence. The red plush upholstery gave the little theater a most comfortable bourgeois appearance.

Goethe's house was always a shrine for visitors. The little city was gently alive with the spirit of art and music and culture. From this ordered but very satisfactory life we went up to Berlin.

There we settled down in a pleasant pension run by a clergyman's daughter and a nobleman from one of the Baltic provinces who had tried an unsuccessful chicken farm in Indiana at one time but who was far happier in the pleasant and gay life of Berlin. As the pension was quite popular, the proprietor would often give up his own room to a newcomer. By accident it was discovered that on those occasions he would, late at night, make his bed in the tub of the only bathroom, getting out early enough in the morning for the guests to take their baths. A huge white porcelain stove heated the drawing room. The pension was on Neue Wilhelmstrasse near the Brandenburger Thor, an excellent situation from which to see parades and witness the military funerals at night; and it was near the Tiergarten, where one could sit and read in seclusion and comfort.

Soon I met Emily Balch as a fellow student and we had many pleasant hours reading Kant in the park as well as meeting at lectures. Those were the days of Schmoller and Wagner. I attended their lectures and was admitted to their seminars, though no credits for degrees were given to women at that time in Berlin. Schmoller was the best-known exponent of the "historische Methode." We were supposed to be very practical and realistic. One evening when we were pursuing the development of "die Stückerei," little samples of worsted were passed around from hand to hand; everyone solemnly gazed at them until the American students began to laugh. However, our study of the worsted industry was really all to the good, and the analysis of processes induced an additional respect for detail that Lindsay and Ashley had already inculcated. No one is above detail. The person who has no detailed knowledge has no knowledge at all, and in this respect for meticulous care Schmoller grounded us day by day.

Adolf Wagner was more political-minded. He was always lecturing to crowded "publicums" about danger from the East (meaning Russia) and how Germany should be the central empire in Europe running from northern to southern shores. To see Wagner coming across the campus shaded by his famous little green umbrella was a memorable sight. They said of him that on his third wedding journey he finished his "collected works." He was particularly caustic in regard to the so-called science of sociology, and when I was called upon in his seminar to review some sociological treatise he half sprung from his chair and said, "Ja, die Soziologie! Was heisst, aber, die Soziologie? Das heisst, meine freunde, die Amerikanische Wissenschaft!" (What is sociology? That, my friends, is the American science.) With which blast he looked around to see whether we were duly squelched. But he was a kindly man, even though somewhat excitable, and his lectures were crowded with students from all over the world. Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, Italians, English, Japanese and Americans flocked to hear him. There were Fräulein Sonya Daszisskaia, who afterward interested herself in labor legislation in Poland, and Bertrand Russell, with his American wife Alice Pearsall Smith; Walter Weyl, to whom we owe *New Democracy* (1927); and Frank Dixon, later at Dartmouth, and Peter Struve, who played a big role later in Russia's political life, were among the Americans who attended Wagner's lectures. In the Russian group was my husband-to-be, Vladimir Simkhovitch, who went to Halle before coming to America in 1898.

Sering lectured on the American agricultural situation, of which he had personal as well as theoretical knowledge. He had many American friends to whom his scientific comments were enlightening and useful. Then too there was Georg Simmel, perhaps first among the social psychologists, whose analysis of human conduct under the impact of varying factors was fascinating. A famous anthropologist, Professor Bastian, used to get so excited that his shirt would get unfastened and a red flannel "chest protector" worn in that era would emerge. He would face the blackboard to write a few headings or illustrations and forget to turn around again, lecturing in a kind of ecstasy which took no note of his audience, whether we were many or few, or whether indeed we had not slipped out for the remainder of the hour.

The students of economics had a club of their own, and in this "Staatswissenschaftlicter Verein," organized by my husband and two of his friends, great arguments went on, especially during the famous government strike of 1896. Liebknecht was just out of prison and he greeted enthusiastic audiences. Large public meetings were held, but it made the blood of the American and English students boil to see the two policemen sit on the platform to prevent any "Majestätsbeleidigung" (criticism of the emperor). We felt that this infringing of men's liberties was intolerable. We had never seen, as we were to see in later days both in America and elsewhere, the intolerance and violence of wartime. This attitude, reinforced by the prevailing custom for civilians (women as well as men) to step aside to allow military officers right of way on the sidewalks, was repellent to us. We had no hint of how mild this bit of militarism was to seem in comparison with that of these later Nazi years. The period of German life from 1895 on was the time of great industrial upswing, of scientific advance, and yet no less of respect for culture. It was a golden period of prosperity, of ambition without hatred, and of welcome to students from all over the world, who came, as my teachers at Boston University and Radcliffe and later at Columbia had come, to think and work as free scholars in an expanding world.

At the pension we had dinner at two and supper at nine, except on the evenings when we went to the opera, and then we had an early supper. At the opera, which we attended at students' rates in the balcony for twenty-five cents, there were long intervals between the acts when we all regaled ourselves with sandwiches and beer. There is something very balancing and harmonious about the combination of *Tristan* and beer. Two o'clock was the regular hour for gala luncheons or home dinners. Professor Schmoller invited me to this midday meal; I was in doubt as to what to wear, but discovered that evening dress was expected for both men and women. It was at the pension that I first saw a woman smoke. She was the widow of a general from Hanover in the first Franco-Prussian war and a grande dame, very witty in her conversation, which was full of allusions throwing light on the events of her youth. She always occupied the place of honor on the right-hand end of the sofa. I was fascinated by this ruler of our little salon, and she was also interested in the young American girl who had traveled so far to discover what direction her life should take.

Between terms my mother and I, with two young American men and another girl, went to Italy. The first visit to Italy, coming over a snowy pass to the full blossoming of this romantic country, is always a major excitement. Palm Sunday we spent in Amalfi. The senior Bishop of Italy, an old erect figure with a wrinkled face like a Byzantine brass but with burning eyes, marched in the Palm Sunday procession with authoritative tread. Over at a side altar was a young woman sitting on the lowest step with a baby in her arms, both figures enveloped in her black mantle. The twelfth-century cathedral that day had no other visitors from the outside world but our own sympathetic party. That night all of Mother's party begged her to let us go out rowing under the growing Easter moon, but she wouldn't let us venture on those unknown waters. The famous Amalfi drive—this was before the landslide—proved as enticing as we had anticipated, but we left Capri and Sorrento to return to Rome for Easter. We carried in the railroad coach huge bouquets of pink roses (twenty-five cents a bunch) on our journey.

After the holidays spent in Rome, we went north to Perugia, driving over the eternal plain of Assisi. The fires were burning that night on every hilltop in honor of the Virgin, for it was March twenty-fourth, the Eve of the Annunciation. As we sat in the monastery-hotel garden looking at the Tiber, golden in the moonlight, with the almond trees pink with bloom and the tall cypresses like monks silent in prayer, we said there could never be another night like that. One returns to Assisi time after time with the feeling that it is truly a significant, a holy place. Going out of the city, white oxen garlanded for the festal season completed the picture.

Other short journeys during this year included trips to Dresden and the near-by mountains, Nuremberg and other old towns.

At the end of the last semester we left Berlin with great regret, and so to Paris and to London. There my mother left me to return home, and Emily Balch and I remained in London for the last great International Socialist Trade Union Congress. Emily Balch had a press ticket, and through a London friend of Karl Marx, who revered his memory and told us tales of his life in England, I got one too. This gave us a wonderful chance to hear all the debates and see at close range famous labor and socialist leaders of that time. Jaurès was there and the Avelings, Marx's daughter and son-in-law; from America Charlotte Gilman with her cameolike beauty, and Ferri from Italy—eight hundred delegates in all. One poor delegate had walked from Serbia to the Channel only to be turned back on his arrival at the Congress because he was an anarchist. The rules for admission were orthodox and strict. This was the first time that a Russian delegate appeared. I talked with a "bobby" about the Congress. Did he anticipate trouble? But he was frankly bored and said, "We let 'em talk as much as they like, ma'am." I wondered if a meeting like this could take place in America, with so great indifference on the one hand, and at the same time sponsored by eminent economists. For the Webbs were there, and Shaw from the Fabian Society, and Keir Hardie from the Independent Labor party, as well as the leaders of the trade-unions. And at Percy Dearmer's church every morning during the session the intention of the Mass was for the Congress and its members. This combination of persons and views so natural to the English was frankly surprising to a young American visitor who was accustomed to more definite line-ups.

It was the last session, however, of the old International. Divisive forces were at work, and soon many of the leaders died and their influence passed away. Prophecies of socialist writers failed to materialize. The prosperity of advancing capitalism was more marked than its adversities. The following decade saw great wealth amassed, inventions perfected, engineering problems mastered. It seemed as if the volume of production and the scientific advance that accompanied it, and which was at least part of its cause, were to bring in ease and plenty for everyone.

The following year I spent in New York at Columbia University working with Seligman, Giddings, Clark and James Harvey Robinson. I lived with Anne O'Hagan (Mrs. Francis Shinn, who died in 1933) that year on

Irving Place. She was then on the *World*, writing as well for several magazines. Her wit, wide acquaintance among newspapermen and other writers, her fine constructive judgment made her the most delightful of companions. She took me with her to various gatherings frequented by James Ford, Richard Aldrich and music and art critics of those and later years. A Mr. McFarland, in charge of the morgue of one of the big dailies, was a most hospitable man who used to love to give parties which were always referred to as "McFarland's saloons." There was always good conversation at these events, but at the end when we begged to be allowed to assist in clearing up, he was adamant in his refusal; it is said that, as he was the neatest of men, he would cheerfully wash dishes and put away provisions till three or four in the morning.

Often my friend and I went to the German theater almost opposite our apartment. Agnes Sorma, a favorite German actress, was a guest artist that winter when Gerhart Hauptmann's *Die Weber* was magnificently played. Around the corner on Third Avenue there was a famous chophouse which would send us substantial mutton chops, cheese and beer if we were too tired to go out to dinner after our day's work. We prowled around in the many secondhand bookshops of lower New York, we went to popular concerts on Sunday evenings, we lived happily with a widening knowledge of New York and its many-sided charms.

In Robinson's seminars the critical but informal analysis of his stimulating mind did most of all, perhaps, to egg one on to a humaner sophistication. He loved to see idols fall and cherished illusions vanish. He believed that modern discovery had increased the tempo of history, and it was his favorite conviction that more of significance had been packed into this brief period than in the long ages of the past. In Boston University I had tried many things but clung especially to Latin literature. This had stood me in good stead at Radcliffe with Ashley, but he had whetted my taste for the varied economic feasts of Germany. Here at Columbia a sort of mental precipitation took place. Sociology and economics and history would surely turn out to have a reality and a validity for one if one could gain a wider personal experience. I was glad, therefore, when the opportunity now came for me to live at the College Settlement. I had given up the idea of a church settlement which I had vaguely thought of in Boston days, for I felt that there could hardly be such a thing. A church predicates dogma and a settlement was rather a tryout, an experience in which dogma might perhaps develop, but life would come first and dogma afterward. At any rate, and however that might be, I was drawn to the idea of plunging into life where it was densest and most provocative. There was no longer the divided allegiance in my mind to the University and the City. The city's problems, and especially the life and fortunes of the great influx of Europeans to America, far outweighed in challenge and attraction the call to academic life.

In the long summer holiday I returned to the British Museum for study. Then in September, 1897, I unpacked my trunk and hung up my hat and coat at 95 Rivington Street.

CHAPTER IV

EAST SIDE

A SHOT rang out on the first night I spent at the College Settlement on Rivington Street. I put my head out the window. Allen Street, the heart of the red-light district, suddenly became silent. Then cries, and the rapid run of police. It was not a reassuring night and I felt shaken the next day. I marveled at the calm of Dr. Robbins, whose apprentice I was at the time, as we met for breakfast. But soon I settled like a submarine into the life of the neighborhood.

Rivington Street was crowded and noisy and rank with the smell of overripe fruit, hot bread and sweat-soaked clothing. The sun poured down relentlessly and welded the East Side together in one impress of fetid fertility. Neither in Phillips Street among my colored friends in Boston nor in the East End of London was there the vivid sense of a new and overpowering vitality such as emanated from the neighborhood of the College Settlement.

The settlement house itself was a beautiful old dwelling with heavy mahogany doors separating the two large rooms on the main floor. There was a spacious back yard bordered by homes of ranging sizes, some wooden, some brick. The yard was fitted up as a playground—one of the first in New York. Opposite the house was a wooden tenement. The basement of the house was the domain of Sarah, the cook, whose friendly understanding did much to endear the house to the neighborhood. In the front basement Miss Emily Wagner began the music school. It is said that one child practiced on one end of the piano and another on the other end. At any rate, violin lessons soon overflowed into the basement hall. To Sarah's patience as well as to Miss Wagner's genius is due the immediate success of the music lessons. The neighborhood avidly responded to the opportunity; before my year was up a floor was engaged in the wooden house opposite, and the music school began to live its own life. Later it combined with the University Settlement Music School and then emerged into the Third Street Music School Settlement with a house of its own. The front room of the house was a library and assembly room. The back room, the residents' dining room, was used for clubs, or, together with the front room, for dancing, parties and meetings of all sorts.

As soon as I knew I was to be at the College Settlement, I read Emil Franzos and the stories of A. Cahan to try to familiarize myself with the background of the newcomers in the district, who were largely from little Jewish towns in Rumania, Galicia, Russia and Poland. The language was a difficulty, but German helped greatly. Of course I took Yiddish lessons. My teacher was a club boy at the University Settlement, now a well-known educator. Soon I could decipher all signs haltingly, read the Yiddish newspapers and enjoy the Yiddish theater. Life in the East Side at that time was far more picturesque than now. The Yiddish drama was good before it was "Americanized." The motion-picture house had not appeared. There were good literary clubs, and I availed myself of every opportunity to meet leaders of local opinion. In the evening at ten o'clock, when clubs and evening events at the Settlement disbanded, many of us would meet for tea at Lorber's on Grand Street to discuss East Side matters and talk over the excitements of the day. For each day we discovered something new: some teacher's difficulties in a near-by school, some boy arrested and taken to court, some girl abandoned by her family.

There was no Seward Park in those days. But the Outdoor Recreation League used to meet at the Settlement, and Dr. Robbins, the head worker, brought me in touch with the embryonic movement for public playgrounds. Mr. Charles Stover and Mr. James Paulding of the University Settlement were the leading local spirits in this association. Finally, Seward Park was secured and the playground idea visualized.

When, after my apprenticeship of a few months, I took charge of the house, I was prepared for the responsibility in one way only: by my intense interest in and admiration for the East Side. My own special task was the Sunday Evening Economics Club I formed that winter. Many of the members of the Club were more deeply versed than I in economic literature. Not accustomed to debate, I left that to the Club. My task was rather to open the minds of the members to another outlook than their own, just as their service to me was to introduce me to the intensity, the conviction, the aggressive thought of the Jewish mind. We got along famously, and friendships formed then have never been broken.

What happened seldom in London is a commonplace here. Today the members of that Club, who then lived in direst poverty in crowded rooms of the old "dumbbell" unimproved tenements, are now living on Riverside Drive and call for me in their motors to visit them. "Up from Slavery" was not Booker T. Washington's monopoly. From the slavery of the tenement sweatshop have arisen leaders in industry, in education, in art and in political life. Indeed, the old East Side was the fertile producer of today's judges, teachers, actors, musicians, playwrights and leaders of New York. I remember writing a little pamphlet at that time on East Side Socialism and what it really signified to its adherents. For the real university of the East Side was Marx's *Capital*. Read like the Bible with faith, like the Bible it formed the taste and molded the life of its readers. Socialism as an economic theory is one thing; as an education it is another. It is what we are excited about that educates us. What the East Side was excited about was socialism. The press, the clubs, the theater, all were centered in the thought of a changed order. The Broadway of the garment industry had only begun its materialistic inroads. America knew little of foreign dogma and paid no attention to the convictions of immigrants. The Populist party in the West and the Knights of Labor had attempted to unite all of labor into one living force—and these were the only outstanding movements that had disturbed the serenity of the country in its triumphal march toward industrial supremacy. The country took no pains to present to the East Side the opportunities open in the West. The life of the West, the village, the forest, the great riverways, the yeasty give-and-take of American life gradually developing a common consciousness and civilization were unknown to the old East Side. No effort was made to bring together such differing outlooks.

The Jewish mind is centripetal; everything it discovers it appropriates, and in that way becomes richer and more fertile, like an old garden plot well cultivated. But it appropriates only what comes within its grasp. And America felt little responsibility for offering to its newcomers all its possibilities.

The Yiddish newspapers, the Yiddish theater, Yiddish society as a whole, presented a picture of far greater concentration than at present. The East Side was not "Americanized" as it is today. In 1898 the Bowery was in its full flower and flavor of stage-villainy. Bread lines, missions, shooting galleries and shops where black eyes and bruises could be artistically touched up to resemble nature in its pristine innocence, gave a tang to the old Bowery long since mellowed, decayed and innocuous. Precious were the days of Big Tim Sullivan, who drew tribute from a whole region. His large picnics and outings, his crowded clubrooms, his ability to keep a crowd of henchmen together, his sense of the group and his knowledge of what could be accomplished through political organization based on meeting ordinary social needs, made of him a truly notable figure. Among lesser lights of the time was Martin Engel, leader of the Eighth Ward. At election time he used to drive through our ward in an open barouche, his fingers laden with diamonds, and more diamonds shone from his cravat. The intellectual Jewish East Side for the most part did not comprehend the game played by the political leaders. But they dimly realized what benefits accrued from keeping in with the forceful ones.

Jewish leadership was largely confined to the Socialist party or parties, for that was the time when the Socialist Labor party and the Social Democratic party were at swords' points. The socialist groups were passionately interested in theories, the Bowery's politicians in profit. There was little interest in a more realistic political program. Occasionally the conditions of work in the tobacco trade or the garment industry would become a matter of public concern, but political campaigns would overlook the real issues of East Side life.

As the political morale of the city sank, a reaction necessarily set in and the "good government club" era opened. The object of these clubs was to replace "bad" government by "good." It was a valuable but negative period. It had, not a social program, but the very natural desire to "drive the rascals out." To attack an evil is a simple political project. It has the merit of combining elements which fly apart when a constructive program is called for. The political attack, like a military offensive, places the opposition in a position of defense, which is always psychologically weak. But there is this difference between the political attack and the military offensive: the latter has an objective and the former is often a colorless effort with no appeal to the profounder instincts of man. "Turn 'em out" wears very thin after a while, when it is seen that the political and social structure remains much as it was before "goodness" came in. Political strength depends either on dramatic issues easily understood, or upon sound organization. Dramatic issues are few but can be readily grasped by the voters as a whole. Crime waves, the police, graft—these issues last well, even though threadbare. But in organization the reform groups are often inferior. They lose interest between campaigns; they go to the country when primaries approach. There is all the difference in the world between those who favor a policy and those who have a stake in it.

The first Seth Low campaign was fought during my year at the College Settlement. In local halls congregations of pious Jews saying their Shabbos Eve prayers folded their shawls and were supplanted by feverish political meetings. A clergyman in a neighborhood mission had told of the horrors of the Allen Street district. Bishop Potter had championed his witness. The hat was in the ring. Though victory that year was but temporary, it marked a real change in public opinion. After each serious and successful attempt to place government on a higher basis than profit for the benefited, the political life of the city has registered a permanent advance. There is graft and immorality in New York, but the old red-light days have gone.

The old German residents of the East Side rapidly moved north and were replaced by a mass of Jewish immigrants fleeing from persecution. Little old ramshackle wooden houses were pulled down and in their place arose the double-decker "dumbbell" tenements. This type of dwelling once won a prize in a contest for suitable dwellings for the poor. Its financial rewards were so great that it soon became the dominant type in New York. The twenty-four-family house came to stay. Through the air shafts (or small interior courts) vermin made their way, and at the bottom garbage and refuse collected. Privacy was rendered impossible. Soiling sights and sounds became a part of children's lives.

During my winter on the East Side there was great heartsearching about the life of these tenants crowded together so offensively. This was the time when Winifred Buck and James Paulding battered away until schools were opened for reading and games and clubs. This was the period when Dr. Robbins and Charles Stover and others met to insist that if there was no space to live in at least the children should have play space provided for them as their right. The College Settlement back-yard playground told of the happiness that children may have. The University Settlement, founded in August of 1886, was then a wooden building on Delancey Street. But its inadequacies led to the erection of the present building and an undenied sense of responsibility for East Side conditions on the part of New York's well-to-do citizens. The pushcarts began to multiply. At the Hungarian restaurant philosophies were discussed against a background of cool kegs.

The place of the College Settlement in the great melange of the changing East Side, settling down into a dense Jewish district, was very real. It made no pretentious claims but gallantly struck out for the fundamental rights of children to play, of young people to have wholesome recreation, never forsaking the interplay of happy neighborly relationships which kept the residents from an unreal or academic sense of the changes they hoped to effect, and which elicited from the neighbors a warm response and eagerness to help wherever possible. Those were the days when the chief notes of the Settlement were neighborly relationships and the attempt, together with others who were similarly minded, to effect such local or city improvements as were evidently needed. One of the delightful features of the College Settlement was the Sunday afternoon gathering known as "Good Seed." Dr. Robbins told the children Old Testament stories on these occasions with inimitable tang. I doubt if the most alluring movie of later years could have held these intelligent eager children half so spellbound.

Jane Robbins had a great advantage over most social workers, in that she had a solid professional base of her own. She used her skill as a physician in a social way. Isn't social work just that—the use of any skill one may possess in a social way? Dr. Robbins has always practiced medicine. One is never surprised to see her in any part of the globe where medical help can fill a social need. One morning ten years ago I mounted the steps of my hotel in Athens, fresh from the Oriental Express, and there on the veranda sat Dr. Robbins. I was not surprised to learn that she was serving in the women's hospital that had done such gallant work during the return of the Greeks from Asia Minor. Wherever there is big trouble, there you will find Dr. Robbins lending a hand.

Rivington Street was not a very convenient place for marketing. Ice was particularly difficult to secure, and, if the truth must be known, on hot summer evenings we used to send out to the undertaker's across the way for a chunk for our lemonade. Sarah, who presided over the kitchen, was a fixture for many years. In a way the house revolved about her as the axis of its life. The janitors were far more unstable and temporary, often specimens of the flotsam and jetsam of the East Side, coming into our horizon for a brief period soon to be known of us no more. With saloons on each corner the janitors were happier than they were efficient. One of those who tarried longest with us was a Mr. Cox. A pleasant custom of the street corner in August and September on the East Side is the sale of hot corn boiled before one's eyes, with salt and pepper and butter at hand so that one can enjoy it on the spot. Mr. Cox one morning was quite under the weather from too neighborly an association with the corner saloon the night before. When remonstrated with he placed the blame on "too much hot corn." "Hot corn" became the classic name for alcoholic exuberance in the Settlement lexicon thereafter.

The East Side of those days was in transition, for though dominantly Jewish it still had many other elements. The first friends of the Settlement had been the cordial, responsible, helpful German neighbors, and, though they had largely migrated northward in my time, some were retained as "housekeepers" in many of the tenements on account of their neatness and reliability. Then, too, there was a fringe of old Irish families nearer the docks, and both Protestant and Roman Catholic churches were sprinkled in among the synagogues. Here and there were sunny yards not yet built over by the ever-creeping tenement.

The Settlement was really another home for the neighbors who met there, a place where the needs and desires of each were sympathetically considered. And just as plants sometimes do better by transplanting, so often the lives of those who were in close association with the Settlement got new values and shot up into stronger, more colorful and helpful personalities. There are many who today are leaders in business and the professions who gladly recognize the fruitful relationships of those days. Naturally, they were days of marvelous revelation to the residents of the Settlement themselves. A new respect was born for the ability and character that so often lack opportunity for adequate expression, and the magic of old traditions helped to enlarge the provincial mind of the young college graduate. It was a useful give-and-take all around. Many were the burning controversies. It was a new kind of university with the lessons hot from the griddle.

In no way can one better realize the simplicity of those days than by the leisure which allowed for a regular attendance Tuesday evenings at the Social Reform Club on Bond Street. This was a discussion group predating all the present forums in New York. Edmund Kelley, brilliant man of letters, organizer and able lawyer, founded the Club, as he later did the City Club. Charles Spahr was for many years its liberal gentle president. Ernest Crosby, disciple of Tolstoy, also presided for a time. These men gave the Club its note of generous hospitality to ideas, its readiness to listen to what is in a man's mind and heart. Andrew Furuseth told us of the injustices to seamen; Stover kept us busy with practical projects of park and highway reform. Single taxers and socialists always had their say—there was real freedom of discussion. But the spirit of the whole group was free from social and political dogma, while bringing to light abuses that needed righting with at least some hint as to the way to correct them. There was a crude and handy restaurant in the basement where one could get supper, and there the arguments were fought over again and again. To the members of that Club, no other group will ever be so dear. They never took themselves too seriously, but still had the gallantry of their convictions. It was a part of the education of the Settlement residents to attend these Tuesday evening meetings.

On Saturday mornings many of us went to the Charity Organization Society second district office case committee meetings. Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell was the chairman of the Corlear's Hook office. We young women of both up- and downtown adored her, and we were lucky indeed who were on that committee and shared her counsel. She was a very natural woman, fearless, intelligent and devoted. She always wore black after her husband's death in Civil War days. This garb, like a nun's, gave her a continuity, an invariability in personal appearance that drove home to us her equal steadfastness in the pursuit of her social objectives. She championed Joseph Barondess's candidacy for Congress in his socialist days, much to the amazement of some of her less seasoned uptown friends. Even when she came out for Bryan no one ever really abandoned her. She made a great dent on her day, converting one after another to a more purposeful life. Robert W. De Forest, I remember, was one of the admiring youths she called to service.

When I pass the fountain in Bryant Park erected in her memory I realize there are few who know her story, but I am grateful that living water was chosen as the symbol for her outgoing life, bringing refreshment to many. She was sympathetic to all the movements for tenement house, park and playground, and recreational reforms that began to bubble in that decade. But she never forsook the humble work of help for people in need. Personal help was to her at the heart of all social problems.

At her case conferences of course, we had a chance to see the dingier aspects of East Side life. Generally, at the Settlement, we met either the hopeful, the progressive, or at any rate the normal, life of working families—or perhaps the dramatic episodes of tragedy and comedy that became a part of neighborhood knowledge. But in the case conference there was one hard luck story after another. We could not help seeing how fortunate we were to live in a house where all elements of local life were seen. We knew not only poverty and crime, but also the intelligence and ability and charm of our neighbors.

Other figures of the period were Paddock and Hulse, both vicars at the Pro Cathedral, and later bishops. They had hard sledding on Stanton Street. With the disappearance of the German element, who was there to gather in? But they learned a great deal to carry with them to their distant fields. Mr. Paddock said wittily, I remember, at a farewell luncheon given for him by a group of friends, that he had "just begun to learn what the God south of Fourteenth Street was like and now he had to find out all over again about the God of Eastern Oregon."

What effect on the whole did the College Settlement of that period have on the East Side? At least this: there was a fruitful contact between the forces from without and the forces of the neighborhood. There was the seed-bed for the finer things of the growing social structure, improved living conditions and far deeper mutual understanding.

The College Settlement was almost next door to the University Settlement, and much of their work was done together. One of the famous clubs of the University Settlement was the S.E.I. Club; these letters, signifying Social and Educational Improvement, were seriously taken to heart. Only one club, the O.I.F. (Order, Improvement and Friendship), was older than the S.E.I. These clubs, originally under the leadership of Stanton Coit, were the mainstay of the University Settlement's early years. Charles Stover, J. K. Paulding and James Reynolds were associated with the clubs, and Edward King, English chartist and long an inspired leader of the American labor movement, added the weight of his influence.

All the S.E.I. boys went to college. One of them was Henry Moskowitz. Henry was born in Rumania. His mother had been educated in a convent. His father was secretary of a lodge and head of a Jewish congregation. This family, with its cultural interests, was fertile ground for whatever idealistic elements they might encounter. And especially was it fortunate for young Henry that he should fall into an environment so sympathetic as that of the Settlement with its strong adherence to American principles of freedom, justice and opportunity.

These boys became great enthusiasts and the virus of the early Settlement residents became still more powerful when transfused into the newly arrived Americans.

The Settlement's hospitality was enlarged by bringing to the homes of Settlement board members the young people of the clubs. Soon Henry became a welcome visitor at the homes of many American liberals. Dr. Felix Adler was especially attracted to Henry's outgoing personality. Out of this friendship came the Down Town Ethical Society on Madison Street. Three of the S.E.I. boys turned the Down Town Ethical Society into the Madison House in 1890. Thus, what the University Settlement had begun was carried on by the boys to another stage of development. The old American liberalism, deepened and enlarged, entered its second stage. Democracy became naturalized in this soil and America began settling down in the tenement districts of New York.

It must have been about this time that Henry's testimony before a governmental housing commission was given. This was the period before the tenement house law of 1901 was passed and the Tenement House Department formed. Robert De Forest, Laurence Veiller, Josephine Shaw Lowell and all the settlements were deeply interested in this fight for the new law. Henry's testimony shone out as a forceful aid in that fight. He spoke of those things he knew. Today tenants' unions are forming all over New York. Their testimony was foreshadowed in Henry Moskowitz's vivid descriptions of the evils of the tenement and its inadequacies to meet human need. No sooner was the law passed than an attempt was made in 1902 to destroy it. Paul Abelson, friend and associate of Henry Moskowitz throughout the years, was by this time a social-minded public school teacher. This same group of young men, true American pioneers, formed at Madison House the East Side Civic Club. For the first time the Socialist party, which hitherto had kept apart from local reform issues, joined with the liberals to further a petition to retain the law. Twenty thousand signatures were obtained. James Reynolds, former head of the University Settlement, and at the time Mayor Seth Low's secretary, aided in the movement. As a result, Governor Odell, hitherto rather hostile to the new law, backed down and the law was saved. This East Side Civic Club fertilized the East Side with concrete and realistic endeavor, converting "isms" into an approach to social problems more in line with the traditions of the country. It is safe to say that the Settlement's endeavors were reinforced a hundredfold by the energy and practical idealism of these early club members.

Later Henry went to Berlin for graduate study.

In 1910 the great cloak strike took place. This was the beginning of the needle workers' organization. Henry became Secretary of the Board of Arbitration, which Brandeis came on from Massachusetts to assist. Out of this came the Joint Board of Sanitary Control.

The Triangle Fire, in March, 1911, was the tragic focus of interest in better factory legislation. Frances Perkins, Carola Woerishoffer and Mary Dreier all had a hand together with the social-minded young Alfred Smith in the subsequent development of the Industrial Code. Henry was a part of this movement, and his long association with Governor Smith was a significant part of his story. He continued his work of mediation and was in residence at Madison House up to the time of his appointment as civil service commissioner by Mayor Mitchel. He had helped Governor Hughes in the direct primary fight, and indeed both personally and in association with his gifted wife he was connected with every forward movement of his time. His work as mediator was in keeping with his personality, his development and his thought. He was always finding the way from the old to the new, with the hope of adjusting that transition with the least possible unhappiness and destruction.

Henry Moskowitz had this gift of mediation to an extraordinary degree. He could talk amazingly well—with fire and conviction. But he would listen as well as talk. He really wanted to know the truth about things. He was a modest man, extravert, interested far more in process and result than in any part he might personally play. He liked to praise people and to find good scattered richly about him. But he was far from gullible, though he had confidence in life. His passion was for a more truly humane society, which he profoundly believed was possible of attainment.

He thought education should serve that end, and that ethics, also, could never sink to the low level of a merely personal adjustment, but should embrace as its field the whole social order. I mention Dr. Moskowitz's history as an outstanding but still typical example of East Side leadership in New York's advance.

One day I walked with a friend over to the West Side. What charm! How different the life with its greater open spaces, its quaint provincialism! It was like going to another country. I did not dream then that my life was to be lived in that new country. But for one who has lived on the East Side, there is a hold on the heart that can never be shaken off. The somber streets, the thoughtful abstracted eyes, the tramping feet making even a silent night noise-conscious, the hanging, waving things from windows and pushcarts, those raucous shoutings advertising wares, that queer smell of hot bread, pickled apples, fish, and damp clothing casts a lasting spell. The East Side is a reminder of our social failure—but also of potencies only half-suspected. Once life on the East Side has been experienced, one can never say good-by. The East Side is always rising, like a genie in Arabian tales, to inquire, to confront.

Today is a period of transition for the East Side. Buildings have become uninhabitable. The older population has moved out, and no new immigrants have come to take their places. Demolition of old buildings has opened up new play spaces, and the erection of First Houses, the initial experiment in public housing in New York City, is a sign of a great turn of the tide. These are the significant changes which the new city plan will take into account.

Under the new charter there will be an opportunity for vast advancement. However, nothing takes place automatically. New factors are at work. Many New Yorkers now prefer to live and vote in the suburbs while making their money in New York City. Jews and Italians are political competitors of the Irish. Brooklyn and the Bronx have made Manhattan shrink both in numbers and in power. Civil service, however inadequate, has lessened the opportunities for giving out jobs. Young people have flocked to high school and college. Italian girls have come out of the home for work and schooling.

These are a few of the elements of a different life for New Yorkers; and for New York's East Side there is opening up a new chapter.

CHAPTER V

THE FRIENDLY AID HOUSE

THE YEAR at the College Settlement had been a plunge into the East Side, and an identification of my life with that great caldron of boiling thought and feeling, a kind of social baptism. The excitement, the stimulus, the illumination of that year went with me when I accepted the invitation of the Friendly Aid House on East Thirty-fourth Street.

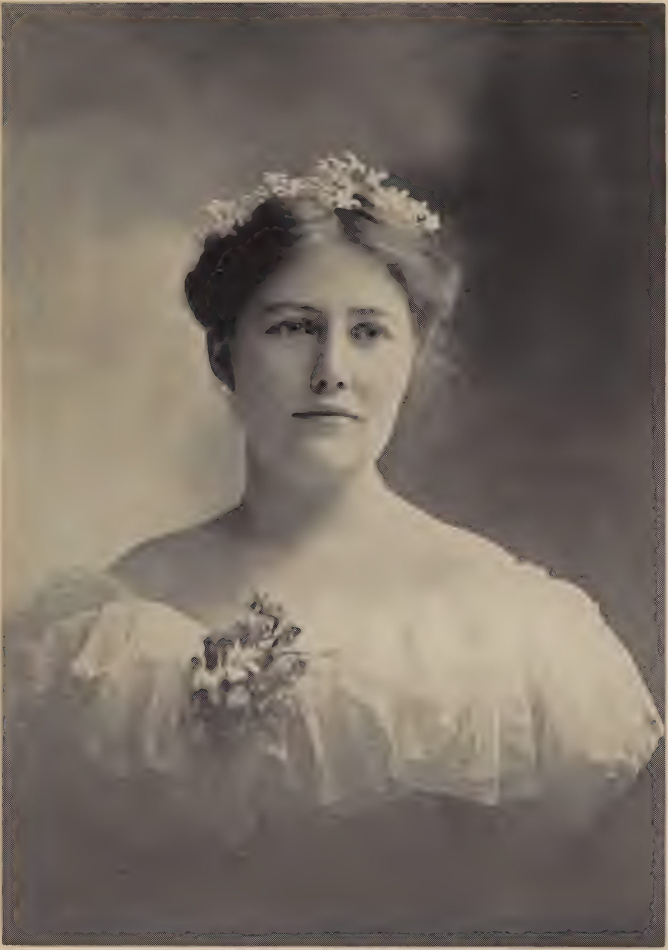
This Society was supported by the All Souls Unitarian Church; its object was to enter into social contact with the least privileged groups of the middle East Side, and be of use in developing social services for them. As the Friendly Aid House was called a settlement, I had no inkling that the general policies of the Society might be other than those of the College Settlement, and I entered the doors of the House filled with a determination to understand and serve the new neighborhood.

The leading spirits of the Society were two remarkable men, Norton and Warren Goddard. Norton Goddard was in politics. He was a Republican, and as he was a man of means, he built and maintained a clubhouse called the Civic Club, which was a political club of workingmen. Mr. Goddard frankly took a leaf out of Tammany's book. He worked hard and constantly in behalf of his henchmen. He was honest and he made a determined drive against the "policy" shops, the gambling centers of the period. His attempts at reform were greatly admired by New York's upper classes and he was held up as an example to young men of good family. He was indeed an admirable man in his personal life, in his realistic understanding that successful local politics cannot be carried on by absentee leaders, and in his genuine desire for improved social conditions. But the Civic Club had no roots in the soil. It was financed by Mr. Goddard and in the end died for lack of his support. His work was the work of an individual and had no lasting effect within his party or as a model for others.

The Club was furnished luxuriously, for Norton Goddard genuinely believed also that the influence of elegance would be to import respect for property and create a taste for the beautiful. The neighborhood was rough. It is true that the men enjoyed the grandeur of the place and kept it up well. But it was inevitable that the plan would collapse with the passing of the generosity of the donor.

Warren Goddard, Norton Goddard's brother, had a different slant. He was interested not in the political aspects of society, but rather in the social structure itself. His thought was that the bringing together of the informed and the uneducated would result in a more sympathetic attitude on the part of the so-called upper classes, and would at the same time bring into play the latent forces of the masses under suitable guidance. He was animated by religious principles and actions and never seemed to feel the incongruity of holding Unitarian Sunday evening services in a practically 100 per cent Catholic neighborhood. The same naïveté was to be seen in the Easter afternoon Sunday school services at the supporting church when the young middle East Siders of the Friendly Aid House region were invited to come and sit in the pews, going forward one by one to receive a blossoming geranium plant! A real desire to serve the neighborhood was combined with a social-psychological ignorance of neighborhood customs and belief that was very embarrassing to me in my work of building up a neighborhood spirit and community program.

The Friendly Aid House board was composed of high-minded and friendly people who ran the place like a charity. There was a "board room" sacred to its meetings. There was no free platform for discussion. I had arranged to have Mr. Edwin Mead of Boston speak on the Philippines in my own apartment. This meeting was canceled because it was regarded as treasonable to question President McKinley's stand on the independence of the Islands. I called up James Reynolds and found that the University Settlement would welcome Mr. Mead as a speaker. But this incident made me ask myself: What *is* a settlement? Is it a charity to be run more or less as a factory is run? Should it not rather have a different form which would express its inner significance more closely? These questions multiplied during the three years of my



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stay in the middle East Side. This was all a part of the growth-process of youth.

On an all-enlightening evening we decided to hold a public meeting when the new city charter could be discussed. The new charter involved very great changes, the uniting of Brooklyn with Manhattan, the doing away with local government in schools, the consolidation of power in the proposed Board of Estimate, and so on. I supposed, of course, that so important a change would challenge the excited interest of all New York's citizens. The evening came. The able young alderman Herbert Parsons came to address the crowd. To my consternation and unmitigated surprise, the hall was empty. At last little Jimmy Cashin arrived. He was an orphan who lived at Murtha's lodginghouse on First Avenue through the kindness of the proprietor. He was always on hand at all our gatherings. At this meeting he was the only auditor.

This meeting taught me a lot. People as a rule are not interested in any abstraction. They come to meetings to oppose something rather than to favor anything. They come when they realize the importance of the issue, as later in the lower rents campaign. For adult education consists not in foisting our own opinions or knowledge upon others, but in discovering human interest, passions and tastes and in working from these as a base.

There was no playground in the district. I had learned a good deal at the meetings of the Outdoor Recreation League held at the College Settlement. Out of that

League's enterprise, as I have said, came Seward Park, whose opening was a great day for us all. So it was natural to begin at once to try and secure for the new neighborhood a park, too. We began by getting the use of two adjoining lots as a playground which we called the Kips' Bay Playground.

The interest of St. Gabriel's Parish in this matter was great. That large parish, whose pastor was later Cardinal Farley, had the interests of its children close to its heart. Co-operating with them, St. Gabriel's Park finally came into existence as the flowering of the Kips' Bay Playground.

The whole district was divided into many self-enclosed neighborhoods. East Twenty-ninth Street was solidly Italian. The dwellers of this street had no social life outside the street's nearest borders.

Paul Kennaday, one of the residents of the Friendly Aid House and a young man of social vision, decided he would install a library on East Twenty-ninth Street. He hired a room and opened this branch of the Friendly Aid House. Using it as a base we got acquainted with the people and were able to be of use to them in many of their personal problems.

In the early nineteen hundreds sections of the city were more shut off from one another than now, as there were no subways and few automobiles, and the whole idea of "neighborhood" was therefore more real. People stayed within their neighborhoods, whereas today the most provincial East Sider will go to see relatives in the Bronx or in Brownsville, and he will know Broadway as well as Grand Street. The country was then far more difficult to reach, and it was no sentimental story but a grim fact that hundreds—thousands—of dwellers on the East Side had never seen any other tree than the ailanthus that managed to survive in an occasional back yard. It is literally true that many children never saw any animals but cats, dogs, and the fowls packed in wagons that made their way out of Gansevoort Market for kosher slaughtering. Horses still pulled the streetcars and fire engines, and were used by teamsters and private owners.

These neighborhoods were largely self-sufficient. With a neighboring church and school and stores, there was no need to go far from home. Summers were unpleasant with flies, for the horses fouled the streets. During the summer of 1902 hundreds of horses died of sunstroke. That was the summer when, all the bathtubs being full, they played the hose on victims of sunstroke as they were brought into the Bellevue Hospital yard.

In those days there were few "surveys." The people who really knew the neighborhood best were the priests, the politicians and the settlement residents. These three groups had the interest of the whole locality at heart and were the leaders in neighborhood improvement of various kinds.

There were many settlements in New York at this time, including the University, College and Nurses' Settlement on the lower East Side, the Hudson Guild and Hartley House on the West, and in Harlem the Union

Settlement. Other groups were beginning to appear. Dr. John Elliott of the Hudson Guild and I had the happy idea of bringing these groups together in one association. And so in 1901, at the Friendly Aid House, we called together representatives of these houses as well as individuals who were at work in city neighborhoods in other fields, in organized charity, in child welfare, in recreation and education, in housing and public health. The Association of Neighborhood Workers was launched. Professor Franklin Giddings was the speaker at that first meeting, for the sociologist had especially at heart the revelations the settlement might unearth not only of concrete fact, but also of group understanding.

It was in 1901 that we had got an inkling that what is important varies from person to person and from group to group. For on a September night when my husband went out to buy a paper, everywhere on the street people were excitedly telling one another the news—that a favorite horse had won. It was not until he got back into the house and really looked at the paper that he read the appalling headlines: President McKinley had been assassinated!

I have never ceased to believe that the settlement ought to be the matrix of a more adequate understanding of what goes on, and that its permanent value is not so much in the rendering of specific services (which necessarily change with a changing environment) as in the fruitful knowledge obtained through firsthand contact with the people of the neighborhoods. To voice their wrongs, to understand their problems, to stand by their side in their life struggles, to welcome their own leadership, to reveal to others who have not had this opportunity of direct contact the inner character of situations that arise, is the primary task of the settlement.

I had been married to Vladimir Simkhovitch at the old Chapel of the Incarnation on East Thirty-first Street in January, 1899. We had met in Berlin as students from East and West and parted there engaged. Finishing his doctorate at Halle, he came to America in August, 1898, and went immediately to Cornell as a foreign Fellow. There he settled down to gain a complete command of English. Returning to New York, he became immediately associated with Columbia University, where he has spent his life. To him I owe that friendly intellectual criticism which has been a constant stimulus to new and more arduous endeavor. We had an apartment on the upper floor of the House. There gathered not only my husband's new associates at Columbia, but also visitors from all over the world. Henry Lloyd of Chicago, whose startling book on the Standard Oil created such a sensation; President Masaryk, who held long conferences with my husband on the development of socialism; Herbert and Elsie Parsons; James Harvey Robinson; the Sawyers and the Seligmans; James Reynolds from the University Settlement; and Percy Grant, the new rector of the Church of the Ascension.

The Edwin Mead incident made it clear that the Friendly Aid House was thought of by the directors of the Society as a philanthropy rather than a social movement; as a mode of altruism for the church members, rather than an attempt at social understanding and a cooperative effort for social betterment. As the years have passed, the Friendly Aid Society has developed new attitudes and policies, and the Warren Goddard House, as it is now called, serves its neighborhood as a genuine neighborhood center free from church control. But the Society's idea of the settlement as a charity was so uncongenial to us who were in residence—there was a group of about ten of us—that we began to think harder about the reason for our work, or, to put it rather grandiloquently, the philosophy of the settlement.

We gradually clarified our views. After various more or less stormy experiences, when our point of view in regard to the freedom of the residents to build their own policies in the light of their own experience had made our position intolerable to us and to the directors, the break came. In 1901 we embarked upon an enterprise founded on the principles in which we believed, and endorsed by some of our friends in New York who were so generous as to have confidence in us and our ideas. Thus Greenwich House came into being.

The incorporators of the Cooperative Social Settlement Society, as we called our new organization, were Henry C. Potter, then Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, Eugene Philbin, a prominent Roman Catholic layman, afterwards judge, Carl Schurz, Jacob Riis, Felix Adler, Robert Fulton Cutting, and myself.

This group represented a variety of approaches to the social problem. Bishop Potter had been a leader in the exposé of the red-light district; Dr. Adler was deeply involved in the improvement of tenements, as was Mr. Cutting; Jacob Riis was for slum clearance; Carl Schurz for civil service reform; Judge Philbin was identified with movements for a better conduct of political life.

In leaving the Friendly Aid House to found a society in accordance with our own ideals, we had no regrets for our happy years there, and only gratitude for the opportunity of learning at firsthand those principles of organization, growth and social adjustment which no books can teach and only experience can convey.

The assistant janitor of the Friendly Aid House, Carmel Pecararo, came to us in our House in Greenwich Village. He was always a happy link with those three years of preparation for our new work, though he felt I should not be too closely associated with the neighbors. "Just a live-around-a-herer," he would announce a visitor deprecatingly.

CHAPTER VI

GREENWICH HOUSE OPENS ITS DOORS

IT WAS in May, 1901, that the Cooperative Social Settlement Society was founded. Early in the summer two of the enthusiastic group that had planned the new settlement hunted around to find the neighborhood and house where we could put into practice the principles we were eager to try out.

Paul Kennaday and Mary Sherman prowled around the old Ninth Ward. In those days there was no Seventh Avenue cutting through the village. The whole region from Fourteenth Street to Canal and Fifth Avenue to the North River was an enclosed neighborhood sufficient unto itself, but beginning to feel the impact of the Italian population as it passed up into the district from Mulberry Bend.

Jones Street was the most densely populated of the lower West Side streets. This little block of fourteen hundred people, 975 to the acre, the densest block on the West Side, was composed mainly of people of Irish parentage, of native Italians and of Negroes. But they were not alone. Indeed, a count made early in the life of Greenwich House showed people from twenty-six different countries. On the street were five saloons, nine boardinghouses, some old houses let out in floors and various types of tenements, from the old railroad tenement (no airshafts and all interior rooms dark) to the dumbbell type with its narrow airshafts and dark middle rooms.

Paul Kennaday spotted Number Twenty-six as a pleasant old house with an extension which would make it roomy and comfortable. I came down from Maine to make the fateful decision. We secured a lease for one year at twelve hundred dollars. Then began the cleaning! We counted five different kinds of vermin that made their home there; on Dr. Rowland Freeman's advice—for he was our medical adviser from the beginning—we called in an exterminating company that did a thorough job.

The house had once been a longshoremen's boardinghouse. Later it became a tenement house, with an Italian family in the basement and French homeworkers, embroiderers and feather makers on other floors. Day laborers also lived there, and the Anarchists' Society had its headquarters in the dining room—their mail continued to come to us for months.

Various simple alterations were necessary in the tearing down of partitions and repainting, but it was a disappointment that a painting on the dining room wall made by the Anarchists' Society was too hastily removed.

The house was three rooms deep, the rooms in the extension being unusually large. The top floor was conveniently cut up into small rooms which were just the thing for the women residents. The men had rented for themselves a charming house, 88 Grove Street, where they lived, dining with us at 26 Jones Street.

The only other social center of the region was the West Side Branch of the University Settlement on King Street, which later developed into the Richmond Hill House. A friend of ours, Susan Fitzgerald, who had come to lead in this work after having been in charge of the Barnard students' social life (that was before Barnard had acquired Emily Smith as its first dean), had welcomed us to the district, and had introduced us to neighborhood friends of hers who helped us get acquainted.

On our return from Maine we had gone to live in a tenement on King Street, where I could keep a close eye on the renovations and furnishings and also begin to get acquainted with the neighborhood.

Our first meal together at 26 Jones Street was on Thanksgiving Day, 1902—that day in New York when children appear in fantastic costumes and beg from all passers-by: a survival of the early English colonists' celebration of Guy Fawkes Day. My family had made an unwittingly spectacular entrance by arriving in Jones Street in a van.

It was the baby in his carriage coming out of the van from King Street and entering the doors of the new Greenwich House that set us right with the neighbors. After all it was a family that was coming, a family with other friends, too, friends who were going to live with us, and friends from other parts of New York who were going to help us when we found out how we could be of use in the neighborhood.

Thus we began with the neighbors on our side. This was what we had hoped for, because our whole thought of the settlement was that it must be a group of friends, who, together with the neighbors, would through a common experience build up common enthusiasms for common projects.

We had seen the charitable approach to social problems and found it wanting. If social improvements are to be undertaken by one class on behalf of another, no permanent changes are likely to be effected. The participation by all concerned is necessary for sound improvements.

We were not unaware of the class struggle and that social results of importance will come only when people themselves are awake to their own misfortunes and themselves work to change their conditions. But the labor movement and the community movement are not antagonistic. The labor movement is a class struggle for the social and economic security essential in a democracy. However, the labor movement finds its proper place inside the community movement—as its major factor, it is true, but still within the larger outlook of the common welfare.

And so when we opened the doors of the little house on Jones Street, we had a definite plan of operation. We agreed that we who were on the spot, and in our work gathering experience from day to day, should unite with the neighbors and also with our friends who were interested to help with personal service or money in working out our policies and activities. Those who paid the bills, those who were doing the work and those with whom and for whom the work was being done formed in our minds a necessary network, a real union.

Though our work has gone on from one phase to another, sensitive to changing conditions, we have stuck by this idea loyally. It does not mean, as we wish it did, that we can secure the personal interest and co-operation of every subscriber, or that we can refer the details of everything that goes on to the "neighbors," the residents of the district. But it does mean that general policies and plans are all worked out in common. The Board of Managers of the Society is composed of members of all three groups—subscribers, workers and neighbors—and no great change can take place without the consent of them all.

We believed and continue to believe that this is different from the usual type of social organization, which in general presents the form of a group of people with money who choose a manager responsible to them alone. However, though we held this definite point of view, we did not intend to hold it dogmatically, but rather to subject all that we did to the test of experience in living together.

As we sat down to dinner that first Thanksgiving night in 1902 in the dining room at 26 Jones Street, with its fresh paint and its simple but solid furnishings (still used in Barrow Street), we felt somehow born again. We were all young together. Everything was ahead of us. Full of enthusiasm and zest, we plunged into the life of Jones Street.

After dinner every night we would talk things over much as we had done at Lorber's, before, telling one another the experiences of the day, the adventures we had encountered, the problems that arose, the people we had met.

We used to go to the old Germania Theatre to see Orlenev and Nazimova play *The Brothers Karamazov* and other Russian dramas. Emma Goldman was one of the ushers. The theater was packed not only with Russians but also by all discriminating theatergoers of New York, who were fascinated by the beauty of the performances. Orlenev was entreated to remain in this country, but he did not master English and the adjustment Nazimova made with ease was too difficult for him. He returned to Russia, and never again has New York seen such artistry.

From Mr. Zimmerman, the delicatessen-owner on Bleecker Street, from old Mr. Kelley, whose saloon on the north end of the street was a respectable center of local information, from Mrs. King across the way, an Irishwoman of great wit and charm and the mother of a large family, who hospitably took us in as genuine neighbors and to whom we turned for accurate knowledge of the street—from these friends and others we began to get the feel of the neighborhood.

It was a question of give-and-take from the start. We were invited out to weddings and christenings and funerals. And occasionally also to suppers or "talent" parties, where there would be local entertainers. To be invited to meals was a great honor, for meals are expensive; in general tenement house parties were in the evening and not at meal hours.

In February another baby arrived. After coming home from the hospital, I soon could put the baby in her warm basket out on the fire escape leading from our bedroom. Great was the indignation of the girls working in the box factory next door. "See that poor baby. Ain't she got the cruel mother!" All these girls nowadays are mothers well trained through the public health education of the last thirty years.

There was no real unity in the life of the street. The Irish families for a long while kept apart from the Italians and the whites from the Negroes. The Irish resented the economic competition of the Italians, who displaced them in the factory at the end of the street. One day there was a sudden stabbing and a rush down the block. Only the rapid opening and shutting of our front door offered an escape from further disaster. But the Irish girls, chaste and fascinating, attracted the men of all racial groups, and many intermarriages have taken place. While there were few active racial hostilities, still the old divisions of race and creed were strong in Jones Street as they are in the larger societies of the world. Could we be welcome with all groups? Is there such a thing possible as neighborliness? We began to find out that there are deep experiences that we all have in common.

When infantile paralysis struck the street, there was the common emotion of horror and pity. When the little boy came back from the country, bandaged from being hit over the head by the ax of an unwitting woodchopper, the whole street was full of compassion for the parents and anger at the Vacation Society's Home where the trouble happened. When a fire broke out late at night, and the engines dashed into the street, and the hose played, and the tenement residents made sandwiches and coffee for the firemen, we opened the house for all who were turned out to come in, to stay till morning. There was the mother of a five-day-old baby, there was a young man recognized as "the burglar," there were old and young. I suggested that we play the piano and have a dance. So with tears and laughter we got through the night.

There was the lively Miss Fitzpatrick's wedding party at Busch's saloon on Bleecker Street. This was a good old German beer hall with a large room on the second floor for dances and parties and weddings. After being married at the church, the young couples would have their friends assemble at Busch's, where there was always an air of old-fashioned comfort, cheer and hospitality.

Yes, the classic events of life, christening, wedding, funeral, united us all. This fusing of differences under the stress of unusual emotion made us ask ourselves: Are there not other ways also in which to develop our life in common?

When in the first summer after our coming we hired a little orchestra, paid for by local schoolteachers, who have always been our friends, the band played on our doorsteps while the street was filled with dancers, and the rooms of the tenements also, with windows wide open. Dancing brings people together.

Then the children played *Robin Hood* on Jones Street with Zona Gale's help in 1909. Chairs, reserved for guests, were set out on the sidewalks. And so the first little street pageant was given in New York. Yes, music and drama and dancing bring us together.

To feel together, to have the sense of comradeship, of fellowship, is necessary if we are to work together. And common tasks make friendships.

So we organized the Greenwich Village Improvement Society, the first neighborhood association in New York, to bring together citizens of all walks of life in the vicinity for the common object of securing improvements and making, as we proudly said, "this Village the best place in which to work and live in New York City."

The first meeting of this Society was held in the old coffee room in the basement of the House. There was a huge fireplace there, and after dinner we would gather for our coffee and then generally have a meeting to consider some project or other.

The Society was made up of delegates from every organization in the neighborhood, and there was also provision for individual memberships. On the east side of our neighborhood, the Washington Square section, we numbered among our faithful officers for many years Judge Augustus Hand and Mr. Charles Wisner, on the west side among others Mr. Arthur Hilley, one-time corporation counsel for New York during Walker's administration. The clergy, the politicians, the businessmen, all participated in the enterprises of the Society. Our first social get-together was a beefsteak dinner held at the Abingdon Square Hotel. There we unfolded our plans for the neighborhood.

On the night of George McAneny's election as borough president, I remember, I called him up and said that we wanted a public bath for Greenwich Village. Such were our aims and ambitions. The Barrow Street recreation pier, the Carnegie Library in Hudson Park, the hall for Public School No. 3, all these and other improvements were instigated by the Society.

Miss Martha Draper of our local school board helped especially in regard to getting new school buildings for the district. Later she served as a member of the Board of Education and was President of the Public Education Association, continuing her interest in educational matters enriched by years of practical experience.

This Society has had many changes in name and in personnel, but as the Greenwich Village Association it still retains the original purpose of being a group of neighbors eager to work for the neighborhood.

If the old coffee room could tell its story, it would picture not only those groups meeting for some common purpose, but also those informal evenings when life and religion and philosophy and economics were the ambitious themes of young people passionately eager to discover how best they could serve their generation.

The residents and their associates from outside and within the neighborhood differed widely in background, in belief, in outlook. We were Protestant and Catholic, we were rich and poor, we were Republicans, Democrats and Socialists, but this we can say, that differences melted away when we faced the facts of our community.

There is something majestic about a fact. What is, is. This monumental character of facts cannot but make the deepest kind of impression. Contact with these facts, so forcibly perceived, made a never-to-be-forgotten dent upon our plastic minds.

Artificial flowers made by tiny children in the homes of the people we came to know so intimately brought in miserable pittances. Roses were made at seven cents a gross. Our own little kindergarten children went home every day to work till late in the evening. This was horrible, and to be resented. All sorts of homework filled the houses of our street. In one, loaded dice at seventy-five cents a die were made. Hatpin tops, feathers and toys were made at home. I can still see paper tags threaded with string by an old Negro dying of tuberculosis on Cornelia Street.

Whatever we discovered we passed on to people who could help destroy such evils. The Child Labor Committee and the Consumers' League were glad to use the facts which we learned, not as investigators, but as plain neighbors, for their legislative campaigns.

Among our residents from the very start we numbered a tenement house inspector for the newly formed Tenement House Department. She taught us how to keep on the watch for violations as we went in and out of our neighbors' homes.

In all these matters our position was and is to this day a delicate one. We cannot give away our neighbors, we cannot get them into trouble, and yet we cannot be blind to the evils we see. But as a wise mother may overlook a wrongdoing from time to time in order to emphasize something more important when it comes up, so it is inhuman and unwise for a settlement to take over the office of law enforcement.

The reformer and the settlement worker look at life from two different angles. The reformer, the missionary, the dogmatist of any kind, religious, political or economic, is valuable and necessary. But for the settlement the primary object is to understand the situations that arise, and by constant association so to get the slant of the neighbors that when opportunity for change comes there will be a genuine comprehension of what is desirable and possible. It is this attitude that has often kept the settlement from taking sides in political campaigns.

There is a question here of balance, and of changing policies under changing conditions. But at least this is clear: the individuals in the settlement must be free to express their convictions as they see fit and to engage in any leadership for which they may be fitted. For the settlement itself, however, as an organization to become propagandist in matters of politics or religion is to violate its value. For the settlement is always primarily a group of people endeavoring to understand all the elements in the life of the neighborhood. That is why the sociologist and the settlement worker are so sympathetic in their outlook. But while the sociologist may often be unaware of the color and feel of the social texture, the settlement resident has a chance day by day to see facts in their relation one to another which ought to be of great value if properly presented and used.

The weakness of the settlement as a whole has been that the vast deposits of understanding that have been the possession of individuals and groups have been so often lost to science, to art and to politics, through lack of records. As if at sea, a daily log should register all that happens.

Our expenses for the first year, including rent, came to twenty-eight hundred dollars. There were no salaries except an honorarium of four hundred dollars for one kindergartner. We all paid our own way. The first check we received for our work was from the elder Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, whose interest in people had always been keen, as was attested by her excellent personal management and improvement of the tenement dwellings she owned. This modest, wise woman saw that housing was a primary concern of everyone interested in social progress.

Just as in traveling the first impressions of a town give one a sense of what is important and what is relatively negligible, so it was with our first year on Jones Street. We saw the scene as a whole. But only as we live in a place for a long period of years does the richness of the social texture reveal itself and the meaning of its life unfold.

CHAPTER VII

THE OLD NINTH WARD

WHAT WAS the neighborhood like to which we had come? We lived in a crowded little corner of the old Ninth Ward. Greenwich Village was the original name of the district.

The history of our section is well known. The Bossen Boumer of the Dutch, with beautiful farms and fine estates in a district with sandy subsoil, a pond and river, and handsomely wooded, formed the attractive and popular countryside. With the British occupation of New York in 1664, the region was called Greenwich. That was the period of Sir Peter Warren, of old St. John's Church, whose beautiful park was ruined by its sale to the New York Central for warehouses. Now, in 1937, these buildings have been torn down. Washington Square was potter's field and there the gallows did not cease its ghastly work for many years. The Sailors Snug Harbor properties were the feature of the east side of the district, where, too, a famous roadhouse was a popular resort. The state's prison, not far from the Warren property on the west side of the section, lasted until it was removed to Sing Sing.

The prominent names of Rhinelander, Winthrop, Hamilton, Henry James, De Forest, Shattuck and Poe clustered about Washington Square when the burial plot was abandoned as such, and Stanford White's beautiful Washington Arch, built as a memorial to the soldiers of the Civil War, has made of the Square the downtown park of the greatest charm and distinction. Edgar Allan Poe lived in many places near the Square, on Carmine Street and also at Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place. The Brevoort was the leading hotel of the district from 1835 on, with the Lafayette—the old Martin—a rival from 1886 to the present. There always continued to be a French group in the neighborhood. In the early days of Greenwich House we gave French plays under the charming direction of our friend Mme. Charles du Verrier with a good local French audience. Alas, these neighbors have now gone further up the West Side and the only French features of our neighborhood are the little Chapel of Notre Dame de Miséricorde on the south side of the Square and the French hotels and restaurants, all of which, fortunately, have not disappeared.

The Sappokanican Indians, who were the original dwellers of the West Side, have never been forgotten. Paul Kennaday was the leader of the Jones Street men's club which bore their name. The balls given by this club at Webster Hall on Saturday nights, all the men going from the ball to the first Mass at a near-by church on Sunday morning, were memorable events.

It was really not until after 1807 that the big boom in the building of the Village took place. This was due to the yellow-fever epidemic in the city below, which drove people in hordes to the more salubrious region of our neighborhood. It was in 1807, too, that the City Plan Committee carried on its work. It provided for straight streets north of Fourteenth Street, but decided to let alone the already settled and built-up streets, originally cowpaths or lanes, or convenient roads from one place to another, which characterized our district, the most famous corner of which is perhaps the crossing at right angles of Fourth and Tenth Streets.

Of the well-known characters of the Greenwich Village of the nineteenth century one man towers above them all—Thomas Paine, misunderstood patriot and philosopher. Far from being an "atheist," he openly expressed his conviction of an all-wise Providence, especially in his later utterances. His provocative political opinions, much in advance of his times, occasioned great animosity among the small-minded and led to a neglect and abuse which he suffered until his death. He lived on Bleecker Street for many years and died at 56 Grove Street. Barrow Street, where the new Greenwich House was built in 1917, was originally called Reason Street in honor of Thomas Paine, whose *Age of Reason* was his outstanding work. Reason degenerated to Raisin Street, which was supplanted by Barrow when even this tribute to Paine proved too much for that ungenerous period. Our neighborhood and the country as a whole have given too scant a recognition to this really great man.

When we came into this Village, the residents thought of themselves rather as old Ninth Warders than as Villagers. The old wards had kept their identity as both geographical and political groupings. They were used as units by the Board of Health till they were superseded in the interest of uniformity by sanitary districts. The wards were not so much measuring units as villages or townships. They were areas with a history, a tradition, a common life. They presented a definite though composite picture to the mind of the people living in them of their mode of life and the physical characteristics of the area.

The old Ninth Ward in particular had a life of its own. Although far from homogeneous in cultural aspects, it presented a fairly stable group of smaller neighborhoods in which the variant factors became mellowed by contact and long association. This area within Fourteenth to Canal and Fifth Avenue to the North River, as defined above, pursued a peaceful existence largely undisturbed by contact with other parts of the city. The population, while varied, was, when I came to this region in 1902, mainly Irish-American, that is, of parentage born in Ireland with a plentiful sprinkling of relations and friends still coming from Ireland. The potato famine of 1847–48, as everyone knows, drove the Irish to this country; settling in old New York, that is, down by the Battery, as the city grew they moved gradually up on the West Side. Families of Dutch, English and German descent were to be found in large numbers also. In fact, all the first immigrant strains are to be found on the West Side, as in the early years of the East Side. The major difference is this: when persecutions in Russia and neighboring countries drove the Jews to America, they settled on the East Side and gradually because of their large numbers drove out the others; or rather as the first groups developed their standard of living, new elements displaced the old. But on the West Side a similar displacement did not take place until the Italian strain increased. And then, too, there was a great dissimilarity in displacement, for the Italians, while settling in a central neighborhood of the lower part of the city, thence moving northwestward, also settled in the upper East Side. There was no such straight line movement as there was on the East Side. Population maps of the West Side would show the old New York population settling down for a longer occupancy than on the East Side. This is, of course, due to many different causes into which we need not enter here. At any rate the title of the "old American ward" came to be attached to our district, "American" meaning in general the old stock. It is a curious fact that no matter how great may be social change, there appears to be always remaining a certain character which animated its origin. Nothing gets lost even when transformed. Today when, as we shall see, so many factors have combined as to make the old group of neighborhoods almost unrecognizable, still the feeling of the past works in and out of the social structure of today, coloring present modes of life.

Physically the old Ninth Ward was a network of streets, some of them following the original paths from the days when the region was one of Dutch farms and open fields. The Ninth Avenue elevated ruined the west shore streets for residences, and they began to be filled with the less prosperous families. On the whole the region might be designated as "middle class," although families of wealth and fashion were numerous and the poorest element of the population was also to be found in large numbers. The region, for the most part sandy in subsoil, was swampy in spots; water backed into the cellars of many houses. The yellow-fever epidemic was by no means the only scourge in the ward's history. With no housing regulations, the increasing population was unprotected by proper building codes; hence that part of the population that was least enterprising, or physically unfit, took on slum characteristics. The tuberculosis and the infant death rates as compared with the city death rate were high. While it is true that our present death rates are not creditable either, still we have made an appreciable advance, owing to many factors which we cannot enumerate here. We may note, however, that alcoholism, so fatal for tuberculosis, has never ceased to be noticeable in our district, and the diet of the old stock has often been inferior to that of the Italians, the more recent comers in the neighborhood, who have always consumed an admirable variety of proteins and legumes. I do not propose to enter into the highly complicated set of factors that still are at work to produce our present death rate or to set forth with any degree of accuracy the elements of insanitary old housing, diet, personal habits, hereditary characteristics and other features which are involved in any adequate presentation of this problem. But the outstanding fact remains that the old Ninth Ward's population has always had an unenviable health record, although it is slowly changing for the better. (It is gratifying to be able to record that in the sanitary districts for which Greenwich House has taken the responsibility the death and sickness rates are lower than in the average districts of our area.)

The picturesque little old two- or three-story houses with attic and basement, the mansard roofs, the houses in the back yards originally built for storage, laundry purposes and soon of course for lodgers, were at first for one family only. But with increasing need for space and changing economic circumstances, the houses were gradually let out in floors. Although this was the dominant type of housing, the district had also samples of early multiple dwellings. There were "railroad flats," tenements with dark interior rooms, light only at front and back, and no air shafts, although later on a few were built in. The "dumbbell" tenements, now covering great sections of the city, were also to be found, but as rarities. The old-fashioned single dwelling house was the major type. These houses, so attractive with their open fireplaces, their front and back parlors, their sunny yards, have never lost their charm. When "the Village" popularity began, it was natural that they should again be sought for their old-fashioned merits and charms. But it certainly was amusing and astonishing to us who had fought against cellar lodgings as unhealthful, damp and unfit for human habitation, as they were, to see them revived as "one-room studios" and let often at six times the price of former rentals!

Before my time, previous to 1901, there had been many gardens in the neighborhood. On our own Jones Street the earlier houses had been erected in the back of the lot, with a front yard or garden. The corner house had been a "dance school" where children of the more prosperous classes gathered for their daily lessons and play. The year after Greenwich House opened witnessed the rebuilding on Sullivan Street, then called Hancock Place, when the old wooden dwellings of the Nicholas Low estate, fronting on large yards, were torn down. Open spaces were frequent in those days; trees and flowers could grow without disturbance. When the new housing law of 1901 was passed, our neighborhood was affected by it. The first tenement house constructed under that law was built at 6 Barrow Street. Its superior provision for light and air made it popular at once. But the possibility of doing away with some of the old-house streets that had turned into veritable slums was remote. There was a not-to-be-forgotten evening in the early years of Greenwich House when a distinguished practical man and philanthropist, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, came at our request to consider what could be done to rehouse our district, which had so fast been sinking into unsanitary apartments in the old houses. To our regret our friend decided to carry out his ideas in the Bronx rather than in our area. The reason for this was mainly the impossibility of securing sufficient acreage on which to build standard houses. The very irregularity of our streets made the whole matter difficult.

To illustrate by the Minettas. In 1906 we petitioned the city to wipe out the Minettas, Street, Lane and Court. We found that it would probably be declared unconstitutional to get rid of an unsanitary area, as has been the policy in England and on the Continent, and that either the city map must be altered for the sake of public improvements or else we must file violations on individual houses. We secured temporary improvements by reporting conditions to the Tenement House Department, the Board of Health and the Police Department. Some of the more notorious characters were "sent up river," and certain houses vacated. But in 1912 there were still three disorderly houses, two tough saloons, a "cadet" club, and prostitution in the tenements. The police inspector made more frequent visits, the Health Commission put vacation notices on four houses, private societies helped in individual cases of neglect and cruelty, the borough secretary got the Topographical Bureau to report on widening the street. One of our residents, Carola Woerishoffer, secured an option on all the property in the street, only to learn that model tenements at a rental possible for plain people would mean higher buildings than the width of the street would legally allow.

The project to continue Sixth Avenue through the Minettas was endorsed at Greenwich House in the spring of 1912 by a meeting of representatives of the Police and

Tenement House Departments, the borough president's office, the Committee of Fourteen, the New York Probation Association, the district superintendent of schools, local clergy and other interested citizens. Then we took up a proposal to turn a large part of the Minettas into a park with the Bureau of Design and Survey. All to no avail. The city's consulting engineer gave it as his opinion in 1913 that the only way out was to extend Sixth Avenue, and in the meantime we could only continue our close inspections and report conditions.

Rapid transit lines were bringing so much new land into the market that informed officials were convinced that even in the proximity of the new Seventh Avenue extension and the proposed Sixth Avenue extension land values would not rise so as to prohibit new tenements. Nevertheless, the rise took place. The Minettas were finally developed at higher rentals than our neighbors could pay.

What determined the provincial-seeming character of our neighborhood was its self-contained life, which was due largely to its being shut off from the main lines of traffic. There were only three direct arteries of travel through the Village: West Street continuing Tenth Avenue, Greenwich Street continuing Ninth Avenue and Hudson Street continuing Eighth Avenue. Seventh Avenue ended in Eleventh Street. Uptowners did not know their way about south of Fourteenth Street on the West Side, and hence travel was principally down Broadway and east of Sixth Avenue. This isolation produced a feeling of neighborliness and self-sufficiency in social life. Business people also had no idea of doing other than a neighborhood business. With owners living in their own homes, with large families prevailing, there grew up a village life.

The houses, though comfortable for those days, were without proper toilet facilities, central heating, or baths. Baltimore heaters in the basement sometimes heated the first floor. Toilets were, as a rule, either in the yard or in the basement. The family wash was done in round wooden washtubs both in private houses and in tenements. An old-timer tells me that old men of the district had an industry of their own, yelling "washtubs to mend" as they went from street to street. They carried iron hoops for these tubs and soldering irons to patch the wash boilers and, as a side line, to mend umbrellas. Then came the innovation of stationary tubs in private houses, and even bathtubs and bathrooms. Tenements also put in washtubs which were so arranged that the wooden partition between the two tubs could be removed, and a bathtub happily improvised. Steam heat, of course, was unknown. Ordinarily it was the kitchen stove that heated the house. Coal was delivered in one-ton carts, two-wheel affairs which could easily be emptied on the sidewalk.

Mr. Ernest Intemann, whose death in 1936 saddened the whole neighborhood, told me that in his lifetime only three private houses were built in this district. But the three- or four-story house, arranged for one family on each floor, with a parlor, dining room, bathroom and bedroom, came into being. The first one of this type was 218 West Fourth Street, at the corner of Christopher Street, followed by the buildings on Fourth near Charles Street. There was a general feeling that this was a lazy way to live, that the "womenfolks" would be spoiled by such luxury. When the apartment house was built at 84 Grove Street, it was considered the "swellest" in the neighborhood. All deliveries were made at the rear gate on Washington Place, said Mr. Intemann, and "just imagine, the coal cart could back into the yard in Washington Place, and all they had to do was to carry the coal into their bins in the cellar for the kitchen stove and the stoves to heat their rooms! Only the aristocrats could live in such luxury. Besides no deliveries were made in the front of the building at 84 Grove Street, which made it exclusive."

Horsecars replaced old stage lines in the eighties. The belt horsecar from Fifty-ninth Street to the Battery made a pleasant trip along the water front. This and the Bleecker Street car line to Brooklyn Bridge and City Hall were convenient lines for business and pleasure in our early days at Greenwich House. Streetcars made our neighborhood accessible to the East Side, but when automobile traffic began to displace horse vehicles the need of main arteries going south became keenly felt.

In 1906 the Greenwich Village Public Service Committee was formed, and in 1910 the Board of Estimate granted the request for the extension of Seventh Avenue from Eleventh Street south. This committee had a good old-fashioned way of doing work itself when it failed to get others to act. When Eleventh Street was to be paved, Dr. Zimmermann—the prime mover in this matter, with a committee served by M. J. Horan, M. Hallinan and E. A. Intemann, among others—asked the railroad company to remove the old abandoned streetcar tracks. "If you don't like the tracks, remove them yourself," said the railroad company. And so the committee hired two hundred men on a Saturday afternoon and by Monday morning the rails were all lying on the street before a court injunction could be obtained!

The churches in the old Ninth Ward give a rough idea of the make-up of the population. There were several churches for colored people in the early days of Greenwich House. There was the Abyssinian Church on Waverly Place. In this old church there was a good gallery, and the building was used for public meetings—being, in fact, the only public hall available in the neighborhood. Political gatherings often met there. The Zion Methodist Church for colored people was a fine building at 351 Bleecker Street. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Benedict the Moor was, early in the nineteen hundreds, turned over to the congregation of Our Lady of Pompeii. The two former colored churches moved uptown to the developing Harlem region. The Negro population of the neighborhood centered in West Third, Cornelia, Jones and Gay Streets, but families were also scattered about on other streets. Many of the other colored congregations had existed before the nineteen hundreds. We came to Greenwich House as the neighborhood was rapidly changing and the colored population diminishing. St. Philip's in Harlem, with a congregation that comes largely from a distance, was originally situated in our neighborhood.

The old Pompeii church, which existed until 1927, when the Sixth Avenue widening took place, was a fascinating building with crude and powerful paintings in the interior, a fine north-and-south gallery and a beautiful portico with Corinthian columns. The leading Catholic churches of the neighborhood were old St. Alphonse's at the southern end, St. Anthony's on Sullivan Street (its fine façade can at last be seen since the Sixth Avenue widening), St. Joseph's on Waverly Place, St. Veronica's on Christopher Street, with its two fine towers, and in the northern part St. Bernard's on Fourteenth Street. There is a beautiful little Spanish church on Fourteenth Street, and the French chapel on Washington Square. These churches hold their own against all change. The population of the neighborhood is probably eighty per cent Roman Catholic. Other churches that have survived the trek to other parts of New York and New Jersey are old St. Luke's on Hudson Street (a Trinity Parish chapel), one of the oldest and most beautiful of the Village churches, established a century and a half ago. This church is worth a visit, as it contains important works of art—an exquisite font, a Spanish painting from a South American cathedral, fine marble bits from the old St. John's demolished for a traffic highway, old gravestones in the Sanctuary and other reminders of its one hundred and twenty years on Hudson Street. Father Schlueter, the vicar of this chapel, has been not only the loved pastor of his congregation, but has been the friend and adviser to all who have come to him in deep difficulty or trouble.

St. John the Evangelist's, on Eleventh Street, still maintains its old dignity and charm. St. Clement's was torn down shortly after our arrival, because it was old and unsafe. The Lutheran Church of St. John on Christopher Street, with its quaint façade and tower, still maintains its place in the life of the neighborhood. The Jewish synagogue on Vannest Place replaced the former building at 220 West Fourth Street, the site of which was used for the erection of the Greenwich Village Theatre, for several years a center for beautiful and interesting productions. The spacious Bedford Street Methodist Church at 28 Morton Street was displaced by the Seventh Avenue extension. This old building had no basement, but beneath the church were vaults. The hundreds of bodies uncovered at the time of the Seventh Avenue extension were removed to a cemetery. This congregation amalgamated with that of the Metropolitan Temple, which was destroyed by fire but was rebuilt in 1931.

There were many other churches which have disappeared or consolidated with other groups elsewhere. The old Berean Baptist Church at the corner of Downing and

Bedford Streets, for example, was converted to the Judson Memorial Church, a beautiful building designed by Stanford White which was erected on the south side of Washington Square in 1890. As may be anticipated, the congregations of these churches were roughly divided into the Irish-Americans and, later, the Italians in the Catholic churches, the German-Americans in Catholic, Lutheran and Episcopal congregations, the people of English or Dutch or New England descent in the Protestant churches.

I wonder if the young people who today so largely think of the church as negligible or outmoded realize how many of the clergy in a city neighborhood are far in advance of the laity in matters both of social concern and of personal adjustment.

The Jewish synagogue is an interesting example of a neighborhood within a neighborhood. There have always been Jewish residents on the lower West Side, as the ancient burial ground on Eleventh Street testifies. The race animosities that have sprung up elsewhere seem always to have been absent in our neighborhood. The small Jewish group, largely prosperous business people, has always formed an integral part of local society, though living its own life as well. A Jewish family born and brought up in this neighborhood has perhaps two lives: one the neighborhood association, and the other the wider relations of race. The Catholic, too, lives in the wider life of a world religion. Perhaps the Protestant on the whole is the most parochial in loyalty, living the village life without other loyalties except insofar as the village is a part of the nation.

The religious life of the district as indicated by its churches shows a great decline in Protestantism, due partly to the removal from the district of Protestant families, but also to the weakening hold of institutions not regarded as having authority over their membership. The Catholic claims have a substance and power unknown to Protestantism, which tends to become a society dependent upon the personality of the clergy. As there is a great turnover among the clergy, many of whom regard their life in a working-class district as practice for work elsewhere, there can be little permanent influence exerted over the neighborhood families and community life. Where the turnover is least the influence is more noticeable. Go to any prayer meeting or weekday service in a local Protestant church and then drop in at Benediction in Our Lady of Pompeii's and see the difference in attendance and interest. Then, too, Protestantism declines as religion itself loses its hold. There are many neighbors acknowledging a former relationship or upbringing in a Protestant church, who now, though good citizens, are not only not church members but are indifferent or hostile to both organized religion and to religious faith. The churches in our district attracting the largest congregations are undoubtedly Roman Catholic with few exceptions. It is popularly believed that there is a great deal of interest in religion outside of the churches. I would say rather that there is a great deal of life lived that can be called religious, though not acknowledged as such. But conscious interest in organized religion is on the decline, as is the interest in major-party politics. The passionate interest of young people is rather in art, in science, in labor, and in social change. Necessary relationships of these to politics or to religion are not seen or are denied. The frequent judgment on both politics and religion is that they are outworn. Industrial change and a pragmatic philosophy have taken hold of the imagination of the younger generation to the exclusion of all else. But politics—the art of a common life—and religion—the conviction that the universe is friendly to humanity—will doubtless reassert their claim when the forms that came from the old convictions are exhausted and new reservoirs have to be tapped.

In the insular, pre-automobile life of the Village, the women stayed at home in the evenings, the children doing their lessons for the next day, the young people going out, each girl with her "steady," while the husband and father either stayed at home or went around to his political club, or—as in the case of the Italian, the recent comer—to his café for cards or talk. The European cafés until very recently have been driven indoors by our stiffer customs, much to the loss of a simple gaiety. Social affairs centered about the churches, the political clubs or the social clubs, which held balls for the benefit of the common treasury or in behalf of some needy member. Many were formed simply for the benefit of one person.

Balls, before the prohibition law was enacted, were held in some hall which would pay the clubs for reserving the hall on the proviso that the use of a certain amount of beer would be guaranteed. Only the men, however, were expected to drink. A girl who drank was regarded as more or less *déclassée*. The girls had soft drinks. Their dresses were high-necked and long-sleeved, the correct fashion for the nice girls of the period. Each girl would go with her "steady" and dance with him alone. She might change "steadies," but the general rule was one man for one girl, a trial-engagement plan. To dance with, or go out with, several men was regarded as promiscuous and unsuitable. Italian girls, of course, until very recent times were not to be seen at public gatherings, unless it might be a marriage party when all relations and friends of all ages came to congratulate the newly wedded couple. While the dances usually took place in public halls outside the immediate district, which had no large hall, there were informal affairs, especially in the Roman Catholic parish halls, and many plays where a good deal of talent was shown.

Girls have always worked outside their homes in workshops and factories, but in general they married early even when they had joined the industrialist group. The Irish-American girls of the neighborhood have always gone into offices or stores rather than factories, whereas the reverse is true among the Italians.

The occupations of the old Ninth Ward were of a general character, a cross section of New York's occupations. But the water front naturally called for a great many longshoremen. And teamsters were in demand for the growing city, too; in the course of time they became contractors. As this was the old-stock residential section, it was natural that politics should become the occupation of many; political office was sought by high and low. Mayor Strong lived on Washington Square, as did Robert Van Wyck, who was the first Mayor of Greater New York, elected in 1896. George B. McClellan, elected in 1902, lived there also, Mayor Walker's home was on St. Luke's Place, and Mayor La Guardia lived on Charles Street. The whole neighborhood has always been dotted with judges of every kind of court. Some offices in the city government are, and always have been, filled very largely from this section. It would be entertaining to make maps of political-office density in Greater New York. Our neighborhood, I am sure, would be a prize winner. A friend tells me that even children knew that the family budget must be stretched to meet the three-hundred-dollar payment necessary to put down for the much-coveted position of fireman or policeman.

Sports have always been cherished in our neighborhood. West Street, with its wide open spaces near the piers, long called the Farm because of the produce arriving at the docks, was the great baseball playground for the boys, and the docks proved the greatest attraction in hot weather. These were the days before sanitary science spoiled the fun of swimming along the river shore. Boxing produced many a hero. This art culminated in the person of Gene Tunney, who began his boxing days in the old basement of the Greenwich House on Jones Street. Dancing, boxing, swimming, these were the sports of the neighborhood, and at the picnics and outings there were always field sports, baseball and track events. Tennis, riding and golf were, of course, not available, though there was a great deal of driving, and many a fast spin in the park and the country beyond was indulged in by the well-to-do of our neighborhood. In our early days at Greenwich House there were no sports for women. It took several years before the mothers became reconciled to their daughters' aroused interest in basketball. The customs of the neighborhood were, indeed, very conventional.

Divorce was unknown for many reasons. For Catholics it was out of the question; for Protestants it was not respectable; and for all it was too expensive. In the case of infidelity there might be separation, but marriage was regarded as absolutely permanent. In fact, not only was flirtation with married people regarded as improper, but for a man even to walk along the street with a woman not his wife would be to arouse hostile comment by all the neighbors. Indeed, the plain old American village standards prevailed. This is not to say that immorality did not exist. Desertion by the father or mother was frequent, but in general the erring parent would return, or if not, would at any rate be condemned by the general sentiment of the community. Close intimacy during engagement was common, but it was condoned as soon leading to marriage.

The economic management of the household was universally in the hands of the wife and mother, to whom the husband and the working children were in the habit of turning over their earnings in unbroken pay envelopes, though as the children grew older this payment was converted into the payment of board. In the case of the Italian families, however, this plan was by no means in general operation. Often the husband gave his wife a fixed part of his wages, on which she was expected to provide food and clothing for the family. He could spend the rest as seemed best to him. This often left the Italian woman helpless and unable to cope with a complicated situation which was too much for her, and so she gradually lost the authoritative position with her children held by mothers of other racial groups. How large a part this played in the delinquency of children of Italian parentage one cannot say, but the woman's lack of real partnership in many of these families undoubtedly has been a great handicap in building a sound, united family life.

Education in the old Ninth Ward was mostly of grammar school duration only. The boys and girls whom we knew on Jones Street left school at the lower age limit fixed by law, namely fourteen years. In those days children could secure vacation working papers when twelve years of age. I recall one little boy aged ten who worked for a grocer delivering packages. "And when we don't hurry fast enough he puts a bottle of ammonia under our noses and that makes us jump!" one of the boys testified.

The industries were to a great extent intrusions rather than genuine local developments. Not so the ecclesiastical art workshops of the Lambs on Carmine Street and many other indigenous plants. But the Bellas Hess mail-order house, the Schweinert Press, the Heide candies, the old brass works on Jane Street, the Bell Laboratories—all these and many more brought workers from outside the district, while people living in the district more and more have gone outside to work. Hence the old compactness of people living and working in the same neighborhood tended to disappear. Still, there is more than a sentiment connected with the name of the old Ninth Ward, or its practical equivalent, Greenwich Village. There is to this day something of the informality, personal friendliness, and local pride which existed in bygone years. Greenwich House played a part in this capitalizing of the old spirit in behalf of solid, substantial gains.

Janvier in his well-known book, *In Old New York* (1894), emphasized the American character of the neighborhood and its dissimilarity from the onrushing tide of foreign population characterizing other sections of New York; but it is by no means to be overlooked that even in the earlier days of the nineteenth century the Irish-Americans of the old Ninth Ward, with their special gift for politics founded on the solid base of human relationships, became politically the dominant influence of this varied district. The detachment prized by some as an essential of worthy politics can never compete with the warm personal interest of those who have a stake in the game. To overcome the evils that naturally grow out of personal politics, which tend to favoritism, inefficiency and an eye always out for profit, a realistic change must replace one enthusiasm by another, the substitution of gain for all for gain for the favored. It is psychologically unsound to divorce politics from a passionate interest and turn it into a cold-blooded art for the intellectual. The expression "Keep education out of politics" shows us that we have come to think of politics as irredeemable. The abandonment of an interest in politics, unless it be by business which endeavors to use it for its own ends, is a sign of contemporaneous feebleness in facing important communal problems. If politics can again become the excited interest of those who are concerned with the public welfare as in the city campaign of 1937, there need be no fear that political institutions will collapse, no matter how greatly they change.

As any observer knows, the politician is too often the only neighbor interested enough to help those in need of work, of financial assistance, of sympathy. The district leader's club, open in the evenings to all comers, was a social center, and still is, although to a rapidly diminishing degree. It is true that the civil service has replaced the district leader's opportunities; but the district leader is always there ready to give help, and though it is expected that his favors will be recognized on election day, still there is a good deal of generosity untinged by the expectation of return. These clubs are far from being as powerful as they once were. The competitive element of civil service, health and social centers, and family welfare agencies must be taken into account, as well as the powerful support of the political organizations of the two leading parties, which comes from corporations who expect correspondingly substantial favors, thus making the club less important. Just as the chain store has driven out the neighborhood store, so also business has often displaced the ordinary citizen as receiver of political benefits.

The old Ninth Ward is perhaps just another name for the growth of New York, its expansion up the West Side, its flourishing and rapid development, its gradual inclusion of other elements in the population, the changes that have resulted from this infiltration, the unconscious change in the social center of gravity by which the newer elements became dominant in politics and in folkways. Yet adjustments have taken place so that tension has never resulted in explosion. This assimilative process that marks America and is the wonder of the old world can be seen here in this ward as under a microscope. The reason that incipient bitterness and hostilities have died down and have been replaced by courtesy and consideration is that there has been elbow room enough for all. Competition has been tempered by opportunity. As economic opportunity shrinks, new adjustments will be necessary and inevitable.

CHAPTER VIII

JONES STREET DAYS

THE YEARS from 1901 to 1914 were perhaps the most foaming, hopeful, happy, rapidly moving period in American history. McKinley's assassination in 1901 spelled the close of an era. Though the first Seth Low regime in New York was followed by a return to the organized political majority of New York City, still the trend of affairs was to break away from the fixed and established to new attempts to enliven the community with a fresh point of view and a greater emphasis on the public welfare. There was a gradual awareness of the black spots in our political and social life. If the muckraking of the magazines and the reform movement of that time in general were shallow, even so they betokened the ripeness of public opinion for a certain degree of change.

William Travers Jerome, riding on a wave of disgust created by the exposé of prevalent vice and crime, became district attorney in 1902 and served till 1909. Towards the close of his term there was a growing dissatisfaction with his office on the ground that it seemed to be always the little fellow who was apprehended, and rarely the big man who got away untouched. Jerome belonged to a social set not trusted by the man in the street. The neighbors would talk with me about these matters frankly. A certain cynicism began to spread as to the value of reforms which seemed so temporary and which never seemed to cut into the roots of social difficulties. Jerome was a fascinating man, devoted, as I believe, to the public interest. My husband and I used sometimes to spend Sunday evenings with him in his downtown apartment, where, over the supper he cooked, he would discuss New York's life and the ways and means for bringing to fruition its magnificent possibilities.

The famous State Tenement House Commission report of 1901 had introduced a new era in social organization. The Tenement House Department had been created, and the new inspectors, many of whom were our friends, were digging up countless violations of the hard-won new housing law. These inspectors were not yet routinized. They viewed their work in a missionary spirit. Repairs and alterations were carried on rapidly. But the most important part of the new law was the provision in the new buildings for interior courts to replace the old air shafts. Alterations, however, could not redeem the worst of the old-law houses, which needed not reconstruction but demolition. So interested were the inspectors that some took their holidays abroad to study housing for the working classes in England and on the Continent. The first inspectors, indeed, formed a kind of housing committee by themselves. They were optimistic about the new houses. But the old houses stand in appalling numbers to this day—there are more than fifty-five thousand of them—so that it is estimated that over a million and half people still live in New York in quarters unsuitable from the point of view of light, access to the outer air and sanitary conveniences.

Although our neighborhood had earlier been considered a notably healthful region, when buildings multiplied and the waters with which the district is so plentifully supplied backed into the cellars, no doubt the dampness unalleviated by central heating was a contributing factor in the high death rate from which the region has suffered. While the Manhattan death rate, when we came to Jones Street to live, was 18.77, with us it was 33.1, and the infant death rate was 125 to the thousand as against 58.7 elsewhere in the city.

Elsa Herzfeld—now Elsa Naumberg, book adviser to the Little Red School House, a local progressive school—made a study of one of the most ramshackle of neighboring buildings on Washington Place and we published her findings under the title of the *West Side Rookery*. Her report disclosed apartments without toilets, which were in the yard. In this big rambling house lived one of the finest women we had ever met. Her husband had been killed while working on a scaffolding. Left alone with a large family, she took in washing. I can see her now, bent over the old wooden tubs (for there were no stationary tubs in the flat), keeping one eye on the yard below where her youngest child was playing. She was an expert laundress, and she applied the same skill and efficiency in bringing up her children, all of whom have lived and now look after her well in her old age.

But she was an exception in that old Rookery. Opposite her was a family of five with three men lodgers. There was one single bed in the back room. The others lived in the front. One man slept on a chair at night. In this house, during the winter of 1904–5, there were eleven people living in two rooms, four of them adults. At night there were often fifteen men making flowers in the room, some of whom were members of a famous gang of thieves and criminals. In the same room was a woman with a baby.

These early years of our life in the Village saw a great expansion in the city at large. The Williamsburg Bridge was opened in 1903, and the subway in 1904. It was not till 1908 that the Hudson Tubes were built. The use of the Ford cars available in 1909 had spread rapidly by 1911. The fire engines were not motorized until 1915. But in spite of the rapid expansion and change of these first fifteen years, the Village still had a life in and of itself. Living as we did for several years intensively in the neighborhood—and, indeed, for the most part on Jones Street itself—we became intimately acquainted with the neighbors.

Long country week ends were spent at our New Jersey farm in Whitehouse. In 1908 we had purchased this place, which we named Orlanova in memory of the Orla of my husband's childhood in Russia. There we lived till 1925, when we sold this beloved place. The years at

Orlanova were the happiest of my life, years when our children were very young, when my parents paid us long visits. My father, after his retirement from the City Hall in Newton, missed his work greatly, but generously turned toward helping everyone he knew. He was especially glad to be with us at Whitehouse, where, though no longer young, he did a prodigious amount of work, spraying the standard roses, fighting caterpillars and doing all those little things the farmer and his helpers never found time to do. He always liked to bank the fires at night, and he and I resumed at week ends the long evenings we had spent together in childhood. Mother loved Orlanova in the late spring, when forget-me-nots filled the meadows, the purple grackles flew over the brook, at whose edge the stars-of-Bethlehem shone, and later when strawberries and early peas came to the table.

There were three hundred acres, and besides our own house, with its box borders and cedar trees loved by the guinea fowls, there was an old stone farmhouse, erected by Cornelius Van Horn in the early seventeen hundreds. An iron fireback in the fireplace pictured a fight between a knight and death, sickle in hand. The brook was wide and deep enough to swim in, in many places. In the spring eels came up from the Raritan, which was fed by our branch of the South Rockaway. Sweetbriar rosebushes grew in the pasture, and on the brim of a hill swamp azaleas perfumed the air. There were fine old sycamores, and black walnut trees edged the water course, where every spring bloom from adders'-tongues to columbine flowered the high banks. My husband planted thousands of evergreens in the eroded upper fields and brought the whole place back to fertility and ordered beauty. We kept ducks and chickens and turkeys, which flourished on the grasshoppers following the grain fields, and a good herd of cows filled the barn. We sold five hundred quarts of milk a day to the local creamery. Finding no farmers' organization in the region, my husband formed the first local branch of the Dairymen's League, at that time a most useful organization, and also joined in all the local activities of the region. This district was rich in peach trees and in fine apples. It was a well-watered valley, good for market produce and for milk. Setting off the scene was Cushetunk, the high hill to the west on whose lovely sides bloomed bloodroot and soft yellow violets. Terrible thunderstorms, called "tempests" by my mother, who retained in her speech many of the Shakespearian words common to early New Englanders, swept through this part of our country, adding drama to the lyric fertility of the valley.

On Christmas Eve we would go in our sleigh to Somerville for the midnight Mass. En route, white turkeys sat perched on a high snow-covered fence looking rather too much like a Christmas card. Our hounds were playmates for the children, who with their governess lived happily during the week, but were happier still on the long week ends we could all spend together by the fireside in winter, and up and down the hedges white with dogwood in the spring and laden with thimbleberries later on. While visitors from the resident group at the settlement were frequent, there was always one yearly festival when all the residents came out for a lobster party down at the brook. The lobsters were boiled in the same enormous kettle which was a part of the horrible pig slaughter in the fall. The kettle was greatly cherished by our Polish cook—a remarkable woman who had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem—who in old-world style used up every scrap of the poor animal for countless delicacies. The lobster party lasted into the night, with Chinese lanterns hanging on the trees, and stories told till we crept back to the house, the farmhouse and even the barn to sleep.

These were the years of youth and creative energy. We got refreshment and vigor from this country life and returned on Monday morning ready for the conflicts and manifold problems of Jones Street. The life of this street was a veritable microcosm. We knew we couldn't understand that street unless we knew far more than we did of the manifold social problems it presented. On the other hand, we felt that the understanding and insight which came with our experience would itself shed some light upon these many larger problems. And so we plunged into the life of the street. Much of our time during our first year was spent in court, where various family clashes came to a head.

One of our closest friends had lived a difficult family life, keeping the children away from the irritable father, who came in tired out by his hard work as a day laborer. The mother would serve her husband's meals in one room and the oldest boy's in another to avoid the inevitable scenes which took place when father and son met. The girls were never allowed to go out evenings unless it was to come to a party at our House, and then the rule was home at ten o'clock. This was the hour, as a matter of fact, that was accepted by that decade as the proper time to get home. And often fathers would inflict corporal punishment upon even sixteen-year-old girls who were a bit late. This rough family discipline, so crude in its form, was by no means as cruel as it sounds. There was a kind of common understanding as to the standards that were necessary to preserve the loyalties and virtues held most sacred.

How much there was to learn about family life in our early days! Indignant to learn of wifebeating, and hearing screams from the windows of Cornelia Street, a young worker secured an arrest only to hear the wife say, "Sure, I'm going back to my husband. She ain't got any, and don't know."

The family pattern had a conservative cut, but on the whole it worked. The position of the mother was a strong one, much stronger than often obtains in families of a higher economic level, since the family funds were in her hands. She paid not only for the rent, insurance and food, but also bought the family's clothing and gave to the husband and earning children enough for their carfare and lunches. This built up a solid family life where each was dependent on the other. Clash and conflict were necessary corollaries of this closeness, but there was something warm and living about such a home life in which no individual could live for himself alone. It was the nursery of all other loyalties, an embryo of community life. It made of sacrifice not a beautiful thought but a common custom. There was the common hope of advancing the family's affairs, the combined interest in the education of the children, the common life of the same religion, the same politics and the same social standards. Who could foretell what the newly constructed subway, the new Fords, the new motion pictures with their revelation of other standards and customs would do to this kind of family life?

To return to my friend. Always her husband was accustomed to his glass of beer, but he never got drunk except on New Year's Eve, and then, in company with others, he got drunk on purpose, simply to celebrate. My friend understood this and overlooked it. But one night when there was no folkway to justify it, he came home drunk and ugly. Something snapped in her and she went up to the Jefferson Market Court to get out a summons for him.

His baffled astonishment, his wounded pride, his humiliation, his outraged love were a revelation to this patient wife of many years of married life. It humiliated her that she had humiliated him. She who had always been proud of this difficult, surly man, who brought in his money so regularly, now knew she had turned against the head of their family life. She never shamed him again. And he always looked at her with a kind of fear in his eyes—fear that she on whom he had always relied implicitly for support might again snap and bring disgrace upon him.

Jones Street was not a melting pot. It was rather a boiling kettle.

Across the street was a boardinghouse for colored people. Ministers from the South would come here when in New York. Their black coats and dignified manners made another picture in the Jones Street scene. And there was the French boy who lived in a basement. He was always in trouble and getting others in trouble. Years later he was in a Jersey jail. We did not know enough then to realize that he needed competent psychiatric care. There were five saloons on the block. We counted up the population using the saloons and figured that the real cost to each man on the street was about equivalent to what would have been his dues had he been a member of the Harvard Club! And then there was the old Italian grandmother, living at the other end of the street, who was distinguished by having been as far north as Central Park. Our janitor's wife, whom he brought to our neighborhood from an East Side Italian home, had never been out of the house at all unattended by a brother except to market and to Mass.

There was in one house an old father, too old to go out to work, and his two daughters. The mother was dead. The daughters were regarded as hopeless old maids, being about thirty years of age. They worked as embroiderers in a first-class shop. Every morning the father would go to Mass and then back to the breakfast the girls had prepared. When they went to work he would wash the dishes and do all the housework and get the dinner ready for their return. After dinner he would go to Our Lady of Pompeii's for Benediction, and the girls would wash the dishes. This old man really lived a quiet, monastic life of simple faith and toil in the midst of the hubbub and roar of Jones Street.

There was the family from which disappeared their blond boy of seven, one day. A man who had lived in the same tenement house and who had appeared very fond of the child disappeared at the same time. We went to the police, but there was never a trace found of the boy from that day to this. The terrible anxiety and the heartbreak of that obscure mother received no publicity, and remain a haunting and sinister memory.

Then came the sudden ghostly appearance of spinal meningitis in the street. Happily, we knew able young doctors in the big hospitals on whom we could call in emergencies. There was the dark inside bedroom two rooms from the outer front room. There lay a dying child. The family gathered there in despair. The young doctor, the oxygen tank, the flickering gas jet, the waiting neighbors in the hall, the presence of Death hushed the noisy street.

In that same tenement house one day a mother left her crawling baby for a few minutes' shopping on Bleecker Street and came back to find the room on fire and the baby dead. In and out of the street came the building inspectors, the police, the firemen, the insurance agent, the priest, the Charities' visitor, the Bible reader, the doctor, the midwife, the nurse, the iceman with his five-cent piece for the box on the fire escape, the undertaker with his sinister wagon below, children who against the law went to the "family entrance" of the saloon for the pail of beer, mothers out marketing and bargaining for the freshest greens, fathers on their early way to work, and children on their way to school, books dangling in a strap.

Tragedy came also to our own household. One of our residents, Isabel Dillingham, coming to us after her graduation from Wellesley, contracted measles when taking a child to the hospital. Thereupon followed mastoiditis and her death. She was deeply beloved by a group of boys who accompanied her body to the Grand Central Station, from which we took her back to her desolated Cape Cod home. The boys formed a guard of honor at the station, staying with her all that long night. Her death was a turning point in our group life. Never afterward could we be quite as carefree, as buoyant. Something childlike went out of us for good. We grew up. The knowledge not only of good and evil, but of danger and serious endeavor came to us.

My friend on the opposite side of the street had one son very averse to going to school. Some mornings he would hide under the bed near the wall. Determined that he should not "play hookey," my friend hired an older boy for ten cents to rout him out and drag him to school before the clock struck nine. This job he executed most efficiently till Jimmy gave up hiding for good.

I recall also the high school boy whose friends, being working boys, had money, while he had none. When they had parties, he was always a guest, never a host. He was a fine lad, industrious and able, and we had given him the important position of collecting the dues from the children as they came in to their clubs at the House. The amounts began to diminish, and a watching resident saw him take a little pile of pennies one day. This was a few days after Michael had given a return ice cream party on Bleecker Street to a dozen boys. We called in the parents and Michael. They restored the pennies—$1.56, it came to. Then they were for beating him up and never letting him come to the House again, but we persuaded them to give the boy a small allowance; this, while he was in high school, would lessen the financial chasm between him and the working boys, and thus save him from too much embarrassment, even though he could not expect to have anything like the spending money of the other boys. For though they turned in their envelopes to their mothers, they got back from them, as I have said, lunch money and occasionally something over which gave them the feeling of independence. Shooting craps, the doorstep game, meant that the winner must stand treat, but this game was not for school and working boys so much as for the truants. Often a boy out of work and loafing would clean up quite a sum and keep himself going without any other support. When the boys ceased to work, often the families would resort to the desperate but frequently workable expedient of locking the door upon them, not receiving them into the family fold till their habits again conformed to the normal standard.

This hardness of family life, rich in affection but with the constant friction that comes from such close contact, all living together in so few rooms that privacy is difficult, is a stiff course in adjustment. As people's money increases, and the young break away into a life of their own with their own friends, with different standards of conduct, personality develops both for good and evil.

I had a friend, a young girl who one night disappeared from home. Her father rushed over to the House in deep distress and said he knew she had gone to the young man about whom she was "crazy" and whom the father violently opposed as a possible son-in-law. "Come on," I said, "let's go to the young man's home and see whether he's there." Sure enough, there was the young man in the midst of his family, and no Cora there. "Of course not," I said, "you see she has probably gone to her girl friend's." And there she was. She could stand her family no longer. I persuaded her to come out to our house in the country, where my family spent long week ends, to make me a visit. There there was time to go into the whole story. The upshot was her marriage and the reconciliation of the parents, who came to rely on the young man's character and industry. In this case the opposition arose from a racial antagonism. Intermarriages have been frequent in our neighborhood, though each group still sticks to its own in the majority of cases.

During prohibition the affluence of the Italians effected a great change in local relationships. Irish families who had formerly been hostile to interracial marriages now recognized the economic improvement such marriages would bring about, and withdrew their opposition.

The street had a gang of young boys known as the Jones Street Gang. Other streets had their own gangs, notably King and Downing and Morton Streets. These boys were the defenders of their own territory, and a battle ensued whenever a boy from outside the street ventured onto foreign soil. The King Street boys especially loved to try out their prowess in our block, and battles raged there that were the wonder of the West Side. Husky girls would tear one another's hair out, but these were personal rather than gang encounters.

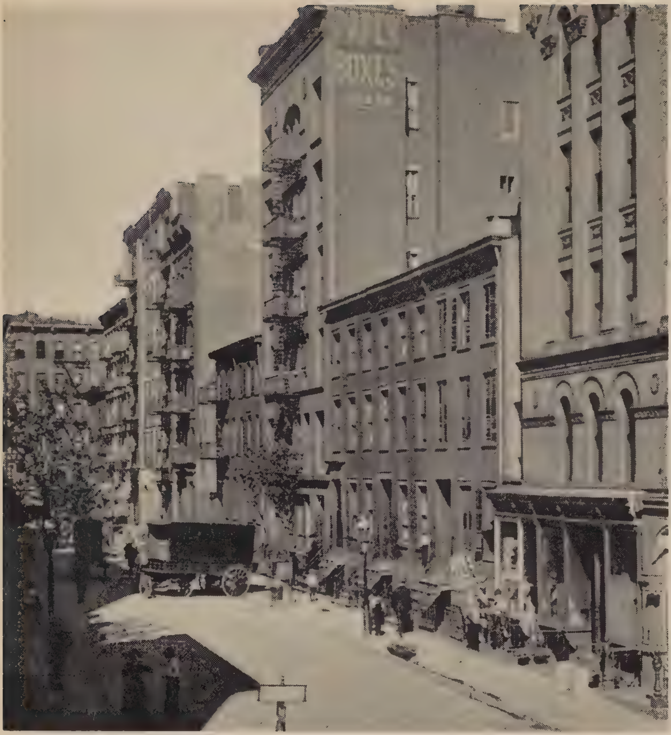
We had a city history class at the House led by a really fine young man, but one of our young women residents always had to meet him at the head of the block to convey him in safety to the door. All outsiders, in fact, were looked on with suspicion. A silk hat on a visitor was the sign for general merriment and hoots of derision. One of the favorite sports of the gang was to abscond with the ice-cream freezer sometimes carelessly left in an areaway pending an evening's entertainment. This was regarded by all as fair booty. To Jones Street the ice-cream freezer and the milk bottle corresponded to the apple and cherry orchard of rural life. Of all these boys living a rough life very few went to the bad. If they got a job and stuck to it they married, and it's work and family life that make a man settle down and give up vagaries of any sort. A few were psychologically unstable, and there were two on the block who came to a tragic end. One of these boys went to Sing Sing. The other was an assistant janitor for us for a year. He had ability and some charm, but he became acquainted with other boys from other parts of the city and got involved more and more deeply in criminal enterprises. A few years later he was shot, as was inevitable, by a rival gangster. His funeral was attended by all the leading gangsters of New York. Round and round the block (Commerce Street, for his family had moved) went the hearse and the mourners. Lined up were the watchful police and out from the automobiles stepped the strangest group of men I have ever seen gathered together. Hundreds after hundreds went in and out of the little house. A tragedy of waste and maladjustment.

But these were the dramatic exceptions in a neighborhood where drink and poverty indeed made their scars, but where the whole attitude toward life, except for the occasional atypical one, was generous, wholesome and hopeful. It was the hope in all—in the mechanic, in the laborer, in the office and factory worker, in every element of the population—that differentiated the life of an American city neighborhood from similar sections in London or Paris or Vienna. Free education open to the children from infancy through college meant the probability of change in status, of getting out of one class into another, even though the majority of children still did have to go to work to help in the support of the family. One industry after another came into existence needing new workers, with the worker becoming the foreman, the foreman a manager, and so into the heart of the business. There was a feeling of optimism even when living in hardship. Sometimes high wages would bring a flow of ready money before new ways of spending it had emerged. A steam fitter in a neighboring street had been working both overtime and on Sundays. As he belonged to the union the extra pay was considerable. His wife bought a marble clock and more new china and they had their friends in for frequent entertainments, but there was no thought of moving into a better apartment. Other families, however, began to rush to get better surroundings for their children, and always there has been a flow of population from our neighborhood to New Jersey, to Brooklyn and to Long Island. This movement, however, was accelerated in later years by the rise in rents.

An unemployment period set in, in 1907–8. That was the hardest time our neighborhood saw till the close of 1929. The hope of the neighborhood was stunned by the sudden drop in prosperity. At the House we had our little workroom for the women of the immediate neighborhood. In those days there were a great many fine hand workers living near-by—women who knew how to embroider and to make lace, some who even knew how to weave, and practically all knew how to cut and sew. They made their children's clothes before ready-made garments were so cheap and well cut. But I cannot recall that this period of unemployment had any deep psychological effect, as is the case with the depression of 1929. There was suffering and fear, but they believed they would come out of the darkness, and they did.

One of the most unpleasant incidents befalling our neighbors was the breakage of the plumbing in winter. Many of the houses had very old plumbing—when they had it at all. The heavy freezing weather of a hard winter would break the pipes and make the condition of the houses filthily intolerable and, from a health point of view, dangerous. The street would lie knee-deep in snow, and being a little side street would often be the last to be cleaned. With garbage and ashes lying on top of the snow, the street lost its jolly appearance. After one of the heavy snow storms, when we knew the city service would be late, we all, men and women residents, armed ourselves with shovels and went out to clean our end of the block. Soon everybody else followed suit. Self-help is a good thing. A nursery school child in later years was once heard to say, "Oh, dear me, I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for myself," not a bad motto for us all.

The neighbors, as I have said, welcomed us and worked with us from the start. It was a joy to know, when one of my children at the age of three was very ill with pneumonia, that the whole street was praying for his recovery. And through these people we got to know the near-by



GREENWICH HOUSE IN JONES STREET, 1902–1917, consisted of the two three-story houses to the right and three to the left of the tall building in the center of the picture. One of the latter was torn down to make room for a playground (the space showing between the furthest house and tenement), later to become the site of the Greenwich House Workshops.

streets. One of the police force, who later became famous for his fine work, came to be a great friend of the House, and took me in and out of the Minettas. At that time they were a strange place, the houses filled with black and white children. In two of the courtyards were rear houses and yard toilets. One Fourth of July I had occasion to visit one of the rear houses and saw the yard toilets beautifully draped with the American and Italian flags. It was a picturesque group of streets through which one had a good view of the old Church of Our Lady of Pompeii, with its fine Doric columns.

One of our Women's Club members, who lived there, was a German woman who had married a Negro spoken of as a Puerto Rican. One day we went out to call upon Mrs. W., fearing she might be ill, as she had not attended several meetings. Lying in a bed covered with rags, whisky and laudanum bottles strewn about, with no coal or wood for the stove, was our friend. She was a woman of good housewifely background, but her marriage had been disastrous. She rationalized the behavior of her children. The boy had brought her home a granddaughter to look after. This little black girl, Emily, was her greatest joy, as her daughter was her deepest anxiety. She kept glancing at the next door with anguish; we felt that there we should find the daughter, and we did. She worked for a white "cadet." The son, out of work, came in and out for occasional shelter. Hideous as was the mother's life, fearing the police, uncertain as to daily food, unable through illness to make the place clean, she would not leave that "home," as we suggested, to go to any hospital or institution. We found a broom and got some water from the hall sink. We tidied up the room and smoothed the bed. She stayed there till her death. Her fellow club members, aware of her difficult situation, with the true delicacy of those who know sorrow and disaster accepted her for what she was, a woman cornered by life, defeated, but still possessing the dignity of steadfastness and fidelity, the loftiest of virtues.

While we were getting acquainted so closely with the less favored families of the neighborhood, we were nevertheless by no means shut off from association with the more substantial families of the district. One of our young men residents joined a local political club and there formed lasting friendships. Some of our residents attended local Catholic or Protestant churches and became part of the local parochial life. Other residents were active in the Greenwich Village Improvement Society. We always were represented in the local branches of the Charity Organization Society, and many of our residents, as the years went on, were actively connected with such groups as the Consumers' League and the Women's Trade Union League. In the health field the gifted young Dr. Hans Zinsser, a leader who started an infant welfare clinic at the House—a work that was soon duplicated in other districts—was the forerunner of the neighborhood health development now undertaken by the city.

The residents of the House during these years gained from their firsthand contact with the hard daily life of the neighbors a priceless insight into the good and bad elements of our social structure, and an understanding began to develop which matured their thought and made them adults in social education and ready for other fields of usefulness.

One went to Cleveland to the Western Reserve University. Another became President of the University of Nevada, and at the House he met his wife, who had started the work of visiting teacher in the public schools, the very same year this work was also initiated at the Hartley House. Indeed, matchmaking has always been one of the chief works of the House both among the residents and the neighbors. One of our older club boys at a club banquet spoke of this most beautifully. In telling of what the House had meant to him, he said, "But the chief value of the House to us boys is that here we have met our wives."

Many were later distinguished as teachers. One young man went from us to the People's Institute in Brooklyn, another to the People's Lobby in Washington. A poet was of our number, and several early residents went to lead settlement work elsewhere. Crystal Eastman, brilliant suffragist and especially known for her masterly work on the Pittsburgh Survey, and her work on industrial accidents, was one of us, and so was Frances Perkins, now Secretary of Labor. Librarians and tenement house inspectors were among our residents.

Of all those who were with us the first ten years, many have died and others have gone to foreign lands. They have married and their children are now coming to live with us in Barrow Street. My first secretary was in residence from the second year of the House. Her office was the desk in the parlor, and she wrote longhand notes as occasion required. Everything was informal. This secretary was much loved by the neighbors and visited them frequently. She wanted to respond to the invitations to refreshments cordially, but felt that about three calls a day, thus fortified, were all she could manage!

It was visiting in the neighborhood and the intimacies of residents and neighbors that was the foundation of all our work.

Each of the early residents undertook a personal responsibility for following up these relationships. One of the residents had a down-and-out friend who insisted one evening when decidedly intoxicated on spending the night at the House. But she said she would be willing to go to stay with a relative who lived on Long Island. So far into the night they traveled together, the resident getting home for breakfast much laughed at by the other residents.

Louise Bolard, who had been with me at the Friendly Aid House, came with us to Greenwich House. She was a constructive person who liked to see results. She was popular with women's and girls' groups, and being an excellent dietitian and practical housekeeper, used to have evening classes in the domestic arts that were very much enjoyed. We had a committee on education with John Dewey as chairman, and we had also a committee on social studies with our friends, Henry R. Seager, Seligman, and Giddings from Columbia as members. Professor Seager was very anxious to have a careful study made of wage earners' budgets, and Louise Bolard said she would undertake it. She took her Women's Club members into her confidence and asked for their assistance. They were so fond of her that they gladly entered into the plan and kept painstaking records of their income and expenditures over a period of several weeks. Her study [*] was a pioneer among investigations in this field in America.

Under this committee's aegis many other studies were made. Mary Ovington's *Half a Man*,[†] a study of Negro life in New York, came out in 1911. Monographs on local housing [‡] and factory work [§] were followed by Mabel Nassau's *Old Age Poverty in Greenwich Village*,[‖] a study of families. Emily Dinwiddie compiled the *Tenant's Manual*, a directory of useful social information, which appeared in a later edition [¶] as the *Social Worker's Handbook*. Public and private agencies kept us busy and intellectually alert by asking us for reports on various social phenomena, such as overtime for women in factories, which were incorporated in their own material used for practical measures of reform.

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[*] Louise Bolard More, *Wage Earners' Budgets*, Henry Holt and Company, 1903.

[†] Published by Longmans, Green and Company, 1911.

[‡] Elsa Herzfeld, *West Side Rookery*, 1906.

[§] Louise Hyman, *Industrial Survey*, 1912.

[‖] Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., 1915.

[¶] Out of print.

It was out of our daily experience that all these studies grew. It was not a hunt for material, but a using of the fresh living material ever at hand. Little things often brought about sizable results. We reported the hardships of a trip with an old woman to the Island, and a new boat was launched by the Charities Department. A study of office cleaners' wages produced a rise in the scale. An experimental school in Jones Street for anemic children resulted in the roof school at Hudson Park.

We tried not so much to secure facilities for the House as to help the neighbors to get for themselves such advantages as were desirable, whether in school or playground, through private agency or public department. Temporary committees were formed, generally under the aegis of the Greenwich Village Improvement Society. Sometimes a separate committe was created to work for some special project, such as the School and Civic League of Teachers and Social Workers, which is now the Council of Lower West Side Social Agencies. We fostered three school social centers—in the Clarkson Street School, in the Grove Street School and one in the Bowling Green district. Many of our residents married and settled near-by with a personal stake in the neighborhood. All this decentralization, with its heart at the House, made for fresh enterprise.

We were eager to break down group parochialism in recreation. In 1913 Old Home Week brought together thousands of us, those living in the locality and many old-timers with hearts still warm for the cherished old

Ninth Ward. Then occurred the first public dinner to be held in a public school. The eleven hundred seats of the Clarkson Street School hall were filled when distinguished former residents gathered to recall past days in the district. This festival was followed in later years with pageants in Hudson Park, a Village carnival, a Village fair. The fair parade was led by the letter carriers' band. There was a baby carriage parade, a marionette show, chickens hatched in incubators, a cow milked to the applause of young and old, roosters and hens on the Village green of Hudson Park, sight-seeing busses which took visitors about the district for ten cents a ride. There were children's pageants of Hiawatha and of Village history, and a fine Joan of Arc pageant that swung up the new Seventh Avenue headed by the leading lady, eleven years of age, of the Children's Theatre, on a white horse. This pageant included a band, police, local clubs and especially the Women's Civic Club led by the president, Mrs. Dalton. Five hundred high school girls were angels. They rehearsed in the armory. "Get the angels together!" shouted a leader. Whereupon a policeman was overheard to say, "Them ain't angels; them's devils!"

There were athletic meets on Jones Street; *Robin Hood*, the first outdoor play in New York, described so entertainingly in the *Outlook* by Zona Gale, then in residence; plays in Italian, French and English held in local halls, parish buildings, clubs and schools; balls given by the Men's Club at Webster Hall; a flower sale on Easter Even when our residents got up at two in the morning to purchase flowers at the market on Canal Street; neighborhood suppers; Christmas tableaux; carol singing in the neighborhood streets and at St. Vincent's Hospital; wedding parties of club boys and girls (one girl became the bride of a member of the Metropolitan Opera chorus who sang for us charmingly at the festivities after the wedding dinner); children's day at the Hudson-Fulton celebration where George Ford, one of our residents, later a distinguished city planner, was marshal, and for which our carpentry shop boys had made the tepees and our young potters decorated the forts; the open-air dance hall on Jones Street where a gifted writer resident, Arthur E. Mcfarlane, collected the five-cent gate fees; a dinner at a local restaurant for one of our Stoic Club members who had just been admitted to the bar; a dinner to the member of the Da Vinci Art Club who had been awarded the Prix de Rome for three years' study in Italy; our first newspaper, the *Village Bell* (it tolled somewhat irregularly); annual boat rides and bus rides of mothers' clubs and young men's clubs; picnics in the old Cella Park for the benefit of the House; the summer camp at Monroe; dances at the Carmine Street gymnasium under the management of the short-lived City Public Recreation Commission, of which I was a member; the Italian-American Progressive League and the Society for Italian Women which provided scholarships for Italian girls. Such things as these and countless others made up the social life of our neighborhood. Some of them were sentimental perhaps in character, but they developed a common sympathy on which alone can be based a community program of well-being. In all of this the House was never a building with a management, but a household of hospitable friends who stimulated the district to self-direction, a kind of nursery school in social organization.

Neighborhood fires form almost a whole chapter in our history. The day before election the children gather wood for street fires, the wood itself being called "election." One year the police arranged an entertainment and movie in Hudson Park to divert the boys. And who can recall without emotion the terrible Triangle Fire in a neighboring block, the saddened homes of the girls who perished and the Requiem at the Italian church?

From the beginning, as we have seen, the bad health record of our neighborhood demanded attention. In the first year we held a clinic for sick babies, for whom milk was furnished by a diet kitchen which occupied a room in the House. This grew into a model infant care center, stimulating the development of city-wide care for babies. The newly formed Tenement House Department acted on our reports on unsanitary conditions. We made a successful fight against a local assemblyman's attempt to remove the safeguards of the tenement house law. We were against home manufacture and the Sunday opening of local stores. In co-operation with the Committee of Fourteen we got rid of some of the more notorious saloons whose back rooms were ruinous to our young people, and closed infamous places whose menace was more obvious than the speak-easies of the prohibition era.

Use of Hudson Park's public bath increased interest in sports for both boys and girls (and for the girls we had a struggle to convince parents that sports were proper), the vacating of certain notoriously unsanitary tenements, organization of local workers under the Board of Health to combat such horrors as the infantile paralysis epidemic—these were elements in building up neighborhood health. We soon added a visiting nurse to our staff at Greenwich House, though later we felt it was best to use the Henry Street Visiting Nursing Service. A tuberculosis exhibition was held in our library hall in 1906. It was at our request that the Hudson Park Library was erected. We also petitioned that halls might be included in the branch library buildings of the city. A dental clinic was secured in a neighboring block. Cooking classes and diet talks were important in a district of obvious malnutrition. In this health work we were aided by many distinguished physicians and scientists.

Into the House came as friends, as advisers, as helpers in our daily tasks, people from every walk of life. There were professors from Columbia University, politicians from local clubs, guests from Europe with news of social movements abroad, scientists, physicians, artists, writers —dreamers and doers, leaders in thought and action— and, best of all, local storekeepers, assemblymen, teachers, clergymen, householders, and the men, women and children of Jones Street—a rich warp and woof of human experience. Never did we undertake any enterprise without the co-operation of the neighborhood itself, unless it might be as an experiment, here and there, to test a suggested plan.

The natural interest in art came to the front from the beginning. In 1906 one of our residents provided scholarships for the musical training of a few boys. Then a musical friend from Boston came to live in the neighborhood, and through her enterprise music became one of our dominant activities. Our own music school began in the parlor floor at 18 Jones Street(we had purchased 16, 18 and 20 Jones Street in 1909). A committee was formed and a secretary appointed to build up our musical life. Italian neighbors enjoyed evening singing and the concerts in the library hall. The number of our music pupils grew till in 1913 44 Barrow Street, the home of our present music school, was purchased.

I have mentioned some of our early pageants and plays. There were also the Christmas Nativity play, Cinderella as written by the children ("Well, sisters, what are youse going to wear?" asked Cinderella), Pygmalion and Galatea, given by an older group with real ability and charm. Later came the more artistic work of children who now make up the Little Players (the children's theater) of Greenwich House. Its base of rhythm, dance pantomime and creative story building produce for the onlooker a beautiful and naïve illusion and for the children themselves a joy and development that is the essence of "education." We were pioneers in "progressive education" without knowing it, in these early attempts in music, plays and art.

Among our early educational trips for the boys was included a visit to the poultry show. Imagine the dismay of the club leader when the boys with rapid skill entered a large coop to fluster the proud cocks who were idly showing off their powdered plumage. Going back from the show, a policeman stepped up to say, "Lady, there are some bad characters following you; better take this side street." "Oh, yes, those are my boys," she replied. The same lively qualities exist from age to age. One of our most enthusiastic helpers in early days was a physics instructor from Columbia who later left New York to take his seat in the English House of Lords. He was the leader of our science club and was not in the least dismayed when his hat was destroyed by the first-class marksmanship of the younger street gang. The street had a lot of fun with us. It was like hazing in a college. Indeed, our boys' club leaders still have to make their way with skill and good humor to get accepted. There's a rather healthy sales resistance in our neighborhood to any new dispensation. James's famous division of the tender- and tough-minded would certainly place our neighbors in the latter class.

But the boys nowadays are a bit more sophisticated than they were. I wonder if any club at the House today would act as did the club of fourteen boys who were invited through the kindness of an uptown friend to sit in two boxes at an Indian show at a West Side opera house. The boys had never been north of Fourteenth Street, and the show was too enticing to allow of inaction. When the lights were low, the boys swung over the box ledges and darted to the stage to participate in the performance. They had to be dragged off by the embarrassed leader and enraged stagehands.

We went ahead as experimenters, making plastic adjustment from year to year. We know a bit more now, for needs have been revealed, methods have become secure, programs more definite; but these have been bought by long years of experience. From our second year we tried out various handicrafts, first weaving and then lace, under Katherine Lord's direction. An exhibit in 1908 of beautiful old handwork from our neighbors' homes, and of furniture, lace and embroidery aroused enthusiasm. Children enjoyed drawing, as always, and chose their own themes for a local exhibit: the clothesline, cockroaches, going to a fire. Lovely May baskets were made and filled with flowers to take to bedridden people. Under a committee on handcraft, clay modeling, woodwork, dyeing, drawing and pottery got under way. Out of all these there gradually emerged, by a process of trial and error, success and failure, some established values.

Looking back on Jones Street days, the three most important activities in which we were engaged seem to me now to have been the Congestion Committee's work, our share in fostering school social centers, and the building up by the Greenwich Village Improvement Society of a community spirit through great local festivals.

The Congestion Committee was formed in 1907. Mrs. Florence Kelley, then living on Henry Street, was largely responsible for the formation of the Committee. Benjamin Marsh, one of the residents, was secretary; and Carola Woerishoffer, who was a member of our Board and also a resident during the summer preceding her untimely death, not only underwrote the exhibit the Committee held, but took an active part in its deliberations. I was the Chairman of the Committee. George Ford, in residence at the House at that time, was an able young architect whose assistance to the city engineer was instrumental in securing the New York City zoning ordinance. The Committee's work, therefore, largely centered in the Greenwich House membership.

Our idea was to show that overcrowding was responsible for many of the city's ills, and we felt that an exhibit held in some conspicuous place and accompanied by daily addresses might drive home to the general public the evils from which New York should emancipate itself. The exhibit prepared by Benjamin Marsh, assisted by Mr. John Fox of the City Club, was striking. There were presented not only photographs of New York's slums, but models and interiors were set up bringing home the fact that the housing law had barely touched the living conditions of a large proportion of the population. The relation of housing to a proper city plan was emphasized, and such relations as can be shown between housing and health were brought out.

The exhibit held in March, 1908, was opened at a crowded meeting in the large hall of the American Museum of Natural History by the then Governor Charles Evans Hughes. It was crowded day by day, and the press publicity was generous in space and friendly in tone. Out of that exhibit came the State Commission on Congestion, and also the first meeting of the National City Planning Conference held in Washington in 1910. Recognition of Mr. Marsh's leadership, first expressed in the Congestion Exhibit, has always been generously given by city planners. George Ford, one of the country's ablest city planners, was also a leader in the reconstruction work after the war, and in carrying on the work indicated in the report of the Regional Plan Association. His early death at the height of his powers is regretted by all interested in remaking our cities.

Carola Woerishoffer, who was graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1907, came by her interest in social change naturally. Her great-grandfather had participated in the social insurance legislation of Bismarck's day. Her deepest interest was the labor movement, especially the improvement of the conditions of labor for women in factories. Girls on strike were bailed out by Carola. One day the judge refused stocks and bonds and insisted upon real estate as property for bail. Carola bought a house from her mother and came back that afternoon with the deed in hand. The Triangle Fire produced the most profound impression upon her. She went to the homes of the girls one after the other to help in whatever way was possible. The priest gave his cordial permission for the Women's Trade Union League girls to give out pamphlets to the congregation as they came from the Solemn Requiem, telling where the headquarters of the League were and how safety comes only through protective organization and legislation.

It was the women working in laundries that next claimed Carola's personal interest. She volunteered to help the Consumers' League campaign against the long hours of laundry workers by working as a laundress herself for one long summer. The energy of this girl was enormous. She would rise at half-past five and go over to the yard of 16, 18 and 20 Jones Street, where an improvised tennis court had been set up, and play tennis with another resident till her early breakfast was due, and then reach the laundry at seven. She worked all day, came home and was ready for a party in the evening! Her physical endurance was unusual, and her spirits unflagging. She thought we ought to have an Italian resident and visitor, and she was always deeply interested in Clara Palumbo's work. She believed that the Settlement was worth while because it brought people into contact with living and working conditions in a very natural way. It was in September, 1911, that Carola, while driving her car in her duty as inspector in the State Labor Department, met with her fatal accident. She was very proud of the fact that she had passed the civil service examination and was earning her own living. She left her fortune to Bryn Mawr College, where a graduate department in economics and social research bears her name.

The school social center movement in New York City received its first impetus in our neighborhood when a committee of the Church of the Ascension took the responsibility of building up an organization to use Public School 41 in the evenings for the adults of the neighborhood. The Department of Education granted the use of the school building to a group of citizens who underwrote whatever expenses might be incurred, the Department furnishing janitorial assistance.

The Public School 41 Center attracted a good deal of attention with its varied program of dancing and games for the young people and meetings of all sorts for the older groups. We already had used a school building in Clark Street for basketball, as we had no space in our own tiny quarters; and the little hall in the Hudson Branch of the Public Library, which we had secured for the district, was the regular meeting place for the larger gatherings of the Improvement Society as well as for any public meeting that took place in the district. It was in that little hall that Alderman Alfred E. Smith addressed the Association of Neighborhood Workers, a man who from the very beginning of his career was sympathetic to the settlements and their natural, realistic approach to social problems.

The interest in the Public School 41 Center led us to start a center also at Public School 95. There there was an entirely local committee in charge. Miss Elizabeth Dalton (now Mrs. Lawrence A. Purcell), who had assisted in the center at Public School 41, was made the supervisor of the new center. Ever since that time she has been closely identified with the work of our House in the neighborhood both as local adviser and as a member of our Board of Managers. Her mother's great ability and wide neighborhood acquaintanceship among the old families of the ward were a great asset to us as we penetrated further into an understanding of the neighborhood. Her spirit deeply influenced the daughter as she came to see the deep relationship existing between the schools and community forces.

In Public School 95, called the Hudson Park Center, we used the open courtyard for dances on summer nights. It was at this school, too, that during the Old Home Week festivities the first dinner ever held in a public school building, which I have mentioned above, took place. Undoubtedly, the belle of that occasion was Miss Euphemia Olcott, who, making her first public speech, waved an old family lace scarf as she described the Ninth Ward in the days of her own childhood on West Thirteenth Street.

The Olcotts represented the old New York families of social position and public spirit long resident in our neighborhood, and it was a joy to them to see former days come to life in this celebration of a later, more heterogeneous time. Miss Olcott, of gracious, ample figure and face unmarred by years, bestowed a certain innocence and youthfulness to our festival.

There followed other centers stimulated by our House. There was the interesting experiment in Bowling Green. One of our residents, Gertrude Graydon, went to live in a tenement of the neighborhood. There she learned to know the district well, developing the social activities from the local school, called the Albany Street Social Center. We believed that little groups of people living near schoolhouses could use these buildings for general community purposes without going to the expense of building community houses. Furthermore, about the schoolhouses no question arises of possible religious or social bias on the part of the organizers. Great hope was entertained that more young people would feel like venturing in this direction. Social centers followed at Public School 44, Hubert and Collister Streets, called the Hubert Street Center, and also at Public School 3, Hudson and Grove Streets, where there is an assembly hall we helped to secure.

A certain nucleus of interested neighbors stuck by all these ventures. Their prospects seemed good. The young people flocked to the buildings. A varied program came into being, but gradually interest waned. Nevertheless, good results followed. The experiment in Bowling Green was followed up by the building of the Down Town Community House, which for many years filled a great need in that district, especially in the field of public health. The Neighborhood Health Development Committee grew out of this work. The settlements, with their philosophy of local responsibility, knew that New York's vast population must be divided up into manageable areas to make a health program practically realizable. The fact is, there is no likelihood that there will be a practical continuity in school social center development unless provision is made for fostering this movement by the use of neighborhood organizers.

Mr. Eugene Gibney, in charge of these extra-academic activities in the school system, made the valuable suggestion that there should be a certain number of community organizers appointed by the Board of Education to stimulate citizens' interest in meeting their own social and adult educational needs. He fought for the inclusion of this item in the budget, but it was rejected. Nevertheless, it is only by some such means that centers will be developed which will have in them any spontaneity. The recreation centers now in operation are pretty thoroughly routinized, and have largely lost the interest of the localities themselves, though certain centers, especially in Brooklyn, have conserved this interest through a private organization's special interest in this field.*

It may well be asked why was it the Greenwich House did not continue to place its major emphasis on this development.† One reason was undoubtedly the building of the new Greenwich House, which concentrated the whole energy of the residents and staff on its own activities, but the main reason was that the war changed all this. Values were altered. New groupings took place, and the interest seeped out of what had been so attractive. But the school buildings now being erected might well incorporate certain features of homelikeness which would render them attractive to young and old in their leisure time. On the other hand, unfortunately, public educational centers still carry with them a psychological resistance to those who wish to gather under warm and natural conditions for discussion and recreation. There should be more fireplaces in our school buildings, more comfortable movable furniture in at least some of the rooms. Flowers, an easy chair and a fireplace will be attractive wherever they come together.

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* The People's Institute of Brooklyn, whose secretary, Seymour Barnard, was one of our early residents.

† See my article, p. 471, in *Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections*, Portland, Maine, 1904.

But no matter how popular school centers may become when there is a little more imagination applied to their form and operation, there is something very natural in avoiding centers especially designated for recreation. No one likes to be recreated! The very essence of recreation is choice of what to do and where to go. The reason the settlement has maintained its hold as a place to gather in is that the core of it is a home. If that home life disappears, then a "recreation center" arises which tends to become routinized. Nevertheless, the people who come to a settlement must feel that they are a part of that home life and must make their own choices of activities. As a settlement grows it tends to take on this double character of a home with its natural neighborly relationships, and a center for all the various activities that spring from the experiences gained in living in the neighborhood and having a stake in all its activities.

The neighborhood festivals started by the House were the means of bringing together the various groups of the locality who hitherto had lived a somewhat self-enclosed life. We hoped by this means to bring about community action when, through neighborhood events, all these groups discovered one another. The first of these festivals was the Greenwich Village Old Home Week. I remember how when I proposed this affair one morning at breakfast the residents laughed at the idea. Nobody would come, nobody would be interested, and so on. Indeed, all the ideas, I may say, that any resident presented to the others were always criticized mercilessly. This habit of criticism, which has always been present in our deliberations, has been very useful. One had to prove one's point and crash through. I stuck by the Old Home Week idea, and soon I got support for it from the House and from the neighborhood association then called the Greenwich Village Improvement Society. The idea took hold and the Week was almost too much of a success. The newspapers loved this show. There was a great meeting in the hall at Public School 95 on Clarkson Street addressed by Villagers of former days and the present.

George McAneney, who was borough president at the time, told us of the changes that would surely take place when the Seventh Avenue subway would be opened. We realized what this would mean to our neighborhood, and as a matter of fact in the early winter of this same year, 1913, we organized a Village Plan Committee with the distinguished architect Ferrucio Vitale, who lived at 88 Grove Street, as chairman to consider the future of the Village. Many of its recommendations were effected. This little group was a pioneer in this field.

At the Old Home Week celebration Robert De Forest told of his early life on Charles Street, of the school panic when so many children were crushed to death, of the fire opposite his house when the famous "Harry Howard's 34" engine fought the flames so gallantly. And Mr. Everett P. Wheeler talked of his early life on Grove Street in the eighteen-forties, when the street was indeed a grove. His father had built his house when there was nothing between it and the river save St. Luke's Chapel. He recalled the grapes and apricots he picked, and the fascinating sight the lamplighter presented, as he lighted the Village street lamps at night. During the Week, churches, stores, schools and all local associations held special events that attracted old Ninth Warders. A neighborhood parade, with the Ninth Regiment leading, was one of the evening events. A pageant by the school children took place in Hudson Park. One of the results of the great interest the schools took in the celebration was the formation of an alumni association (P. S. 3) which has retained its interest in local affairs ever since.

Within the memory of the older residents was the sight of the long line formed at the old town pump at Jefferson Market. On Social Service Day, Ida Tarbell and

Margaret Norrie poured tea at our House. Flags flew from the Village windows. Father McGrath got the crews of the *Adriatic* and the *Mauretania* to march in the Village parade. The horsecars, with straw on the floor, that plied down Varick Street and along Bleecker Street were filled with visitors to all the various happenings. The Old Home Week Committee was headed by Ernest Intemann, the other members being Dr. Wade, at that time principal of P. S. 95, now associate superintendent of schools, a man community-minded and the most practical of idealists, Father Flannely of St. Veronica's Church, Miss Bartholow of Richmond Hill House and William H. Walker, father of Mayor Walker. Richmond Hill House was a very lively center among our Italian neighbors. There Remo Bufano created his marionettes and Ariosto's dramas came to life. There Frazier developed many a student of sculpture. It was a center out of which sprang a fertile interest in intellectual and artistic matters.

By this time I had learned a good deal about the neighborhood. We had friends among the politicians, the clergy, the social club members (for the district was full of clubs in those days), the real-estate and business people, the teachers and the dwellers of the district. One of those who helped me most to understand the district was Mayor Walker's father—a man who had been in public office but was then retired. He was known as the father of Hudson Park, for he had been influential in changing over the old Trinity burying ground into a much needed park for the neighborhood. He knew the history of every family in the district and also former residents, now moved uptown. He used to call on me in the old coffee room in the basement of 26 Jones Street and tell me stories without end. "Where's father?" Mrs. Walker used to say, "Over on Jones Street talking with Mrs. Simkhovitch, I suppose." This was a great education to me, and I always looked forward to his visits.

When we first came to Jones Street, I think the local Roman Catholic parishes distrusted us. They had seen the missionary enterprises carried on in the name of social service by certain local Protestant churches, and it was natural that they should suspect that we, too, had ulterior designs of a propagandist sort. But when it was known that Judge Philbin was on our Board and that for residence or association with our work in any way there were no religious qualifications of any sort, it was recognized that our work was wholly social in its character. Under religious auspices work can be undertaken for one's coreligionists, just as under political party auspices work can be carried on in behalf of constituents; but in work which is in the nature of civic enterprise, religious affiliation should have no place. For as we value the separation of Church and State in America as a whole, so should we insist upon the same separation in local neighborhoods, where the neighborhood house acts in a sense as organizer of local sentiment and purposes, free from partisanship, where human relations alone are the primary concern.

The Roman Catholic Church in our neighborhood is the most influential of all forces. The Catholic parish in which Jones Street is situated is St. Joseph's. Father O'Flynn was the priest in charge in our early Jones Street days. He was a man who carried with him the tang and personal charm of his Irish origin. When he died, twenty thousand people visited his bier. Monsignor Hickey, always a friend of our House, is his loved successor of today.

The Greenwich Village Fair and the Greenwich Village Carnival followed at intervals the Old Home Week. From all these events certain special features were particularly popular. There were the bus trips to various local places of historic interest with Harrison Thomas of our House as barker. These historical trips started at Hudson Park, going to the old Prison site, the Peter Warren Home site, the old burying grounds, the residences where Paine lived and died. Many picturesque streets were visited, including Weehawken, Little West Twelfth, Patchin Place, Mulligan Place and Grove Court.

The cow in Hudson Park, the chickens being hatched out in the incubator in Public School 95, created a great excitement. I have never ceased to hope that we could have a tiny zoo in our neighborhood, and I also believe that local trips could be made very popular and interesting if broadened out a bit. It is still my custom to inoculate new residents every year with a feeling for the neighborhood by taking them on a four-hour-long orientation walk, pointing out notable local features of interest.

One of the great sights of the neighborhood in Jones Street days was Father McGrath's dance hall on the river front. On Monday nights especially, when the *Lusitania* or other Cunard ships were in, there were dances for the sailors. Father McGrath had a great place. There was a chapel on the ground floor, a floor for the men to leave their bundles in, and so forth, and there was the dance hall. In the middle of this hall Father McGrath took his place with an eagle eye out for any impropriety. Those dances went like clockwork, for the priest was perfectly able to throw out anyone who misbehaved. Indeed, he controlled the morale of the water front near his building. We missed him when he left us. In his parish on the East Side he carried on also that remarkable personal work for his parishioners which won the love of thousands when he was on our side of town.

The noteworthy political events that touched us on Jones Street were the woman suffrage campaign, the Progressive movement and the Mitchel city administration. We carried the woman suffrage campaign to the strongholds of the neighborhood. One notable meeting was at the political clubhouse on Abingdon Square, where Beatrice Forbes-Robertson spoke for us to the skeptical gathering assembled there; we also went to every social and athletic club in the district. Many of the residents took part in these meetings. Wonderful practice for youngsters. We expected to find that the Italian men would laugh at the idea, but this was not the case. In the beginning of the active campaign in New York, under Mrs. Catt's matchless leadership, there was a great parade. In this first parade my husband, John Dewey, James Harvey Robinson, Wendell T. Bush, Charles Burlingham, Learned Hand and James Lees Laidlaw marched, eighty-nine, in all. This handful of men was greeted with catcalls from the bystanders and an occasional harmless missile thrown for purposes of merriment. But as parades increased and public meetings were held, and especially when word went out from the Democratic organization headquarters that it would turn out to be a good thing, sentiment changed. When the original veterans were asked to march separately, in later parades, five hundred and twenty of the original eighty-nine appeared! We were watchers at the polls in our election district the day the fate of the measure was decided. Someone brought in an enormous *pizza*, an Italian open pie made with anchovies and tomato paste, to cheer on the count when the polls were closed. And there was a general air of congratulation and good cheer.

The long fight for woman suffrage already seems to belong to the remote past. Who remembers that evening at Carnegie Hall when Emmeline Pankhurst for two hours of matchless wit and logic held a crowded audience spellbound? It was the finest address in form and substance I ever listened to. While the struggle in the United States was not so militant as in England, with street fights and imprisonment, nevertheless pioneers here suffered contempt and derision. There was plenty of excitement in all circles. Katherine Mackay headed the Equal Franchise Society, which met in the old Madison Square Garden's lovely tower. Pictures of airplanes—then a novelty—decorated the walls, and from the windows one looked out on old New York. There were suffrage clubs in every assembly district, for Mrs. Catt saw the wisdom of a downright political organization. The excitement penetrated colleges, social clubs and neighborhood meetings of every type. Finally political parties cynically believed their power would be enhanced rather than diminished by adding women to their number, and that was the end of the struggle.

The Progressive campaign of 1912 had headquarters on Washington Square West. An old house was taken and Theodore Douglas Robinson was in charge of the district. Roosevelt was very popular with the Italians, who enjoy the leadership of a virile personality. Most of us at the House were "Progressives," and some of the residents lent a hand at the local campaign headquarters or in speechmaking both in the neighborhood and outside it, for that matter. I remember speaking with Gifford Pinchot and William Gillette at a noon theater meeting in Philadelphia. The social program adopted in the Progressive platform at the Chicago convention in 1912 and written by social workers, among whom was our own Jane Addams of Hull House, naturally attracted the young people at the Settlement. Indeed, as I see our House and similar houses over the country, I think it would be fair to say that taken as a whole they have always represented what is now spoken of as "old-fashioned liberalism." Liberalism, the middle of the road, is supposed to be fast disappearing. And in its place are the forces of fascism and communism, the dogma of intolerance, propagandist in spirit, suppressing inquiring criticism or the experience of opposition in any form. Liberalism is now pictured as a weak, uncertain course incapable of decision and with no chance of a future. But if the spirit of liberalism is the attempt to understand the complexity of our times, and step by step to effect change, rebuilding on the basis of factual knowledge and in the light of new desires, then liberalism, notwithstanding the prophets of today, is the only road possible for adult men and women who see the destruction that necessarily takes place in the train of revolution and want to avoid that waste. But this liberal road is not possible unless education, social legislation and labor organization can overtake social need.

John Purroy Mitchel's administration as Mayor of New York is an example of a social improvement for which the community was unprepared. It was a brilliant group that formed his cabinet, and he was the undoubted leader of them all. A man of great natural talent, he tackled the vast problems of the city with swiftness and ability. The tone of the administration was keyed up, and a real interest in civic affairs was given a chance to express itself. In other words, the city government was interesting; it had freshness and vigor and attracted the attention of the country by its progressive measures. The administration went down to defeat in 1917 because it never took the pains to interpret itself to the people at large. It was regarded as "high hat," because the form of government to which the people were accustomed—the district leader and his allies—was neglected and was replaced by experts who were regarded as outsiders.

I suppose there was no time in that rapidly moving scene to provide the social education which alone would have been able to cope with the defeated forces, which were moving for re-entry into power. But it was a great psychological blunder. The Mitchel administration never was popularized. To combine efficiency with democracy is an art not yet attained; but it is possible, and is on the way. The present city administration gives one hope for a permanent change. That the new city charter was adopted (November, 1936) shows a change in public opinion based on the recognition of competence, which has begun to be popular.

During our last years at Jones Street, we all were very busy in securing new opportunities for our tenement house friends. There was the opening of the Barrow Street recreational pier, the scene of many neighborhood entertainments, especially in wartime. There was the founding in our old basement coffee room of the Metropolitan Parks Association, successor to the Outdoor Recreation League, with Judge Philbin as president. There were a series of neighborhood concerts, and there were the May Day Street Festivals.

After Carola Woerishoffer's death, her friend Mabel Spinney came to us as my associate. Mrs. Spinney was with us for ten years. She is now head of the Spring Hill School, in Litchfield, Connecticut, but still as I walk through the neighborhood her old friends meet me and say, "How is Mrs. Spinney?" It is good to hear her say, in her work as a school leader, that what she learned at the House has given her a solid, realistic base for her work as progressive educator. Her brilliant work during the war, we will come to shortly. These Jones Street days were the days of our growth together, our growth in understanding and in feeling our way to a more mature and solid service to our community.

The war broke out. I was in Maine when the news came that black August day. In the old homestead of Maine's secretary of agriculture near-by some young high school boys on a visit to the farm rigged up a wireless set in the big bedroom overlooking the Passamaquoddy Bay. There we all gathered breathless, night after night, listening to the rapid story of the war, like a fire across a prairie, until the government shut off all this private radio reception.

We intercepted all the exciting news and put up bulletins ourselves down in the North Perry store a day ahead of our daily *Bangor News*. My husband, hearing that a great banker predicted the war would be over in three months, smiled and immediately telegraphed an order for twelve carloads of hardwood ashes from Canada to be sent to our New Jersey farm. We were the only farmers in that region who had this foresight. Our grain waved as green as ever, and our fields never had to go without their potash.

Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer, Carola's mother, had given us in memory of her daughter money for the new building we had found it necessary to have to do our growing work as it ought to be done. We had bought 28 Jones Street largely through Mary Harriman's * help and enterprise, and then 16, 18 and 20 Jones Street. Sixteen we tore down, for it was a shaky wooden building whose record for illness had been notorious. Twenty we had kept for men's club and residence quarters. In 18 we had placed our pottery, beginning with old soapstone washtubs for wet-cellars and installing a baby kiln in the cellar of 26 Jones Street. The time had come to build—but the war came. Two of my best friends on the Board, Professor Henry Seager and my husband, opposed building, saying that it was not time to build when the energies of all were engrossed in the war; but I claimed that if we were going to be of any use at all as civilians in case we entered the war, that was exactly the right time to build. The Board agreed, and build we did.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney helped make the House, designed by Delano and Aldrich, beautiful with murals by Tack, Savage and Crisp, and the charming colonial façade has given the House a commanding but suitable character. I said to Mr. Aldrich, "Make the entrance hos-

* Mrs. C. C. Rumsey. I had known her from my College Settlement year, when she and Louise Lockwood founded the Junior League. She was on our Board in Jones Street days.

pitable so that when you come in you feel that you are there at the very threshold. Plenty of fireplaces, the dining room and drawing room on the second floor, easily accessible to all, and the noisy gymnasium far away from the rest of the House. And of course a roof garden." And with these sketchy instructions they built our loved House.

The new House was opened formally in January, 1917, though we had moved in before then. How strange it felt, and how we missed the old House! "If we can't keep the old simplicity, informality and friendliness, then I, for one, quit," I remember saying. We have kept the faith, but Jones Street was our first love, and the old residents who never lived in the new House still shake their heads and sigh for the old Jones Street days. As if anything could stop growing that had any life in it! As if maturity is not always different from youth! For fifteen years and a little over we were in the old House, which sheltered the "first fine careless rapture" of our work.

In Jones Street we still retain the men's residence, as well as various group activities, at 18 and 20. The old houses, 26 and 28, we sold to former residents, who formed the first housing co-operative under the New York State law, the Bartletts, Pettits and Kinneys, who have always remained actively associated with our work. Number 16, which had been our entrance to a playground, became in later days the Greenwich House Workshops. So we have never left Jones Street after all.

CHAPTER IX

THE WAR AT HOME

THERE were two great evils facing us in 1917. One was to go into the war, and the other was to stay out. Whatever the outcome, war was bound to bring in its train not only the loss of life and the destruction of property, but also new social alignments, a re-evaluating of customs, habits and outlooks, a redistributing of wealth and power. Gradually, step by step, we slipped into war in the presidency of Wilson, who won his second term with the slogan "He kept us out of war."

The settlements throughout the country had no illusions about war. No one was taken in by glory and by all the romantic propaganda afloat. But there was a sharp difference of opinion in regard to our participation in the conflict. Many of the ablest and most distinguished leaders in the settlements were pacifists wholly opposed to war on any grounds.

At the National Federation of Settlements meeting in Valencia, Pennsylvania, in June, 1917, when I was president, this difference of point of view came to an issue. The National Federation went on record as supporting the war, while sending messages of fraternal greetings to all our international associates.

There were many of us, and all of us at Greenwich House were of that number, who believed that we were faced with a choice of evils of which the greater was staying out of the war. Going in meant standing by a code of honor where "scraps of paper" and *Lusitania* sinkings could have no place.

Though we felt bound to do our best in the corner of the world where we were, we had at any rate the grim knowledge that whatever the result would be, it would be bad. We knew enough to know that war would leave inevitable ravages. But we fancied (and who can ever know whether we were wrong?) that the ravages of what we conceived to be dishonor would be still more devastating.

The settlements were with very few exceptions opposed to being used as recruiting stations. Their accent was on the civil services for which their experience in dense city neighborhoods had prepared them. As one looks back upon those years and sees so many things to laugh at or cry over, the years from 1917 to Armistice Day seem to have been in someone else's life whose story had been told one.

Of course, many of our associates went across. Our girls' worker, Betty Porter, was with the "Y" in the huts at the front. Beulah Hurley was with the Friends. She was trained in domestic science and had taught household economics at the House and knew a great deal about farming. When she was assigned the task of convoying cattle from one country to another and was in charge of feeding starving children, it was after all her own field on a grand scale. Miss Porter, who had been a leader of social clubs, was naturally good at making life as attractive as might be for people in grave danger. And when Eddie Ranges and Irving Israel and some other of our club boys got leave at Christmas time it seemed on the whole quite natural that, though so far away, Miss Porter should meet them in Paris, where, as they wrote, "they had a Greenwich House Christmas together."

Our president, Herbert Parsons, went from New York to Washington, where from the War Office he, too, departed for France. Dr. Hans Zinsser, also on our Board, had the great responsibility of delousing the army and coping with venereal disease. Elizabeth Witter, a young California resident, left us for the war, where her beautiful voice was greatly loved. But when these and many others had gone, there was a household left who gave their time to the various civil services according to their training and gifts.

Mabel Spinney, my associate, headed the Food Administration for the West Side of lower Manhattan. With her popularity in the neighborhood, and her energy and enthusiasm, she achieved the impossible. For she actually got our Italian neighbors to use brown flour for their macaroni! She held tenement house meetings, getting one woman in each tenement to call in the others in the same house, and there she and her associates, Italian-born or native American, would explain the government's food directions in so persuasive a way as to accomplish the desired end. Also we sold the reconstituted powdered milk to the long lines that formed in front of the House.

It was in the fall of 1916 that we came over to the new House. What a job to move all our belongings! And should we ever get used to the new House? Would it seem homelike? But we were bound it should. Our new appointments were very few. We used the chairs from the old House; the dining room table went down in the foyer; the old desk of the Jones Street house became the information desk; the old serving table resumed its task.

When we had our formal opening in January, 1917, the plaster wasn't very dry and it was a cold night, but we felt ourselves launched that night, and I, for my part, was bound that sentimental longings for the "good old days of Jones Street" should be squelched in the bud.

Barrow Street was as good as Jones Street, and it was interesting to make a fresh start with the old friends and the old ideas finding new expression. There's no doubt about it, just as ideas ought to have each its own habitat or form, so forms react on ideas. No doubt the new House affected the development of activities, but after all the House was built in the light of our past fifteen years of experience and so there was no real break.

A big building seven stories tall, no matter how camouflaged by its colonial façade, which reduces its size to the onlooker from Seventh Avenue, needs a good deal of coal to heat it. Coal was scarce. We gave up using the dining room and drawing room entirely. We had our meals down in the laundry next to the gas-heated kitchen. Perhaps this informality and privation, even though slight, was a help in building up the social life in the new House.

In the residents' and our own apartments oil stoves were placed in the bathrooms, but otherwise we got along with no heat. We expected this would last indefinitely, but one day the Fuel Administration decided it would like to use our House. "Certainly," we said. And we gave them the big room on the fifth floor called the Pastime Room, named for the club that had supplied all its furnishings and whose headquarters the room was. The club generously gave up the room, but its icy temperature was evidently too much for the Fuel Administration, for the very next day tons of coal poured into our basement and the oil stoves retired for good!

Heatless days and nucoa (butter substitute) and brown bread were a healthful discipline. There was of course no hardship in this diet, which saved white flour and fats and sugar for the soldiers. Indeed, fasting suddenly became a virtue again, after having been snobbishly looked down upon by the sophisticated. Lent ceased to look ridiculous. Reflection on this food rationing makes one wonder if perhaps bran muffins were not the only good that came out of the war!

Knitting became the general occupation of women. In the opera (strictly non-German) women knitted as they sat in the boxes. At our House there was a large group of women, mainly of German descent, who knitted steadily an untold number of sweaters and scarfs.

The most fantastic "war service" in New York was perhaps the war gardens. It is true that in the suburbs good potato fields could be made out of lawns, as in the case of Lounsberry, the Parsons' place in Rye. At our farm in Whitehouse, New Jersey, too, my husband grew on his three hundred acres great fields of grain enriched by the hardwood ashes his foresight had secured. But in New York City to use the scraps of land inch-deep on Manhattan's rock foundation was really only a joke. These war gardens were a little symbol of many fantastic happenings in the name of patriotism, while the deadly life of the trenches was tragically going on.

We were proud of our neighborhood boys at Verdun and Château-Thierry. Many of them were privates, but we had second lieutenants and cooks among our club boys. We kept in touch with many of the neighbors who were in the service. We organized a War Service Bureau which helped the neighbors in any way they needed—with assistance about mail, with information about the various kinds of payments, with any friendly help that was wanted.

Our Washington Square neighbor Margaret Norrie was the leader of this enterprise. Every day Mrs. Norrie spent long hours at work. She organized a group of neighborhood women into a corps of assistants who districted the community. Each had her quota for which she was responsible; and as one drive after another took place this group by its familiarity, each member with her own district, was able to bring to the citizens various messages the government desired brought to their attention.

This War Service Bureau was the local popular center which brought together all the elements in the neighborhood—the churches, lodges, political groups or what not—with an understanding and common action which the fusing spirit of the war induced.

Mrs. Norrie, with her conservative background and education, was the loved leader of this group. She had a native simplicity in approach both to people and to problems which was as effective as it was natural. From this firsthand work in wartime she went on in later years to an ever broadening comprehension both of the economic problems at home and of the problems of international relationships which the war brought into the glare of public attention.

The Red Cross also had its local office at the House. And at Christmas time for a month the big auditorium was converted into a special post office to which the neighbors brought their packages for their husbands, sons and brothers across the ocean.

There were meetings, too, of all the young girls in the community addressed by women physicians giving them a better understanding of their own lives and a more adequate way of meeting the problems of young womanhood.

Then there was the state military census, an enumeration of the capacities of the population. Our House had a large district to cover, and the residents and other volunteer workers, as well as the members attached to the War Service Bureau, all went out armed with a long questionnaire to register the occupations and various abilities of the population. In foreign homes this was often a difficult task. I took my assignments with the others; my own district brought me to the Spanish boardinghouses and cafés of the upper west side of our section. It must all have seemed very strange to them.

The part our foreign-born soldiers played was brought to me in all its tragic remoteness when a poor soldier with hands without fingers came before the War Claims Committee sitting at the House. He could speak only Italian. He did not know why he had come upon such a fate; he knew only, indeed, that it was fate, something like a storm or a fire, an "act of God," as the insurance people say.

The Liberty Loan drive was one of the later efforts of the government to secure co-operation from the civilian population. That group occupied the alcove at the right of the foyer, the War Service Bureau the alcove at the left while the Red Cross and the Food and Fuel Administrations had offices on other floors.

The Liberty Loan four-minute-men came in and out from their speechmaking; the amount of money secured was posted, and greater excitement accompanied the sale of bonds than the other smaller types of saving certificates or stamps. A great deal of money was raised from small subscribers; but most of the minor securities were in later years, I believe, cashed or sold.

A wealthy Italian neighbor, Mr. Personeni, kindly loaned us his place on Staten Island for a day camp and garden. There under Max and Irene Nelson's guidance about a hundred boys learned to do garden work. They came down on the ferry every morning, and incidentally most of them learned to swim. This was the summer when our president loaned his place, Lounsberry, for our girls' club. There our club girls helped in canning fruits and vegetables. These canning clubs and food demonstrations given in our hall in the new building were very popular. In 1917, also, the Sutherland Neighborhood Center at Public School 3 was operated by us as an additional opportunity for the neighbors to gather together for recreation. A travel group was popular at this time, perhaps especially because everyone in the neighborhood had a realistic and a very poignant interest in Europe.

During this time I was engaged especially in the work of the Mayor's Committee (Mayor Mitchel) of Women, the Social Welfare Subcommittee of which I was chairman. Dorothy Straight (Mrs. Leonard Elmhurst) was chairman of this committee, and later Miss Ruth Morgan took her place. On this Committee sat for the most part outstanding women in the fields of labor, industry, education, employment and journalism. It was a central group to help in the general work of civilian assistance. If only in times of peace such concentrated efforts in organization could be kept up, we might expect more civic progress. But the speed and pressure were unnatural, and impossible, I suppose, to be sustained over anything but an emergency period, although the United Neighborhood Houses and Welfare Council are good examples of present-day co-operative effort.

Coming home from these meetings, I would find my husband just returning from or going out to the meetings of the Inquiry of which he was a member. This was the group of economists, statisticians, geographers and so forth who, under Colonel House's direction, made analytical reports on various aspects of the problems presented by the war.

If I entered the House late in the afternoon I would meet the mothers coming for their children. For one of the activities at the House that finally turned into the Nursery School in 1920 was the all-day care of the children of working mothers started by the Board of Education as a wartime activity. This was the time when the mothers who formerly were housekeepers and did not work outside the home began to go out to work in factories, in offices or in workshops.

The great exodus of women from the home was, of course, largely accelerated by the absence of men, who were in the war. And industry needed workers. The women anxious for money answered this demand eagerly. The question was what was to become of the little children. The answer was that they should be cared for during school hours either at the school buildings or in some annex which might be a private institution named by public school teachers. This experiment meant that the city was going in for the care of children under the Department of Education. After the war, when things began to settle down into a no longer emergency character, this interesting experiment was left for small groups to continue and develop. The nursery school, begun in England, was studied by groups in America. Both a Montessori class and an informal nursery school were undertaken at the House, but the work began to be promoted in a really satisfactory manner when in co-operation with Teachers College we opened our Nursery School with Mrs. R. J. F. Schwarzenbach's help in 1920.

In 1917 the Greenwich Village Association held a patriotic celebration in Washington Square attended by all local organizations. My father was visiting me at the time, and just as in former years he had always sung *The Star-Spangled Banner* at the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion, so that evening in his old age he sang again in Washington Square. My parents' interest in the House and all that we were doing there was not only a pleasure to us but a source of pride and interest to our neighbors.

The winter of 1918 was desperately cold. The plumbing froze in the neighboring tenements and the gas was turned off. But we found a way to help. We went out in taxis to lumberyards on the water front and brought wood into the neighbors' houses. These were the days of going-away parties for soldiers and sailors, for war wedding parties, when the young husbands were shortly to sail for France.

Very high wages were paid in the war industries, but they did not affect our neighborhood. The working women's forum on Sunday afternoons acquainted many with the rapidly changing industrial status of women. The men's Italian Circle of the district secured two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in subscriptions in the Second Liberty Loan. Winifred Welsh of the Catholic Girls' Club held meetings for the girls of the neighborhood on social standards for girls in wartime. A consumers' group met at the House, selling butter and eggs and reconstituted milk. The War Service Bureau, already referred to, had charge of over fifteen hundred cases, to whom help or advice was given. This Bureau also conducted investigations for the War Risk Insurance Bureau and promoted the sale of War Service Stamps.

The Food Commission sold sugar, onions and potatoes, co-operating with our food demonstrations. We also sold hot dinners to families in which the father was in the service and the mother was working. Work among the Italians in all these fields was carried on by Mrs. Zicarelli, associated with Mrs. Norrie's War Service Group.

By 1919 Greenwich House had representatives in naval aviation, on the Shipping Board, in the Army and Navy Intelligence, in the Committee on Public Investigation and the Labor Adjustment Board. Our members were with the Red Cross also, the Signal Corps and the Friends' Reconstruction Service. Two of our men residents held positions of high responsibility in Russia.

During this period there was a great interest in the "Learn English Campaign." Board of Education classes in the public schools of our neighborhood were crowded, and these classes flowed over into Greenwich House, where there were also additional groups manned by private associations. Our own health center was formally organized at this time.

The Hudson Park branch of the New York Public Library in Leroy Street was as busy as we were with these various civilian activities. They held demonstrations for making war bread and cake, and as part of the United States Food Administration their staff made a house-to-house canvass of surrounding streets. In 1918 they held a milk exhibit. They acted as an information center for the section on Aliens' Counsel of Organization for War Service. They conducted a drive for books for soldiers and sailors. Each branch of the Library had been asked to collect a thousand dollars for this purpose, but our branch raised about two thousand dollars in this far from prosperous neighborhood. They also served as an office for the Legal Advisory Board and held meetings under the auspices of the National War Service Committee.

The days and nights of the war went by in a kind of hypnosis. One was numbed by the constant impact of tragedy. It was both a great excitement and at the same time a dream making the past unreal, as this period in its turn has become unreal in our present. There is something about great shock of either a personal or a social nature that makes a kind of vacuum. One is stunned into nothingness. There is no room for reaction. And so it was, day by day.

These were the days of unjust criticism, when people of German name or origin suffered from open or covert hostility, days when the ships lying at the North River docks were so painted as to camouflage their true height and width, thus making them difficult to attack successfully. These were the days when there were at least some clergy who refused to fly a national flag in a church which was founded by One to whom all men are brothers. These were the days when the good things came out, the capacity for sacrifice, the loyalty to country and to one's sense of values, the spirit of co-operation always latent but induced by stress—and also when the evil things came out, the deep fanaticism, the gullible readiness to be hoodwinked and the ease with which propaganda could be both manufactured and effectively carried on.

During wartime the House not only carried on its many new activities, but it endeavored to continue its own ordinary program. The pottery, the music school, the plays, the club life, all these things kept on. The visiting in the neighborhood went on, of course. The period of at least a certain leisure when studies could be made and published was for the time suspended. My own little book, *The City Worker's World*, was published in 1918. Articles appeared by various members of our group in magazines from time to time, but the war took the last ounce of energy available. The rapid changes involved a continual readjustment of program, and the building up of needed activities in the light of an enlarged experience absorbed the House's attention. The war drank not only the blood of its soldiers, but also the life powers of every thoughtful man and woman of that period. The scars remain.

It was the influenza epidemic in 1918 that seemed the last straw. Suddenly, like a heavy cloud, this pestilence swept over the country. In New York, where it was a great scourge, there had to be rapid organization to bring anything like adequate help to the sufferers. The nurses were gallant and speedy, and the settlements as the old established centers in New York's most crowded neighborhoods took over the burden of both organization and service. Doctors volunteered; neighbors helped one another. But it was all a nightmare. While the death rate as a whole was nearly three per thousand, in our own Ninth Ward it was four and seven-tenths per thousand. This fixed our determination to do whatever we could do to remedy the death and morbidity rates of our district.

As one reflects on all these civilian activities, which existed everywhere throughout the country but which we ran in such concentrated guise in crowded city neighborhoods, one sees there was indeed a rapid mobilization but at the same time no sense of proportion. "War gardens" and brown macaroni didn't get us very far. The state military census as far as I know was never used for anything. The ladies knitting in opera boxes seemed a far cry from the battle of the Marne. But waste is perhaps an inevitable price for emergency organization. On the whole, it was a significant if also partly a childish spectacle. For it meant that the great energy and capacity of the American people can be mobilized by an accepted public opinion with speed and efficiency. It meant that social organization and re-emphasis may be effected when there is a new will and a new goal, even for the renewal of forgotten goals.

One sees the possibilities that the youth of this generation have within their grasp. But "youth" is far from infallible. It faces the future with the advantage of inexperience, but subject to the same passions that have enveloped former generations. The lassitude and disillusion of the war and postwar years is over, however. Politics thought of as the pastime of the second-rate has become once more in newer guise the passion of the young, as indeed it must be if democracy is not to slide down the skids and be supplanted.

CHAPTER X

POSTWAR YEARS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

WITH THE Armistice began the reaction. "The Village" was perhaps the most conspicuous symbol and example of the postwar attitude of youth. There are many stories of the origin of "the Village." The neighborhood had always harbored people of taste, and real artists had found this little corner of New York congenial for their work. Daniel French, Jonas Lie, John Sloan, Victor Salvatore, Jules Guerin, Robert Blum, George De Forest Brush, Herbert Adams and others of our acquaintance lived here. They were all pre-"Village."

The attractive restaurants, first the French and later the Italian places, for dinner and good talk made of the quarter, long before the commercialized publicity of the postwar days, a civilized, friendly and easy place in which to live. And also, before the war, another group came to the Village. Max Eastman, the brother of our resident Crystal Eastman, became the editor in chief of the *Masses*, a radical magazine which had a brilliant career. Floyd Dell was its chief and inimitable book reviewer, before he launched into deeper literary waters. Brisk and clever cartoons were contributed by Boardman Robinson and Art Young. Louis Untermeyer's poems appeared in the *Masses*. Indeed, the *Masses* printed the work of the ablest group of the new writers of the period. This magazine attracted a crowd of young intellectuals and, as was inevitable, their camp followers of a slighter stature.

Imitators flocked into the Village. Radicalism became a dogma. And what was conviction for the leaders became a fetish for the followers. In the train of this group sprang up the numerous cafés of the Village which were centers for the followers of "freedom." Sandals, bright colors, earrings, and the inevitable cigarette marked the women of the Village cult. There was much talk of free love, and marriage was regarded as bourgeois and to be apologized for. Art, love and freedom were the watchwords of this new Village. This was great copy for the newspapers and the magazines which fanned the flame. All over the country and in Europe this "Greenwich Village" suddenly became famous.

The "Villagers" were all foreigners to the region. They came from the country to New York, from the East Side, from anywhere except from the Village itself. They flocked to the neighborhood, and it was then that the old cellars and basements we had sought to have condemned as unsuitable for human occupancy were rented out as "one-room studios."

Experiments in remodeling were made in the old buildings, but the newcomers were people of taste who would rather have a fireplace than a steam radiator, and a beautiful old floor with a fine double door between the rooms than a modern apartment with its cut-up living rooms. And so the real-estate agents, with fresh paint and a bathroom, raised the rents, and the old houses took a new lease on life.

The restaurants had their especial groups of frequenters who made them famous. Crowds from uptown came to visit the Village, and taxicabs were lined up for New York's visitors, all of whom hoped to see something very wild. The desire of respectable people to witness the "other side of life" is well known. And so Greenwich Village became the Mecca of sight-seers, who felt that they were seeing the American Montmartre, and were having a glimpse of "life." Of course, this was all a highly mixed phenomenon. There were brilliant young people of great gifts in the Village at this time: Edna St. Vincent Millay, the Washington Square and Provincetown Players groups and many others. But these were surrounded by followers of the feebler sort, young people who felt it was à la mode to drink and have affairs, and blamed publishers or galleries who refused their artistic productions. Anyone could set up as a "Villager" with an equipment of striking appearance. There were many meetings of these pseudo writers and artists, who felt, no doubt, that by coming together for discussion something was happening. There was a great deal that was pitiful about these imitators, for they wasted years when hard effort and competent leadership were necessary. And they got into habits of loafing, euphemistically called "living," from which it was hard to extricate themselves.

And there were others, also, who heard of the Village and came from a distance to spend their evenings as wildly as possible. Young high school girls from outlying districts floated over for Saturday evening dances at the cabarets. College youths, feeling very worldly, flocked into the neighborhood to see the sights. For the most part, it was a case of each sight-seer hopefully suspecting the other sight-seers of wickednesses. There was a great deal of foolishness, some real vice, much true desire to escape the banal, a lot of drinking and gambling, and a good deal of business enterprise in restaurants, in little theaters, in art shops and in ephemeral newspapers and magazines.

The night life of the Village was almost wholly that of visitors. It was, of course, quite impossible for this group to understand or sympathize with the real life of the district. And equally was it out of the question for the old residents of the district to understand the newcomers. The visitors and Villagers appreciated to a certain extent the Italian cafés, but they regarded the neighbors as sodden, ignorant and stuffy people, whose children were a nuisance, whose habits were old-fashioned, and who, on the whole, were not even to be noticed. The Villagers believed they were the Village. They disregarded the standards of the locality, as early American colonists disregarded the Indians. On the other side, the old residents of the neighborhood called all the newcomers by one name, "bohemians." Women who smoked, men who loafed, people who lived by their wits were all lumped together as dangerous and undesirable. But they were desirable from one point of view, and that was as possible tenants who might pay more than had tenants in the past. The old standards of the neighborhood were conventional, respectable and traditional. The new group rejected standards and gave its loyal adherence to freedom and to experimentation. These are the two aspects of life that always clash in society and in the individual, and whose reconciliation is the task of society.

But no adjustments can take place without a certain amount of damage. The bringing together of the old and the new is, taken as a whole, a good thing. As the years went on, the newcomers who came into the Village for its informality and charm got to know better the people who lived next door. They could not but admire the solid and reliable characteristics they daily witnessed. And, too, with the passage of time, the old neighbors began to see that the "bohemians" were by no means all "undesirables." A sifting process took place in which the important began to be differentiated from the unimportant. It became clear that women's smoking and "free love" are in two quite different categories, that customs are one thing and social loyalties another. The understanding, each of the other, is as yet but partial. But the rapid and sure judgments that were so common are now tempered by a pause, a doubt and an attempt to find out the underlying significance of different outlooks.

The commercializing of Greenwich Village and the great publicity that ensued wounded, surprised and shocked the old Village. One of our local friends, a judge, came to me and said openly he held us responsible for the whole thing. "If you had not started all those local festivals and attracted the attention of the city to the desirability and charm of our neighborhood, we might not have had to suffer this hateful publicity and these higher rents. The result will be that the old neighbors will be driven out." It is true that our residents and their friends made the neighborhood known, but after all the region had always harbored true artists and independent men of letters. The neighborhood could not have avoided its destiny of those Village years, which now, however, in their more dazzling aspects are rapidly passing away. For high rents have not only attracted people, but they have also dispersed them. The neighborhood presents the most glaring contrast in rents and in housing accommodations that New York affords. Prices rose often six- or eightfold. And yet in many of the old houses rents remained stationary. The study of social change in this area by Caroline Ware brought out this point in detail.

The Armistice came in 1918. We had lived almost two years in the new House on Barrow Street. Jones Street was over. The war and then the postwar life shook up the Village and made realignments of all kinds. A disintegration took place throughout the decade. Motion pictures, which were first exhibited in 1896, began to show their widespread influence at this period. Local residents, who were infrequent visitors to the libraries, flocked to the motion-picture houses, where new styles, manners, attitudes were all exhibited. Girls began to dance in uptown hotels, something that had never taken place in Jones Street days. To the older local residents the new Villagers were not differentiated. Interested intellectuals developed the Provincetown Playhouse and the other small theaters in the neighborhood. But Eugene O'Neill and Robert Edmond Jones were all a part, as the old neighbors looked at it, of a great and undesirable change. The prewar Village was qualitatively far different from the postwar Village. The reasons are not far to seek. Different attitudes towards the war, the exodus to other parts of the city or near-by country or Cape Cod, or even Paris, of the more serious-minded and substantial artists of all types, had left the Village to imitators and camp followers. The rising rentals of the rehabilitated apartments were faced realistically by sensible people, whether of the "intelligentsia" or of the older neighbors, who moved out to escape the high rents or stayed and grumbled at the new residents, whom they blamed for this increase. Earlier Villagers were genuine professional people of one sort or another. Many of them stayed on. Perhaps the easiest way to distinguish the genuine from the pseudo Villagers, who formed the major group in the latter part of the decade, was by the simple measuring rod of work. The later Villagers who gave the district such country-wide fame talked about art and freedom but had very little to show for it in the way of accomplishment. Prohibition was no doubt the cause of a great deal of the exhibitionism of the period. The studio parties and hangouts were dependent upon alcohol for their success, and the experimentalism was not so much in the field of art as it was in personal relationships. To be sure, this was true not only of our neighborhood but also was to be found in countless other communities, and is to be attributed to the disillusionment of the war and the lack of civic interest which accompanied the disintegration of ideals.

The Italian speak-easy was the dominant type of restaurant of the period. Tearooms came and went. People drifted to the quarter from every part of New York and the country to find the atmosphere that was supposed to exist in Village hangouts. The Italian speakeasies were native and patronized by the older groups in the neighborhood as well as by patrons north of Fourteenth Street. Truckloads of grapes came to the quarter to be made up in wine, which sold for anywhere from three to five dollars a gallon. Old Jones Street friends always offered it to me at the three-dollar rate! The gutters were full of the purple mash. The Italian restaurants always had good food, and as they depended largely upon the sale of liquor they lowered the cost of the food. I think it would be correct to say that during prohibition the only good low-priced places to eat in the city, and especially in the Village, were the Italian speak-easies. There one could find on a Sunday a policeman dining with his family in innocent domesticity at the proprietor's expense. Protection was universal. The bootlegger often amassed really great wealth, as in the case of one of our neighbors, who, starting with a neighborhood grocery store, was correctly reported to be worth about half a million dollars. Once in every so often the federal authorities would back up to the place in the morning, but by evening business was going on again. There was more or less of what might be called an amateur quality to a great deal of what went on in these days in our neighborhood. There was none of the expensive hardness and glitter of the Broadway cafés, where wealthy men from out of town were shaken down.

Whereas uptown one carried a card to show at the gingerly opened door, in the Village it was generally unnecessary. The doorman knew his customers for the most part, and for the others he had attained an unerring accuracy as to their status. One of our more enterprising neighbors maintained direct trucking connection with the ships' unloaders, and from his garage night after night countless carloads went out to business customers. He banked the money every day and didn't even know how his vast fortune was invested. He told me this story in long picturesque detail after he had lost it all in 1930. His family fortunes rose and fell with his pious old father shaking his head in only half-willing connivance. "But he couldn't let a good chance for his boy go by," said my friend.

In countless ways the neighborhood suffered from jars and jolts. New ideals, new habits, new attitudes came into being. Local organizations held their affairs for the first time outside of the neighborhood rather than in it. The thirst for money increased gambling, which became universal in the neighborhood, from craps on the tenement steps to "numbers" in the garages and shops. Home life had a different connotation for the different groups in the Village. The newcomers came not for a home but to get rid of the conventions of their past. The old neighborhood families faced new dangers with mingled feelings. Perhaps after all the children might make desirable contacts with some of the new people. Often the attitudes of hostility cherished by one group for another were subconsciously mixed with envy. In the heterogeneity and disintegration of the period "art" rather than social change was the theme of all the newcomers. Escape was the dominant note, with each man for himself. Nothing constructive can come out of this attitude, nor has it the seeds of organization in it. And though there came to be with the necessarily increased contact of day by day a bit more understanding of one group for another, in general the neighborhood was divided into innumerable shattered fragments with little relation one to another. The three groups, the old neighborhood, the Italian neighborhood and the new "bohemian" neighborhood, remained unassimilated one with the other.

The Villagers thought of the Village as theirs, but the old residents knew it was theirs and was slipping. The Italians moved on and up with no hostility to the newcomers and, insofar as the new Villagers were devoted to art, with a fellow feeling. For the Italians are an old race with a long history of devotion to painting, sculpture, music and poetry. None of the older generation of Italians but had seen in the little church of the Italian village whence they came some bit of beauty which formed their childhood's taste. Though the churches of the neighborhood were attended by few of the newcomers, they remained and still remain the stronghold of the old Village.

The postwar period saw little change in the industrial aspect of the neighborhood. It was never a unionized district except for the longshoremen and teamsters. The badly paid candy workers on strike who had met in our hall did not succeed in obtaining their demands for higher wages and shorter hours. For the most part, workers in local factories came from outside the district, and local residents worked in offices elsewhere. As the district had a solidly entrenched political life, many of the neighbors secured minor positions in government offices. Those who both lived and worked in the district were largely attracted to the service industries, groceries, delicatessens, cleaning and dyeing and similar shops. The radicalism of the newcomers never was tried out in the neighborhood. None of the Villagers seemed to take any interest in the long hours and low wages of local industries. Their life was in the Village because they enjoyed the atmosphere of contrast, the old and new, the little old houses. But their purposes insofar as they were at all active were centered about general aspects of economic change. As I have already said, the later Villagers were disillusioned, and being a Villager was largely an alibi for not being a successful anything else.

As old neighbors moved out and new ones moved in, the population age shifted. The newcomers had few children. Indeed, most of them were individuals whose families lived elsewhere. The school population declined 42 per cent in the decade of 1920–30. And the parochial school census increased at the expense of the public schools, owing partly to the closing of certain upper-grade classes. This, perhaps, denoted a deepening of the cleft between the various elements of the community. The public schools' increase in social services in this period, especially in the field of health (fresh air, cardiac, homemaking classes, for example), evidenced a very real improvement which was reflected in the lowered mortality and morbidity rates. The changes of this period were mirrored also in the lessening of block life, as seen in the breakup of boys' gangs. The forces of liquor, motion pictures and Fords broke up the old attitudes, and these elements of difference and confusion all became consolidated in one thing only, the mad rush for money in the boom years. At the House the older club boys became prosperous with the rest. One of the boys lost twenty thousand dollars when the crash came. There was nothing new in the thirst for money. The old neighbors, indeed, laughed at the Villagers for spending money as they did on apartments and recreation. But in boom years this thirst, this gambling spirit, had acquired a dominance truly unique.

Contemporary with the boom another new element, bound to play an increasing part in political and social life, was the rapid spread of the radio. Organized broadcasting made its beginning in November, 1920, by transmitting bulletins on the result of the presidential election of that year. The 1930 Federal Census enumerated over 1,250,000 radio sets distributed throughout the country.

Towards the end of the decade there was an escape from the Village, owing to the higher rents, and interest shifted to Hoboken and Christopher Morley's revivals of American romantic drama. Many serious Villagers had gone to Paris or Rome, as I have said; and capable writers like Mary Heaton Vorse went back and forth, wherever the economic crisis was hottest, to report findings. Memories of the earlier Village days of John Reed and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Giovinetti, the Wallings and the gifted Randolph Bourne, who so often had played for us (for he was musical, too) at Jones Street, had sunk into a remote background. Forgotten was even the Alley Fiesta of 1917 opened by Mayor Mitchel and fostered by Mrs. Whitney, where all the genuine artists of the period had joined in a picturesque street fair.

But the most significant phase of the Village life which had a lasting influence on the life of the city was undoubtedly the emergence of theater groups of creative excellence. The Washington Square Players were followed by the Provincetown Playhouse. And then came the Greenwich Village Theater and other minor groups. The disappearance of these groups or their blossoming into uptown ventures was a serious loss to the neighborhood. The Village needs one good experimental theater not as a temporary effort but as a permanent part of its life. Mrs. Whitney's Museum has made a definite place for itself, as has the Downtown Gallery on Thirteenth Street, but the theater days are for the time being in eclipse.

Many whose distinguished names have been associated with the early and later Village—as Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser and Upton Sinclair—though residents of the neighborhood, were really outsiders to local life. Nevertheless, their names added to the glitter and attraction of those years. The Village Balls, which the later Village patronized, though at first rather amusing affairs, degenerated into rowdy nights reminiscent of the early Village but having little in common with it. The Civic Club was a final attempt to round up all that was good in the Village attitude: open-mindedness with civic and social interests. But that, too, finally disappeared. The elements of cohesion disintegrated, but there was a residual benefit from the geographical contiguity of these widely disparate influences and attitudes—which could not be seen till the economic crisis again brought a significant turn in Village affairs.

We were all supposed to reap the benefits of wartime enthusiasm by carrying it over into peacetime. Many attempts to conserve the community organization of wartime were made. But all this was soon liquidated. What did take place was the fantastic Lusk investigation of 1920. This was a legislative investigation named for the senator who introduced the bill. The idea was that there were traitors in our midst who not only had been against the war but who were later to tear down our social structure. Although the whole investigation was a farce, there are four volumes published at the expense of the taxpayers recording the fruits of the inquiry.* Among others who were called upon to testify, I was summoned to City Hall by the attorney for the investigation and asked if we harbored any forums at Greenwich House where such matters as communism were discussed. All the settlements, indeed, were suspect in his eyes. Free discussion of matters of current interest was, according to the legislative committee, a dangerous business. One night a few years later when my husband and I were dining at the Nippon Club, I was taken in to dinner by this same Lusk counsel, greatly to the amusement of my husband, glancing at me from far down across the table. But it was all over then. Hysteria had gone into other channels.

Many fortunes had been built up by the war. Although prosperity didn't take the spectacular upswing of a few years later, it was visible at many high spots.

One of the deadly sequences of the war was the sudden wave of influenza, mentioned above, which came to this country with its returning soldiers. Miss Lillian Wald headed a committee of settlements, physicians, nurses and citizens to combat this evil. Widespread information was given out by the Board of Health and local information centers of all kinds as to treatment and precautionary measures. But it should be noted that in the postwar period as a whole the health in the neighborhood was decidedly bettered. The significant decrease in both the general death rate and the death rates in infancy and from tuberculosis was doubtless owing partly to the different population and age distribution; but it must be credited very largely to the health campaign carried on both at our House and at other centers of the district.

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* *Revolutionary Radicalism: Its History, Purpose and Tactics,* being the report of the Joint Legislative Committee of the State of New York Investigating Seditious Activities, filed April 24, 1920, in the Senate of the State of New York.

In our wartime center for the care of children of working mothers, little ones of preschool age came to us for all day, and brothers and sisters in the schools near-by came over as soon as school was dismissed in the afternoon to stay until their parents called for them. Women who had come into industry during the war were not going to stay at home when the war was over. Mrs. J. G. Drayton, who had been associated with the first social center at Public School 41, was active in the movement for the care of working-mothers' children. At Greenwich House it was transformed step by step into two divisions: one for the care of preschool children, which became the nursery school; and the other, the building up of the after school activities.

The new Village, which began in 1912 with ideas and beliefs, sank into the gin Village of the twenties. The life of the Village was broken up into countless disparate groups seeking satisfactions in accordance with individual tastes. Outside breezes blew in to aerate the old solid neighborhood.

The Village metamorphosis was, then, a product of many forces: those of civic progress, of prohibition, of disillusionment and escape. It was a microcosm whose conspicuous highlight displayed the new alignments crystallized in the aftermath of the war.

Our summers we have always spent in Maine. In 1918 we moved from North Perry to Robbinston, to the historic old Mansion House that from the War of 1812 on had played a great part in the affairs of the St. Croix countryside. At the confluence of the river with the Passamaquoddy Bay, the tides come up to our lawn, and the distant New Brunswick hills appear on the horizon as they bound the Bay of Fundy and our own Bay. Up and down our hall's double staircase, one can envision the visitors of past generations. For in this house Horace Greeley and James G. Blaine conferred and the Republican party's early councils were held. General Brewer, the builder of our house, was one of the many shipowners of the old town whose ships plied not only from Maine to Boston but all over the globe. Today it is my husband's famous delphiniums that draw visitors from far away. Our cool summers have offset the excitement and complexity of New York life, and in the austerity of that northern peace, renewed energy arises for the tasks ahead.

CHAPTER XI

THE DOWNWARD TURN

I WAS in Hartford at the hospital during that October. My brother brought me back to his house on the twenty-ninth. He said that the stock market had crashed and everything had gone to pieces. Somehow it didn't seem to mean much. It was like learning of a flood in China. We like to be sympathetic, but we rarely have the imagination and sensitiveness for what is remote. But my mother was far from indifferent. When eighty years of age some time before this, she had decided she would put her affairs in the hands of a trust company, for, as she said, "No knowing when I shall be incompetent." But when she learned that there was nothing less than a panic, for the first time she regretted that she was not handling her own securities. "Why?" said my brother. "Because I'd like to go down and buy 'United Fruit,' " she said. And sure enough, this stock held its own! My mother never lost either her charm or her intellectual acumen during all of her ninety-four years.

I convalesced in Litchfield with a friend and still didn't grasp the magnitude of the calamity. At first it was felt that this was a temporary panic and governable if only the financial forces would rally and pull together. It was thought that "morale" could win. But it didn't. For the crash of 1929 resulted in the most serious unemployment the country has ever witnessed. In 1907–8, 1914–15 and 1921–22, to be sure, there had been panics which were of economic importance. Students of these cycles, however, did not foretell this particular disaster. The panic of 1907–8 was precipitated by the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. There were rent strikes on the East Side. Workingmen relied on their savings, secured other jobs and were helped out by friends. They did not ask for charity or welcome it. In December of 1914 Mayor Mitchel appointed a citizens' committee. Emergency workshops were established. The settlements of the city visited retail stores to discover they were carrying an increased number of customers on credit. The Citizens' Committee found unemployment in almost 25 per cent of the families covered. There were about thirty thousand people homeless, and four thousand of these were on bread lines. In 1921 President Harding called a conference on unemployment, but nothing really important resulted from the deliberations. Unemployment had in fact come to be recognized as one of the marks of a rapidly changing technology.

But the crash of 1929 grew worse as the months went by. Conferences increased and organizations multiplied. Money was raised by private charitable associations that attempted at first to cope with the mounting disaster. In New York the Welfare Council's Coordinating Committee, representing every type of social agency dealing with relief, was formed in order to effect some measure of joint thought and action. The distress of the unemployed showed itself in insufficient food and fuel. Credit disappeared. The use of milk was infrequent, and eggs disappeared from the diet of the unemployed. Starch and sugar became the leading articles of food. Moving to poorer quarters was inevitable, and an exodus to relations and friends was frequent. Doubling up became the rule—to such an extent that a Welfare Council report in 1932 spoke of the occupancy of three rooms by eight or ten as not uncommon. Rooms not used by members of family groups were rented to lodgers. Debt for back rent mounted, and property was lost for lack of ability to meet mortgage payments. Parents were forced to postpone dental care for themselves and their children. Of course excursions, new clothing, contemplated educational advance and all kinds of recreation were abandoned. And then came the tighter pinch of inability to buy ice or coal or even the use of electricity or gas.

Public relief—both "home relief" (that is, money aid which followed giving up the grocery orders), so embarrassing and openly shameful to the great masses of unemployed people, and "work relief," which as time went on assumed various names but which was, nevertheless, "relief"—was established both for humanitarian reasons and also as "priming the pump" to effect an increase in the consumption of goods. But at Greenwich House we felt it a neighbor's obligation to give emergency help when the wheels of public assistance moved too slowly. This was especially necessary in the case of moving families from one apartment to another, or in keeping the light and heat from being turned off. The large Italian church of the neighborhood, Our Lady of Pompeii, helped especially by giving out the blessed church candles to light the darkened tenements. This particular church believed that every human need ought to be met by it as far as it was possible. It was for this reason that they erected a great parish building with a hall where miracle plays were given and where preschool children could come as well as the young people and the older groups. It was a mark of true neighborliness that a prominent local Jewish businessman made a handsome contribution to the new Pompeii church when they left the old building. That was in boom days, but it was genuine and it indicated the frequent examples of the interpenetration of one group by another in even the most heterogeneous of neighborhoods.

In the autumn of 1931 unemployment among homeless men became visible to even the most indifferent New Yorker. In various parts of the city where there were open spaces and vacant lots, "jungles" appeared. These villages of the unemployed built by them for shelter were as creditable to ingenuity as they were pitiful exhibits of the failure of organized society.

Our own local jungle * was located on West Street at the corner of Charlton Street. It occupied one of the blocks cleared by the New York Central Railroad for its

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* I am indebted to a group of my associates for the detailed accuracy of this description: Miriam Oliver, Helen Johnson Small, Murray Sachs.

tracks. The adjacent blocks were surrounded by high board fences.

On the side toward West Street were located the shacks of the white settlers. The Negroes were on the Washington Street side. The white and Negro communities kept quite separate from each other socially, although they were physically near. One or two of the Negroes, however, fraternized with the whites. There was also a group of Mexicans, and Central Americans, and South Americans, with whom the whites had little or nothing to do.

The houses were in large measure below the ground. Since the lot was originally covered with houses, the cellar holes formed a good base for construction. Many of the houses were at least three-quarters under ground, with only enough above the surface to permit a window and roof. Some of the houses located in the hollows made by cellar holes were not dugouts, their walls being entirely of board and a space existing outside of the walls. The shacks varied greatly in quality. Some, both of the dugouts and of the shacks which were above ground, were well built and snug as well as fairly roomy. Others were merely thrown together or scooped out; they were dark, cold and cramped.

The best house built above the ground was a two-room bungalow with well-matched boards, good flooring, beams and doorjamb true, good roofing and a good window. Inside, the wall was wainscoted halfway up. The wood used for this purpose consisted of very narrow lathes carefully cut and fitted together and stained green. The upper part of the walls was lined with cardboard and papered with white wallpaper, as was the low ceiling. The main room contained substantial shelves, the bedroom firm bunks. An old coal range, secured in return for assistance to a man who was moving, had been installed in one corner. A piece of linoleum covered the floor. At the windows, over the shelves and over the door to the second room were curtains. The walls were decorated with pictures drawn by one of the neighboring shack dwellers. This shack was shared by three men, and others came in to do their baking in the stove, as it was the only oven in this part of the jungle. It took one man about three days to build the main room, and when his friends joined him they built the addition.

The best dugout was constructed by three sailors. They lined the walls with stone chinked with clay, whitewashed over the stone, constructed firm shelves and three bunks, carpeted the floor, installed a skylight in the roof and a window on one side, wallpapered the ceiling and one part of one wall and curtained the window and bunks. For heat this house used a tin oil barrel laid on its side, with a piece of tin over the hole at one end; the top side was flattened so that a frying pan might be rested on it. A smokestack at the opposite end went out through the roof.

Furniture for these and other shacks had been secured from the city marshal. When furniture belonging to persons who have been dispossessed is not claimed within a certain period the city marshal has to get rid of it. From this source the shacks were well furnished with tables, chairs, and so forth, and also with dishes (from this or some other source). In some cases open fireplaces with a piece of tin over the top were used for heat, but most of the shacks used a tin barrel and stovepipe. Light was furnished by candles or lanterns in most shacks. One or two were dark, though at least one had an excellent kerosene lamp donated to it. In contrast to the shacks which were comparatively well built, there were a few very miserable hovels without heat, air or light. One of these looked like an overgrown coffin on stilts. It was raised about a foot off the ground, was hardly high enough for a man to sit up in, and was perhaps four or five feet wide and ten feet long. It had neither heat nor light. Another had only a hole through a flap of canvas for an entrance. Its owner crawled in with his coat off and then dragged his coat in after him. It had neither heat nor light. Another consisted of an overturned Ford with a fireplace where the engine was and a couple of packing boxes out behind. The occupant slept with his feet in the fireplace.

Food was secured by periodic trips to the downtown market when produce was coming in. Here it is always possible to pick up supplies. The rest of the food was purchased. Since wood for heat can be picked up in plentiful quantities and building materials also requisitioned, only food and candles or kerosene had to be purchased. Water was carried in pails or milk cans from a gas station near-by. Most of the white occupants were permitted by the gas station people to use the toilet facilities there.

The men went looking for work nearly every day. Someone stayed behind in each shack to see that it was not rifled while the other occupants hunted for an hour or two of work on the docks, helped load trucks or did other odd jobs. Some brought in funds by panhandling, but the "better element" did not approve of this. Panhandling was common among both Negroes and whites. The publicity given to the settlement brought a number of sight-seers, who left a contribution for food or cigarettes in the houses which they visited. A very few of the men worked regularly. Possessions were shared, according to one man on the assumption that "everything that I have is yours and everything that you have is yours also." This, he says, "worked fine." It did not work well enough, however, to make it unnecessary to guard the shacks.

The men who lived in this town were estimated, in the fall of 1931, at approximately fifty whites and three hundred blacks and Central Americans. New men came in every day, although it was difficult to see from the crowding of shacks just where newcomers would be able to stake their claims. Many of the whites came in from the sea, being sailors, stokers, firemen, engineers, and so forth, on the ships which docked near-by. Others were longshoremen. Among them, in numbers estimated by the "better element" as constituting a majority, were steady workingmen. The white group included mostly Americans, with a few miscellaneous characters described as "Polacks" and an occasional Italian. The blacks and mestizos included American Negroes, West Indian "spicks," "Cubians," and Central Americans. Most of them also came in on the boats. Among the West Indians there were many who habitually take ship at the end of the coffee season, to return in the spring. These have come in largely on the Clyde Line boats, having worked their passage one way and being unable to secure work on the boats going out or any work on shore.

There were only men in the jungle. Some had sent wife and children home to the wife's parents and had dug themselves in to take their chances on finding work. One engineer from one of the coastwise steamship lines took his wife and children home to New England (from Fourteenth Street, where they had resided) and hitchhiked all the way to Texas looking for work along the way. When he got back he decided that the chances were better as a squatter in New York than working for six dollars a week in the New Bedford mills. He said that he thought the best thing to do if they got chased off this lot was to find another place where it was possible to squat in the same way. The men who occupied the better shacks kept their places clean and maintained their own personal appearance, being well washed and shaved and altogether upstanding in appearance and manner. One man was said to have his sons with him.

No one disturbed these men in the exercise of squatter privileges for many months. Depredations by a hoodlum gang along West Street were attributed to the jungle men, but when the marauders were caught they turned out to be mostly residents of Greenwich Street, with the exception of one jungle Negro and one jungle white man.

In 1929 our House had expanded in several directions. Our affiliation with Columbia University took place on March 12, 1929. My husband's friends at Columbia had for many years been interested in our work. Professor Henry Seager, whose body lies in far-off Kiev, had spent a winter with us on Jones Street when his family had to be in the South and had taken an active part in all that was going on. Both James Harvey and Grace Robinson were close personal friends. Grace was especially helpful in the development of the music school and bringing to it both directors and musicians. Professor Seligman was our president for a while and has never ceased to be interested in our life. John Dewey headed our educational committee in our early days. Indeed, it seemed most natural that our many personal and work associations should eventuate in a more formal relationship. The trustees of both Columbia and Greenwich House entered into an agreement that there should be no financial responsibility on the part of Columbia for the work of the House, yet that there should be some joint work fostered as from time to time might seem desirable. It was further stipulated that if the Society should dissolve, Columbia should become the residuary legatee with the hope of carrying on social educational activities as needs are indicated. Universities and settlements have a common field of interest in social structure and in social change both from an economic and from a sociological angle. From the beginnings of the settlement in England this relationship has in general been fruitful. But in our case we felt that a closer and more definite tie-up would be valuable in order that the House might not dissolve and disappear as changes take place decade by decade. Our theory is that a settlement is not an institution harboring activities but a stimulating center for rethinking and for new action in the light of new events. We might envision a time when all our present activities might be liquidated, but we are convinced the time will not come when a neighborhood center will cease to be needed, bringing to light as it does local desires and needs and presenting the views of all groups and interests with the intent of creating a common understanding and, as far as may be, a working agreement.

It was in 1928 that our workshops opened, that 46 Barrow Street was purchased to enlarge our music school, that the new swimming pool in Hudson Park was opened. In December of that winter Gerard Swope, our president, gave a memorable talk at our House on his plan, the wide discussion of which presaged, though in differing form, the National Recovery Act. At that meeting Frances Perkins, then Commissioner of Labor of New York State, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., publisher of the *American Agriculturist*, were present. No one of the three had met the others, as I recall it, till that evening. So often, both at our House and at many other settlements, people have been brought together with different life experiences and outlooks for the first time. Hospitality to people and to ideas is the settlement's dominant characteristic.

In 1927 and again in 1929 Amelia Earhart was with us. Coming back late at night, she would say she had been over New York looking down at the city. We had had every profession represented among our workers, but here was a superwoman entering into an unknown field. She felt at home in a settlement, for there too she felt the fellowship of those who were seeking new paths into the unknown future. She had a very tender heart, sensitive to injustice. Her scientific interest gave her an inquiring attitude into every aspect of life. The neighborhood gathering where she told of her great adventures stands out as a starry event unique in our history.

Our boys and young men who had hitherto found camp opportunities in the Palisades Park at this time enjoyed, through the courtesy of the State Park Commission, the Heckscher State Park, but in 1930 we acquired a site of our own seven miles from Poughkeepsie which we named in honor of our former president, Herbert Parsons. This camp has great possibilities for development and has already made a lasting place for itself in the affections of our young people.

Dr. Caroline Ware's study of our area in the postwar decade took place in 1930. About a hundred students, neighbors and associates from various racial and religious and political groups took part in the study, which brought to light valuable data to follow up. The exodus to other neighborhoods, so striking a feature of the immediately preceding years, was checked in the depression years. Initiative of any kind was in abeyance, and fear stopped new trends. The Old Age Pension Law, which was passed April 10, 1930, came at the right time to help with at least one of the distressing features of the period. Families who would otherwise have been added to the relief rolls were kept afloat by even the small amounts this law provided. Also, additional educational facilities were thrown open at this time both in the schools and through the various work relief projects resulting finally in the establishment of the Works Progress Administration.

There has been a vast amount of discussion on the merits of the WPA, but the main point to keep in mind as we have seen it in the settlements is that skills have been retained and also developed which otherwise would have been lost. The hopelessness and degradation of home relief in comparison with working for wages has seemed to us obvious. Many of the projects may have been foolish or wasteful. But the difference in spirit and attitude towards life which work brings to the unemployed as contrasted with receiving public money as charity is certainly incontrovertible. That public works should be organized to employ as far as may be those not absorbed by industry seems the logical way of meeting this difficulty. Public works plus relief for those not capable of being used in a public works program would still leave room for a middle group not able, perhaps, to be used in public works but who can do useful work in the community for which payment is just. While some of the arts program of the white-collar projects of the WPA may be open to criticism, there is a solid body of accomplishment which has been a very real social asset. The country needs more music, drama, crafts and art. Subsidies have been granted to keep afloat these spiritual interests in many countries. Even in our own country we have had here and there on the public pay roll, irrespective of relief needs, some of these activities. Bands in the parks, buildings provided by the taxpayers to house art treasures occur to one as examples. We felt in our neighborhood that it was good to preserve and intensify interest in these matters even where the excellence was questionable. And often the skills have been exceptionally good. There has been a true popular demand both for performance and for appreciative enjoyment which has been encouraging in communities where too little stress has been laid on these civilizing influences.

Naturally during these years a center like Greenwich House was crowded with those who enjoyed a happy life there even in the midst of the greatest economic stress. Sports attracted a large group. Club meetings and dances, week end trips, chess tournaments and bridge games brought others. Good patterns of behavior were maintained in this way which so easily slipped for those to whom such opportunities were unavailable. The use of our House was continuous; we were overcrowded. The concerts that our music school held at local schools or in the library were greatly appreciated. We sent away unusually large parties of children for the summer, and it was then that we noticed that children infested by mosquito bites or with other minor infections had such difficulty in throwing them off. This the nurses maintained was owing to the excessive use of starch in the current diet.

Generous friends came to help us make our program more attractive in these hard years. John Erskine played, and most beautiful of all was the concert when Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with our orchestra, a memorable event to the young musicians and to all who listened. This great friend of our music school left an indelible impression of his beauty both as a man and as an artist.

Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer, our friend to whom we owed so many years of devotion and support and to whom we were largely indebted for our new building on Barrow Street, died in August, 1931. She was a woman of great strength, breadth of outlook and tenacity of purpose. She used to like to come to the House, and it was she who was associated with this work before her daughter Carola came to us after her graduation from Bryn Mawr. Carola had the native power of her mother and the dare and vigor of an untamed youth. Mrs. Woerishoffer was formal in appearance and manner and liked the old conventions, but she had originality and independence of thought. These characteristics came naturally to Carola.

During 1931 and 1932 there was a general deflation. All savings were spent, insurance cashed in, payment on mortgages not met, renewal of clothing abandoned, recreation given up. We were obliged to give emergency aid for carfare, for light, heat and sometimes shelter. The opening of the Eighth Avenue subway made our district still more accessible to the city at large. As government aid increased, our neighborhood was furnished with orchestral help, with block recreational activities. Painting classes were crowded. The evictions, the grocery orders, the general breakdown, all served to reinforce our conviction that civic organization would be far more effective if the city were divided into administrative districts.

It is not possible to do anything well from a distance. Just as we are all finding out that federal aid and standards are necessary but that administration is more efficient when carried on locally, so it is in large cities that central management would be greatly aided and humanized by local participation. Years ago the local school boards were shorn of any real power. As a whole the move towards centralization was good, but the school system would have developed in a more elastic way, suiting local needs more adequately, if a study had been made with a view to incorporating local opinion in local matters. It has been supposed that parents' associations would supply this function, but too often these parents' groups have turned out to be pressure or critical groups engaged in personalities rather than in fundamental improvements. However, these parents' organizations have great possibilities for good. With the new charter, it may be expected that provision for a city plan commission with large powers in coordinating central and local authority will treat these relationships in a more scientific way than in the past.

Local autonomy is impossible and undesirable, but still local sentiment can be mobilized for local improvement, and that has been our aim at Greenwich House throughout these years. During the most crowded part of 1933 the House had a weekly attendance of about ten thousand people—double the number that should be normally harbored in our space. During these years of depression we made many valuable tie-ups with city departments, especially with the Department of Education. Not only the change in the workshops administration but the opportunity to use public school teachers for the summer play school, the securing of credits by students of the continuation school in our nursery school and other departments, and numerous other connections have made our House a very real annex to the public schools of the neighborhood. Whereas the progressive schools have the advantage of having their children all day long, these schools obviously are not available to the great masses of the children. The progressive schools hope to influence public education and prevail upon the school authorities to adopt their methods. There are many teachers in the public schools who are as progressive as any outside these schools, but so far the size of the classes and the vastness of the problem allow of relatively little accent on those features which are of especial charm and interest to children. We have felt, therefore, that we should accent, in the activities we provide for children after school, painting, dancing, drama, music and crafts, including the household arts and sciences. Interest in science is intense when properly presented. The settlements as a whole, and certainly Greenwich House, have neglected this particular field.

At the music school in 1933–34 more than four hundred students received free group instruction from unemployed music teachers furnished by the WPA. The House during this period has used not only WPA leaders in recreation, adult and workers' education, drama, music, and arts and crafts, but when the National Youth Administration made assignments to the settlements, we accommodated about eighty of these young people as helpers also. The introduction of these government helpers has been in many ways a great aid to our work. We have been able to offer additional recreational and educational opportunities to our neighbors at no salary expense to our Society. There have been great qualitative difficulties, as would be expected. One genteel old lady taught crocheting to the girls and the making of knitted belts to a boys' group. Up to this time she had taught her craft in hospitals where her pupils were from the nature of things under more or less subjugation and incapable of deviltry. Our ten-year-olds were quite a shock to her. At the end of a long day, she toiled up to the office of the afternoon children's activities director and sank exhausted into a chair. She expressed a hope to be transferred soon and wound up with these words, "Oh, how I do long for the peace and quiet of an insane asylum." Many transfers have been made, some at the instance of the government bodies and some at our recommendation. These changes often presented the quiet continuity of dependable leadership which is the *sine qua non* of group work. In many instances, however, there has been marked leadership among the white-collar workers. At Pompeii church, which has the only good, very large auditorium in our neighborhood, *Joseph and His Brethren* was put on with a cast of two hundred under competent management, greatly to the delight of large audiences. Similar musical and educational events would have been impossible with our regular small staff. However, as these positions are liquidated, we face the necessary deflation in the number of activities which the neighborhood has enjoyed under the government white-collar projects. There is a widespread hope that many of these activities will be saved and incorporated into governmental educational programs under normal public auspices. The sifting both in leadership and in project choices must needs be very thorough if values of this work are to be permanently conserved.

Neighborhood forces, especially valuable in this period, have included the Greenwich Village Association activities and particularly the work of its Village Plan Committee, whose ideas, we hope, may be incorporated into the city plan the new charter ensures. The *Villager*, a local newspaper, presented its first issue on April 13, 1933. The local newspapers of the past had been either literary attempts, which had had really nothing to do with local life, or of the home news variety, which had centered their attention upon the older neighborhood groups with little reference to new growth and change. This paper has been most useful in bringing about a common knowledge of Village activities.

Subsequent to the study of the postwar decade by Caroline Ware, Professor Thrasher of New York University made studies of social aspects of our neighborhood with special reference to youth activities. All these approaches to the problems which beset us in our neighborhood have been of use as we attempt to build up, step by step, a fuller local life.

The depression years in our neighborhood tended to break up the group solidarities of the postwar decade. Distress struck every layer of Village life. We have all suffered together, and common disaster brings people close together. The social disintegration that came directly after the war was replaced by fears held in common during this time. As prewar radicalism gave way to the emphasis upon art and pseudo art after the war, so during the depression years the life of the region swung back to a reemphasis on the social significance of current events. Why did the depression come about? What can we do about it now that it is here? How can the American standard of living be preserved at such a time? These were the questions that concerned the entire country and resulted in the election of President Roosevelt. Then came about the many federal measures taken as an attempt to answer these questions. The measures found their echo in the small urban districts, as elsewhere. And there grew up within these districts, for the first time perhaps, an attempt at self-education. Organizations of the unemployed sprang up, some of them dogmatically radical, others more factual in attitude. Locals have been formed throughout the country with a view to understanding the situation and securing action in defense of the American standard of living. Although such organizations are "pressure groups" with a view to securing benefits to the members, they are also a real attempt at bringing to light the social evils of the time and the administrative inequalities which naturally have clustered about so vast a calamity as that of the crisis from which we are now emerging.

And to what extent are we emerging? The unemployed are still with us in vast numbers. The benefits from the federal unemployment program are only beginning to be felt, and public housing has made only a small beginning with a hopeful but nevertheless an uncertain future; but like a person who has been very ill and who is now in need of convalescent care, so is our social situation. Many of the unemployed in our neighborhood will never find reemployment, owing to age, or lack of skill, or technological change. But dark as the situation is in a neighborhood like ours, it still is far brighter than it was in 1929. One of the good aspects of the depression has certainly been a very real liquidation of vanity, snobbery and pretense. Much has been taken away, but the residuum shows, perhaps especially in youth, a solid facing of the facts on which the future may be better built.

GROWTH AND CHANGE

AS WE emerge from the more dramatic aspects of unemployment and economic disaster, we have come to new problems or new aspects of old problems. But looking back over forty years of New York life, one can sincerely register great improvements in living conditions, in earnings, in educational and recreational opportunities. Younger people witnessing so much that should be changed in the present cannot comprehend the real growth in civilized living that has taken place.

Labor conditions show this change most conspicuously. Not until 1870 was there any reference in the census to the employment of women in New York City when domestic science and dressmaking were the major groups. Teachers and clerks were less than 5 per cent of the total gainfully employed. From 1870 to 1900 the employment of women increased faster than the growth of the city's population. In the nineties there was great excitement about the increasing number of women in manufacturing establishments, especially as they replaced men.

Our district was for many years a center for homeworkers. The homework law went into effect in July, 1892. At that time factory buildings in New York were erected on sites formerly occupied by tenements, and many tenement houses were remodeled into shop buildings for the manufacture of clothing. The horsecar was the chief mode of transportation in New York in those days, and it therefore seems likely that women worked largely in the districts in which they lived.

As the years have gone on, with an increasing number of women employed, a consciousness of the industrial situation has deepened among women. Though women's trade-unions are not commensurate with the need for organization, and though women have not always been cordially welcomed in men's unions, the place of women in industry has become recognized as important. Families and institutions that looked adversely upon the entrance of women into industrial pursuits now take it for granted as a permanent change. The entrance of women into the labor market was, of course, intensified in wartime, when replacement occurred on a vast scale. This change is especially significant in the groups where women were enclosed in home life most conspicuously, as in the case of the Italian-born women or the American women of Italian parentage. The Italian girl, like all her American sisters, now goes to business. This change has not yet wholly altered the social customs of the group, however. In a mill town very near New York City I know a young Italian woman who is chaperoned by her brother both to and from the factory where she works. Safe at home and in the factory, she is not yet regarded as safe on the street, where she may meet undesirable advances. But this is doubtless the last gasp of chaperonage. As women have gone into industry they have become more work-conscious and hence more alive to the economic situation. The self-reliance of young womanhood has mitigated the harsher aspects of paternal authority, though economic freedom has been combined in the industrial family with a willingness to make a common pool of earnings that is by no means in evidence in middle-class families. Women's wages have not advanced relatively, however, to men's. There is less organization, and often women replace men just because they are more easily exploited. Social legislation has been called into being to protect women and children, while men have relied on their own joint bargaining power. Forty years ago in New York the National Consumers' League was engaged in trying to make women conscious of their bargaining power with a view to abolishing sweatshop wages and conditions. I was on the executive board of the organization from 1898 to 1917, when Mrs. Lowell, who had been one of the original moving spirits of this movement, was reinforced by the powerful leadership of Florence Kelley. Mrs. Kelley fought child labor year after year with a single-mindedness that built up a country-wide consciousness of the evils of low pay and bad work conditions. She became convinced that voluntary group action would never succeed by itself. The campaign must become a legislative one. Perhaps more than to any other individual we owe legislation improving labor conditions for women and children to Mrs. Kelley. The woman suffrage campaign, while primarily based on democratic human rights, also accelerated interest in the economic fate of women and brought women into political life.

New York City has been a center for the garment industry, and the great change that has taken place in the improvement of that industry has been largely due to the genius of the leaders in the clothing workers' unions. From the beginning their purpose was to raise the standard of living of the whole group. With this in view they entered the field of banking, and with their own resources they also built homes for their workers. The clothing business has ceased to exhibit the wretched sweatshops and home manufacture of forty years ago. A memorable evening in my College Settlement days was devoted to the reading of his poems, *Songs from the Ghetto*, by Morris Rosenfeld. These poems picture a situation that has ceased to exist.

The gains have had to be guarded and watched, but that there has been real gain no one will deny. During these years wages have gone up and living conditions have improved. It is true that the unemployment crises show us how insecure these gains may be. Nevertheless, there have been certain undeniable, solid, substantial gains.

In the field of public education we have seen a vast increase of high school attendance. The demand on the part not only of the professions, but also of most industries, for a certain minimum standard of education has raised the general age level for leaving school from fourteen to sixteen. And this age level is rising. No matter how just criticism of our public school system may be, no matter how many defects there are in both attitude and accomplishment, the general range of interest and understanding of the problems that surround us has undoubtedly widened. Special aspects of education have developed. Vocational training is being emphasized and special classes for the handicapped are opening up new opportunities. It is true that there are still regions in America where there is practically no schooling. We may well be suspicious of graduation diplomas that mean little, of teaching that is only regimentation, but these evils are now widely recognized and much more valiantly tackled than hitherto.

In our own neighborhood young men who left public or parochial schools as boys now regret it, and the poorest families make every effort to send the children to high school or even to college. This no doubt has been partly due to the fact that industrial unemployment made it especially necessary to keep the young people busy in school. Parents have so dreaded the terrible evils of idleness, and the bitterness the growing children have felt at not being wanted anywhere, that they have made every effort to keep the children in school as long as possible. At any rate high schools and colleges supported by public funds have been crowded.

Public recreational facilities during these past forty years in New York have been greatly increased. The campaign for small parks and playgrounds, started largely by the settlements and fostered more and more by all publicspirited citizens, and coming to fruition under Robert Moses' leadership, has resulted in the opening of a great number of opportunities for neighborhood play and recreation. These opportunities have been greatly augmented by the purchase of large areas for public parks both by the state and by the cities of the state. The use of these parks by millions of people has been immediate and universal. Developments like Jones Beach, one of the finest beaches in the world, have greatly heightened the standard of living in one of its most important aspects. Even the most hidebound individualist will hardly grudge the expenditure of the taxpayer's money for this purpose. In our own neighborhood play space has been largely increased by the use of the Board of Transportation's areas. In 1913 a law was passed providing that play space be secured in the case of all new school buildings. But without supervision these play spaces soon deteriorate, as groups will come in and monopolize the place, driving out those who need it most. "I didn't have to be supervised when I was young" is a statement that is wholly irrelevant to an urban situation. Play leaders are certainly educators, and the improvement of their status leaves much still to be desired. Of course, the fact is that recreation, at any rate for small children, will never be satisfactorily provided till recreation and housing are considered as one problem. The twenty-five-foot-front house, one hundred feet deep, which set the pattern for New York, made it impossible to co-ordinate recreation with the home. Mothers naturally prefer to be able to see what their children are doing when in a crowded street than to have the children go alone to a distant or out-of-sight playground. Attempts have been made to get owners of a block together to provide in the rear one playground for common use. But the success of this attempt has been limited. Someone always objects. The recreation in the cities of the future will be provided in direct relation to housing, as in the case of the new public housing developments in Harlem and Williamsburg. However, the opportunities for recreation in New York City and in our own neighborhood have been greatly increased.

Public health has also been a determining factor in the rise of the standard of living. For the introduction of baby and preschool clinics and now the development of neighborhood health centers, which will include preventive measures against tuberculosis and venereal disease, have lowered the death rate of infants, young children and indeed the whole population and greatly reduced the sickness rate. This has made the family income go further and has raised earning capacity as well as providing a happier family life. The housing law of 1901 prevented the worst types of housing subsequent to that date, but this most important feature of city life needs fundamental reconsideration and drastic action.

Traffic and transportation have been revolutionized in this period. Whereas it was not possible for people in the old enclosed neighborhoods to get away to beaches and parks except at the expenditure of much time and money, now there is a network of subways which take people easily and cheaply to distant points. The effect of this transportation is to increase an interest in nature and in life in less crowded neighborhoods. One of my neighbors in Jones Street had never been as far as Central Park during her long life in New York. It would be harder today to find anyone so neighborhood-bound.

The increase of mass production clothing has taken place during this period so that people are usually better dressed today than formerly. And the styles are simpler, so that if anyone wishes to make a dress it is easy to follow prevailing patterns. The girls on very little money are as prettily dressed at our dances as at any fashionable uptown dance. As for food, there is no better market in the world than New York. The Italians, with their attractive shops and pushcarts, have shown Americans and Irish the wealth of choice there is in vegetables and fruits. Physicians and teachers have spread information as to vitamins and the necessity of doing away with menus exclusively made up of proteins and starch. A balanced diet is being urged by boards of health, hospitals and schools, as well as in radio talks. Though there is still room for further education, New York's neighborhoods are much better informed on matters of diet than they were twenty-five years ago. Education in regard to the use of alcohol has lagged, owing to the fact that prohibition introduced the question of personal liberty. If the use of alcohol could be divorced from moral considerations and placed where it belongs, as an important feature of a health program, more progress could be made in lessening its use. The effect of prohibition was to spread the consumption of alcohol among young people and especially among girls, who had before that time as a matter of custom refused to drink. The place of alcohol should become a regular part of the diet discussions in a school health program.

The changed attitudes toward sex have not permeated our neighborhood life. The double standard of morals still is adhered to: chastity is cherished for women and license for men ignored. Sex experience before marriage is not advocated even when practiced. The "Villager's" freedom in this regard is looked down upon. Nevertheless, there are changes in other aspects of sex relationships. Whereas formerly a girl would go out only with her "steady" and it was considered reprehensible if she were even to dance with other partners, the customs now obtaining are like those of other groups. This is probably owing to the knowledge of ways and customs of all people the motion pictures have presented. Though passion is luridly presented, virtue generally wins out. The motion picture relies on mass emotions and standards and, unlike the theater, hesitates to try new attitudes. To sell out one house is very different from the risk of placing a film in hundreds of thousands of houses. Mass production tends to orthodoxy. But while the older ideals of marriage are held to, the economic independence of women has changed the interrelationships of the family picture. A daughter when unhappy at home can now threaten that she will leave, an impossibility before she was self-supporting. Family life, therefore, is aerated with possibilities which tend to put that life on a higher plane of joint purpose and good will, rather than upon paternal tyranny.

Not only has the public health program been successful, but technical advance in the control of infection has taken place. The use of motor vehicles has practically done away with the horse in the city, and this has meant the disappearance of flies and the infection they carry.

Social institutions have greatly changed during these decades. The political clubhouses, which used to be crowded, have now to compete with the movies. And as we have seen, the lessening of patronage through the extension of civil service has reduced the opportunities the clubs' activities formerly provided. The sinister connections which have been associated with club life have not appealed to a younger generation better educated and more in touch with a wider range of public interest. Ambitious younger men now use the clubs for what they are worth, without the loyalty and constant attendance of former days. The lodges, also, appeal less to a generation that is more sophisticated than former ones. A good deal of childish attachment to the organizations that appealed to people twenty-five to forty years ago has been liquidated either by inability to continue to pay dues, to the weariness of unemployment or to a more widespread familiarity with the larger phenomena of world affairs, of economic stress or of general interest to which the movie has catered. The churches too have lost their members in an increasing measure. Especially is this true in the case of Protestant churches, which are regarded largely as voluntary groups with no authority over their membership and with no obligations that the members must fulfill. In the case of the Catholic churches a different philosophy prevails. Here attendance is an obligation. Membership signifies a dutiful relationship which cannot be disregarded. But the social relationships which used to bind together parishioners in a common life have weakened in the general deflation of older social groupings. The younger generation is growing up in a more or less patternless society which has a hit-or-miss quality.

With the breakup of older social patterns there is, however, a revival of interest in purposive relationships. Common interests, as well as common tasks, unite people. This is true not only obviously as in the case of the professions and the arts but also especially in the economic interest groups.

The long period of unemployment has been a time when more people have been aroused to ask the reason for their fate than ever before. Never since the early days of arguing around the stove in the village store has there been so universal a purpose to find out what is the matter with our society. This has resulted in the rapid formation not only of countless unions but also of other economic associations devoted to a discussion of contemporary affairs. The depression has been in itself an adult education on a huge scale. If there has been crudeness and ignorance mixed with interest and native intelligence, that is to be expected. The significant thing that has happened is that for the first time the important economic aspects of our life have become a matter of general concern. This is the beginning of a seasoned and mature development without which political democracy is empty.

To be sure, it is necessity that has made this change. But that is always true. It was necessity that underlay the recent legislation for social security; necessity that mothered the national relief program and that fostered recent labor relations legislation. When we were in the economic upward swing, we did not think. But when disaster came, we began to ask questions. The government white-collar projects include adult and workers' education, but it is experience that, as usual, has been the best teacher. We have taken our democracy for granted, with little analysis of what this work really means. We have drifted along in prosperity with too little attention to growing evils. And now that these are coming to the surface, entrenched power often resents any interpretation of democracy which endangers its own position. The test of American loyalty is the willingness to forgo private economic gain where that is necessary for the general welfare.

With all the changes that have taken place, there is something still about our neighborhood that has the village feeling. In summertime people sit on their steps casually and women shop hatless. Informality marks the district, whether one belongs to the old neighbors, the Italians or the "bohemians." It is something like a holiday resort where "summer people" have finally become legitimate residents and have been accepted. The sharp divisions do exist, but they are not so evident or so real as they were in the twenties. The eccentricities of the Villagers have toned down or disappeared. The disillusionment of the war, resulting in personal disintegration or eccentricity, was replaced by the leveling process of the common economic disaster. Though the neighborhood is still cut up into small compartments, they are not so watertight as they were. The district is still informal and friendly.

The political scene, while retaining something of the old party solidarity, is changing rapidly. The conflicts of the past were within the dominant party. The Republican party was indeed often only an appendage of the regular machine with another name. I once met a Republican district captain, in fact, on "dough day"—the night before election, when cash goes out to the faithful—taking his share when I was visiting a Tammany club in the interests of the pending vote on woman suffrage. But in the last election, Mayor La Guardia received not only the local Italian and labor vote, but also considerable support from the old-time Democrats who were alienated from their loyalty by mismanagement and scandals and who wished to register their disapproval. Of course, there were other factors. Lack of patronage, while whetting the appetite of some, has refreshed others who are tired to death of the low level of a political life which rests on special favors, the securing of jobs, and inefficiency in carrying them on. While the word "Tammany" is used as a symbol of graft or waste, of course thousands who have voted the ticket are simply traditional in registering their allegiance, and when some significant exposé takes place their vote changes even when they say nothing about it to others. And thousands of others vote Tammany simply because the organization really constitutes the Democratic party of the city.

The same phenomena are to be seen under other party names in other communities. Without the assistance and backing of powerful financial and industrial supporters, whose interests are served by having a group in power with whom they can deal, corruption collapses. Tammany is becoming outmoded rather than overcome. Its good points, its neighborliness and humanity ought not to be lost, but its waste and self-seeking are out of keeping with the important developments of a modern city. No one group can continue to control or subordinate to itself the major features of urban life. The level of urban development is rising, and the muckraking criticism of the past decades is being supplanted both by labor and by the more detached social engineering called for by modern techniques.

The improvements of these past four decades have been technical, as in the case of public health, public recreation and education, where socialized services have replaced the individual's inability to fend for himself in modern life in these fields. As we have seen, they have affected the standard of living through labor legislation, and a great process of social aeration has gone on through the motion pictures and the radio. Indoctrination is easier to relay than it was. The ingenuity of the individual will correspondingly be lost unless unloosed in new directions. The progressive school is trying to accent personal attainment and creative effort. But the pioneer man who could build, plow and hunt, and resourcefully tackle everyday life, has gone. And the woman who spins, bakes, cuts out clothes and weaves rugs has gone with him. The arts, however, will always call for individual creative effort. I think it is no accident that concomitantly with the development of mass production in this country there has arisen a new compensatory interest in art. The process of social change is perhaps more of an art than a science, and here above all is there room for creative skill.

CHAPTER XIII

INSIDE THE DOORS

WHAT HAS gone on inside Greenwich House has varied from year to year in accordance with neighborhood interest or need. To be sure, there has been nothing formal in securing neighborhood self-expression. There has been no vote, though public meetings have been held to register local opinion. Rather through conversation, through hints here and there, through revelation in daily action, has need been discovered. An increasing familiarity with neighborhood services gave us a chance to see where we could fit in with supplementary activities. The fact that children love to play and make shapes with mud or snow made us realize, of course, that modeling and pottery would be acceptable to them. The more we saw of the children's life at home and in school, the more we felt that drawing and painting and music and drama would be a constructive way of breaking up the daily routine. The more we saw of the desire of young people to meet under auspices which would both please them and relieve their parents' minds, the more were we driven to try to provide both at the House and in the neighborhood good recreational opportunities. The longer we looked at the unmistakable fact that we lived in an area with an unusually high death rate both for children and for adults, the more did our conscience drive us to work through our own health center and in co-operation with other public and private agencies, for the reduction of disease and the building up of health habits. And the longer we were associated with families and their young children, the more convinced we became that preschool education and training are essential for community well-being.

Our association with many groups of people whose ideas of civic progress were confined to hopes for personal gain showed us that "civics" and "adult education" can never be instilled as French and algebra are taught. It isn't the subject matter, it's the attitude that counts. If politics means primarily a job, it's the salary that determines the interest of the citizen. Democracy has to invent ways by which voters will have more of a stake in the government, rather than less. For as services become more largely socialized, it will be to the interest of the voters to see that government is conducted in their interest. Fear of government is an admission of weakness on the part of the voters. Democracy has to overcome this fear by making its processes more widely understood. A "civics" that is to any degree realistic or valuable must not be a course in a high school or a college but a part of the educational process from childhood on. This is not so much "bringing idealism into politics" as it is making politics the equivalent of daily living. How we get our food and clothes and shelter and how these commodities are controlled, as to both price and quality, is a part of civics. What proportion of the amount spent in production goes to the worker and what to the consumer is a part of civics. Civics means both government and economics. But civics is not only description; it is bound up with beliefs and purposes. How we look at our life together is the basic concern; and, of course, the real reason why civics is generally an empty form is simply the ferment in which we live and the varying interpretations that are being put upon the implications of democracy. Our position at Greenwich House in these matters has been that democracy must not be defined in a static way; that it is a curve which changes from decade to decade.

Discussion of these matters is essential and is of the essence of adult education. But a true adult education can be carried on successfully only with devoted leadership. Young people may be already interested, in which case they can dig up leadership somewhere themselves, or else they may catch the contagious interest of a leader who inspires confidence. Edward Perry, who lived with us a long time, had this gift. Though his group was never large, he made a permanent dent on the young men he knew, influencing their attitude toward social problems deeply.

Always within our doors there have been groups of young people discussing current events and social changes.

The club life of the House has been the core of all our work. "Case work" means worthwhile contact with the individual. "Group work" is the new name for the old reality of a satisfactory life together. Of course, back of these cold terms lie the realities of personal relationships and fellowship. What the clubs have meant to their members throughout the years can be measured only in the willingness of leaders and club members to give unstintedly of their confidence, their imagination, their devotion and their time one to another.

The summer at Lounsberry when the club girls learned the gentler arts of housekeeping through practice under devoted leadership meant a changed attitude, which reflected itself in their life at home; and later the married life of these young women was more graciously carried on from this friendly association, which was so much more effective than any formal class could ever have been. As I have seen the results that have taken place in individuals and in their relationships with others, there is no technique about group work that can compare with the willingness to share to the full one's time and one's life. Certainly the more one knows about psychology, or personal hygiene, or social behavior, the greater the chance for good group work, but the gist of it is a personal generosity which is in danger of being impeded more and more by the demands of an ever more complex life of greater tension.

The drama of these groups crowds one's memories. There was the group of boys wholly untamed whose first work was to destroy everything in the clubroom. Then came the day when one of them in warfare with a neighboring gang stabbed his opponent. The club leader got this boy paroled to her, and he went to the George Junior Republic, where he learned to be a good mechanic in his five years' stay and was indeed an asset in every way. The street and the neighborhood, realizing that the House had saved him from Sing Sing, appreciated the fact that the House meant something practical and valuable to the young people's lives. Alas, in this case, Jack returned to New York to help out his brother, and the old gang, hearing he had returned, with relentless vindictiveness shot him dead.

Visiting the homes of our newly found friends has always been most rewarding, for it is only personal contact out of which can spring the compassion, the understanding and the energy necessary to secure needed change. Especially does the discovery of talent buried away in the most unlikely spots make one long to bring to light the hidden treasures of personality which should enrich society.

I knew well one of these homes, without bath or gas or electricity and with the only toilet in the yard below; it was lighted by candles, and the walls were filled with bookcases laden with parchment-bound medieval volumes. Here was a cultivated Italian family in whose midst were a young composer and a beginner in the theater—the father, a onetime newspaperman. They lived in extreme poverty, but the atmosphere of the place was cultivated and charming.

Or one can turn to another home, immaculate but without any modern convenience, where the mother felt so strongly the disadvantages under which she was bringing up her family that she readily appeared before the legislature on behalf of better housing laws. The simplicity and directness of her testimony moved the listeners far more than the academic findings of the more sophisticated members of the delegation.

Such are the backgrounds of the people who come inside our doors to find the satisfactions they crave.

Within the doors of the House the scene changes day by day, though every day are to be found the nursery school and kindergarten and the open doors of the office where Ellen G. MacDowall for many years has listened to countless inquiries and helped hundreds of people in their problems of health or personal difficulty. Every day also children play on the roof and young people use the gymnasium and clubrooms. And every day musical instruction goes on at the music school and craft and art work at the workshops. Every day the Thrift Shop is open to customers. Night after night, rehearsals for plays and the plays themselves are performed, and in addition there are often concerts, mass meetings, conferences, dances, wedding receptions, cooking demonstrations by the girls for their young men friends, card parties, boxing matches, basketball tournaments, or neighborhood exhibits. And always small groups of people are to be found discussing this and that and trying to synthesize their daily experiences to make them more useful as guides for the future.

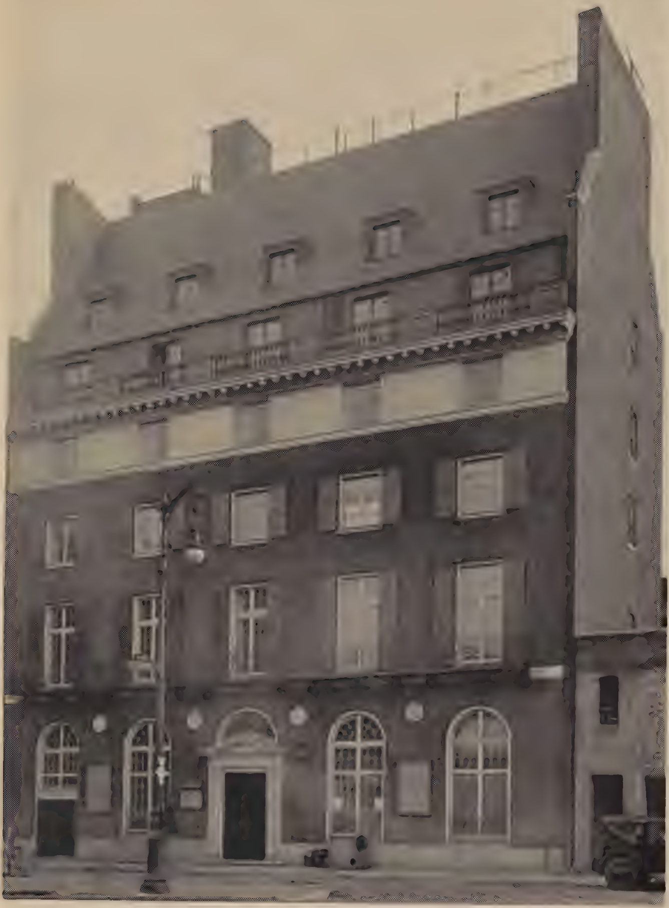
In the early years of the House, residents and staff leaders were the same group. Everything was informal. There is far greater knowledge now available than was the case thirty-five years ago. But there is also a far greater sophistication on the part of the club members and neighborhood associates than there was at that time. Differences in outlook, education and accomplishment lessen year by year.

How have we developed the various activities which have arisen from our neighborhood's needs? Some have failed at one time and succeeded at another. Of this much we are sure: that in our program we ought always to allow leeway for experimentation. This is so important that we should ever try to get rid of as many of our activities as possible in order to use our limited resources for new ventures. But this is easier said than done. Each activity needs its own analysis. Let us take for example the music school.

This branch of our work began as an informal social interest on Jones Street, with the summer concerts on our front steps in 1903 and then in taking pupils as they came to us for better musical training. Music in the public schools has been confined to the voice, with a few informal orchestras here and there. Musical techniques, whether for piano or strings, have been regarded as matters of private education. Practicing takes time, and how is it possible to allow for the time necessary in the crowded school program? New York City is now for the first time embarking upon technical musical instruction for high school pupils who desire this education. But even if this succeeds, it does not solve the problem of the younger age group or of the great desire on the part of young employed people to receive a musical education. We felt that the private lesson given by the isolated teacher failed to give what is the most important thing in all arts—the excitement and interest of a like-minded group. It is desperately hard to work alone without the criticism, the friendship, the common interest of others. Just as probably the best thing about family life is that each roots for the other, and even when differences arise there is the subconscious sense of unity, so is it with art. We believed that our musical interests should head up in this group fashion so that there would be a common center of excitement, a common impetus toward the understanding of music and the accomplishment of adequate techniques. We were never taken in by the talk about musical appreciation as separated from at least some degree of sound musical knowledge. But at the same time we also never aimed to develop a conservatory whose object would be professional training for performance. We hoped to combine the merits of superior technical training with no illusion that we were creating, unless as outstanding exceptions, professional artists. We hoped rather to create a musical center for interest, understanding, performance and joint musical effort which would set afire the lukewarm, hearten the eager and produce that civilizing effect music uniquely conveys.

One of the joys of the House has been that we don't have to follow any pattern but can experiment as we like. We have seen no incongruity in bringing together as one group little children who come after school, and older people either in school or employed in the afternoon and evening. The maturer pupils take a very real interest in the progress of the younger ones. Some of the smallest are taught in a group together, where the performance of each interests and spurs on the others. The children in ensemble work go from the junior to the senior orchestra. There is a family feeling about the whole music school, and its relation to the House brings the health and social service facilities there in touch with the school pupils. That the school is in its final form I doubt. For I think musically gifted little children should be discovered in the primary schools and provision for their musical education should be included in their curriculum. But this is a problem not yet solved. And certainly adult and workers' education should include musical training as well as enjoyment. Though we may properly expect greater public school facilities for musical education, still the values of group association have to be taken into account. Should the school systems, perhaps, provide studios and special quarters where the same joy in group life that exists in the settlements' music schools can be fostered? We do not know the answer. It is one of the many inquiries on which we are engaged. All we know is that it is now the only opportunity that seems to be open to foster musical interest and competence in New York's neighborhoods.

From the beginning we have always had plays and pageants at the House. In early Jones Street days we used



GREENWICH HOUSE, *the main building at 26 Barrow Street. The Music School is at 44–46 Barrow Street, west of* Seventh Avenue.

to give performances wherever we could find a free auditorium willing to shelter us, in the neighborhood. But from 1917 on we have used our own auditorium on Barrow Street, although occasionally we have ventured uptown and taken some commercial theater for a night or so. For adult groups our dramatic efforts have been purely recreational. If a club wanted to give a play, it was encouraged to do so. Or if the clubs wished to join together to give a production, that also was feasible. We have had from time to time a theater association which has brought in a more specialized interest in the theater. Since the WPA days we have had the continuous services of good professional coaching, with excellent productions. This has brought a new group to the House whose interests are primarily dramatic.

Indeed, since the disappearance of the professional theater groups which used to exist in the Village, our House has remained an almost solitary center for dramatic interest in the neighborhood. To organize and foster the development of a permanent group of players might well be the next effort in artistic direction which the House should undertake, placing the theater on the same plane as the music school and the workshops. There is plenty of talent in the neighborhood, both in acting and in workshop technique. From time to time we have given Italian productions which have caused a great deal of interest among the Italians of our neighborhood. Old Italian Christmas plays have been presented which ought to have attracted the attention of discerning critics, but

I suppose the fact that they were given in a settlement may have proved a bar to the interest of those unacquainted with the work of the House. I imagine the public often thinks of a settlement, as someone described it, as a "piano in the back room and a box of geraniums in the front window." When excellence is discovered in many fields, it comes to many as rather a surprise! Modern Italian drama has also been presented. We have not felt that we ought to use our limited funds at a time of great economic need for further development of our adult theater, but have always hoped that some theater enthusiast would see the great opportunity our House presents in this direction.

But the children's theater is quite another story. As one visitor said, when she left a performance of the children's Christmas miracle play, "Why, that is wonderful! I don't know whether it is education or recreation or art; but whatever it is, I have never seen anything like it." I suppose it is all three. The technique that Miss Helen Murphy, who came to us in 1919, has developed in her long experience with this work at the House is definite. The very little children who come in from three on, as well as those who come in at an older age, all begin with rhythm. Miss Murphy believes that dance is the fundamental technique for drama. Children early inoculated with this method are at ease, are graceful and have a sense of spacing and pantomime which are derivative from the dance and relieve the children's performances of a sense of crudity. The spoken word is introduced as sparingly as possible as the drama develops. Pantomime and good workshop technique play a major part. The plays are developed by the children. They are told a story or they bring in a story themselves, some of which are folk tales told by their mothers, and then the group decides how the story should be told and how it should be acted. A skilled leadership brings out the creative instincts of the children; and a composer, associated with the theater as pianist, develops the musical side of the production in accordance with the dramatic leadership of the children's interpretation. With creative leaders in acting, music and dancing, the children's productions finally take place.

This is as far as possible from the idea of a children's play as ordinarily presented in schools. The children are very much excited and stimulated by this method. It certainly is the most beautiful of all children's recreations, and at the same time it develops in them grace, good diction, musical interest and that sense of ensemble so important to education. The result is an artistic interest and development, the least important part of which is the production itself. This work has been going on for about twenty years. It has been one of the activities most acceptable to parents and to the children of the neighborhood.

We began our pottery in Jones Street in 1908, seeing the interest the children had in modeling. Miss Lyons was succeeded by Miss Maude Robinson, who started her work with us in 1911. While we used the old soapstone washtubs as a wet-cellar, we sent larger pieces away to

Mr. Voorhees in New Jersey for firing. When we went to Barrow Street the pottery was developed far enough to warrant a complete installation of studio, glaze room, wet-cellar room and gas kiln. A little outdoor elevator from studio to basement floor was put in to take the pieces to the kiln. Later a large modern electric kiln was installed and an extra studio provided. The object of the pottery was to provide an interesting occupation both for children and adults, with excellence as a goal. Some people seem to think creative work means isolated self-expression. But all artists have looked at the work of other artists of all ages with interest. There is no such thing as complete originality, nor is there any reason why one person should not admire the work of another person or age. The pottery students have become acquainted with the beautiful pottery of all countries and times while urged to create forms of their own liking. They have learned not only about form and color but have become acquainted, through talks by many visiting potters, with present-day methods and design. Students in our pottery range in age from six to sixty. Exhibits are frequently held at our pottery, and the work itself has been exhibited widely in this country and in Europe. The difference between our pottery and commercial pottery is that we have avoided the use of molds and have made the whole enterprise one of educational, recreational and artistic interest.

In every art undertaken at Greenwich House the first thought has been of the benefit it brings to the student in the way of cultural interest. But this does not mean that excellence is regarded as unessential. There is no reason on earth for people to make hideous baskets and worse embroidery or to use clay or paint in a sloppy way. There are techniques for every material and for the working out of every design. Excellence and creative work ought not to be regarded as separate, hostile camps. Art critics could learn much from watching nursery school children. The life of the nursery school child is one of order and of freedom—the free individual in a social setting of which order is an integral part. The old argument ranging self-expression against excellence in technique came out most forcefully as our workshops developed. This is a story worthy of detailed narration.

When we lived on Jones Street we used one of our rooms as a carpentry shop. Here the boys learned how to work with wood and how to be handy in their homes. Later, as children wanted to learn how to draw and paint, with Mrs. Whitney's aid we developed an art school, but the artists who formed the committee were not so much interested in the educational aspects of this work as they were in finished performance. Their leadership was discontinued, and a great deal of thought was given to this matter by Victor Salvatore, who had been on the old committee but who felt we were headed in a wrong direction. He asked the questions: Was art ever produced in an art school? How can art become a matter of daily life? And when art was a part of the general culture how was it fostered?

The answers to these inquiries were that artists rarely are created or even improved by art schools, that art flourished when it was in demand for general use, and that the method used was that of apprenticeship where boys worked under masters in shops devoted to the creation of art objects ordered and sold. These shop masters did not think of themselves as "artists," a separate race of individuals engaged in expressing their own ideas. They thought of themselves as creative workmen who carried on their work with all the intelligence, imagination and good workmanship they could command. Art and craft were thought of as one, and the creation of beautiful things for use was central to their conception of art. Paintings were primarily frescoes to fit wall spaces or to be used for decoration in connection with architectural design, and the crafts of stone, wood and iron were similarly related to some whole which tied together the various elements in an inclusive composition.

Separate works of art were, of course, produced. But the main line of advance came through consideration of the public use to which the arts were related. Apprentices in these workshops went often from one field to another. For the design or purpose which all were fulfilling egged on the workers to be able to move from one occupation to another. A good apprentice would see others working in related fields in which he would also take a hand. All-around art workmen were thus developed: at home with crayon, paint, clay, wood, iron and stone but doubtless according to individual interest as well as workshop need.

Mr. Salvatore asked the question: If this method had been good enough for all the productive periods of the world's art, why not here and now? Inspired by his attitude, I spent much time in Europe looking into methods used in various cities. In Florence, the art school preserves this old method of shop masters with whom the pupils work, and the director—son of Salvini, the famous actor—was enthusiastic about the results. I came home and secured our Board's interest in the plan. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., generously gave us the money to build the workshops, and to maintain them for a number of years; and later the foundry was added by our friend and Board member, Marshall Field, who laid the cornerstone of the workshops in June, 1928. The workshops contain cabinetmaking, woodcarving and stonecarving studios, with other rooms for drawing, modeling and so forth, and the foundry. We secured good shop masters and received as apprentices boys who had finished the grades required by law and also received as part-time pupil assistants young boys of school age, who came after school hours. We secured orders from interested friends, especially through the efforts of our chairman Mrs. Paul Moore, and these orders were executed by the shops. Of course, as the boys came voluntarily, the interest was high and the results correspondingly good.

There are naturally two inquiries to be made. One is, how is this work to be related to the unions? The other is the question of placement. From the beginning we conferred with the unions involved. There was a common understanding that orders were not to be received which would be competitive in character, but that friends interested in the development of the place might place individual orders of such a kind as would fit in with the training. The whole enterprise was conceived of as a training for workers in the art end of the building trades; for architects have been in the habit of sending abroad for work, as skill declined in this country, undoubtedly because of the lower labor costs, but also because it has become increasingly more difficult to find good workmen. These skills all demand a knowledge of drawing and modeling, and the seriousness of the undertakings keeps away the would-be and pretentious aspirants to become "artists."

We realized, of course, that the use of these skills may well be limited and that the modern accent on simplicity of design would be at any rate temporarily discouraging to students trained in ornament and decoration, for which there seems to be a lessening demand. But it has been the thought of those who have determined the policy of the workshops that there will always be some demand, though limited, for the art skills hitherto associated with architecture, and that, in any case, this kind of training is substantial and would be of use as one shifts from one artistic occupation to another. It is true that many boys who have worked in our shops have not followed their special skills. Several boys have gone in for sculpture in wood or stone, and they have testified to the value of their training. They have learned how important both drawing and modeling are for any artistic pursuit. They have become aware in their contact with design of the history of art and have learned not only from their trips to museums and exhibits, but especially from consideration of the problems orders have involved, how to discern excellence. They have been in the atmosphere of excitement that group interest provides.

We experimented with the operation of these shops until, owing to the depression, orders declined and the whole question of the future of the shop was rediscussed. It was finally decided that as there was no question but that the shop method had been very effective in solid training, the experiment as a private venture had fulfilled its usefulness and should now be conducted on a permanent basis under public school auspices, as a vocational school. We gave the building to the school authorities in February, 1935, for a five-year period with a view to establishing a permanent plan that might, if deemed successful, be known and utilized by other cities. For the first year the workshop was classed as a vocational school, but now it is attached to the industrial art division of the department. The same work goes on as formerly, but with other features. As it is a high school, English, civics and hygiene are also included, but these subjects are related to the main purpose of the workshops so that both orally and in writing the boys can explain their work, realize the problems of industrial as well as personal hygiene, and employer-employee relationships are included under civics. Boys are carefully selected who express an eagerness for this work. The opportunity is beginning to attract boys from all over the city, though naturally neighborhood boys are the first to be accepted. If the boys want to change their occupation later on, they will have a good groundwork.

We have felt from the time we first undertook to establish the workshops that the beginnings of art should take place in childhood. We have now, therefore, put our children's art work at the workshops to be engaged in after school, so that the children will have a right atmosphere in which to develop their art interests. Here they can draw and paint and model, having in sight the seniors' shop work, which will be open to them if they like it and want to go on with it in high school days. In other words, just as the music school is a musical center for the furtherance of musical education and appreciation, and the theater, especially for children, is a center where all that relates to the theater is brought together, so especially is the workshop a center for art interests. But there is this difference—that in the case of the high school age group the workshop is under public auspices. This is an important difference. We should be glad to see the opportunities of our music school and theater also available through public auspices. But the difficulty is that of organization by age groups. We have felt it an advantage to organize rather by interest. If people of all ages are interested in music, theater or art, there is an advantage in bringing different age groups together so that the older participants will take an interest in the progress made by the younger, and the younger ones will be egged on to excellence by the older ones. However, there might be some experiments made, as in the case of our workshops, by which private and public efforts could be worked out together.

There is no use in taking either the position that public work is inferior to private effort or that private effort should be given up as soon as possible to public support. Rather is it a question of patient analysis and adjustment. There is no reason why studios for all the arts should not exist in public schools where tryouts are made and where people of all ages may come. Community centers for adults as well as special high schools might well be combined in studio centers open to children as well. In the meantime, private interest must be conserved, and these centers for the discovery of talent, for civilized enjoyment and for adequate performance must be recognized as a desirable stimulus to a more attractive way of life.

The main thing I want to bring out about our activities is that they work if they have a group character. There has to be built up a joint interest and effort to be successful. This is true also of our health work. Here we have a city-wide interest and a growing public service, but here too a group interest in the health of our neighborhood is valuable and necessary in connection with all our work. As the city provides for more adequate baby and preschool care, voluntary health centers will naturally accent those services not yet under public supervision. We have been assigned certain sanitary districts for special report and have become an informal substation of the newly developed West Side neighborhood center under the Board of Health. As this new center is situated north of our district, the city welcomes special attention to subsidiary areas. In our own case, we have furnished a nutritionist to carry on our educational work with the mothers of little children, we co-operate with city nurses, to whom we give office and clinic space, and we give special attention to our own clientele in nursery school and other house activities. Our center is served by a small staff working with a committee, and the objective we have in view is the building up of personal hygiene in the district, acting as an information center for those who need hospital or convalescent care, securing holiday facilities for neighborhood children, promoting good dietaries for local families and teaching the arts of homemaking to children and adults. Just as the arts departments have as their chief function the promotion of an active interest in their fields, so our health center's purpose is to make health an interesting aspect of life whose pursuit is positive rather than negative.

Thus our health work ties up very naturally with the recreational features of our life. We foster sports because people enjoy them, but in connection with them we secure health examinations. Recreation is not organized as are the other activities in a special department, but the club life—the dances, "affairs," outings and in general the social life of the House—is developed around the Club Council, which is made up of representatives from the social organizations using the House, responsible for their own self-government. We have had wonderful leadership in this group, but as the young people marry and go away to some other part of the city or some suburb to live, this part of our life fluctuates accordingly. Always some former leader is cherished while contemporary leaders are fighting their battles. For in this group there are widely differing elements, and it is through the clashes and conflicts of these disparate forces that policies are finally welded.

Here is a miniature world. It would be very easy to establish a system to which the neighborhood young people would have to conform. But such a policy does not make for responsibility and democratic training. Criticism from one's peers is always more potent than fiats from above. That leadership with social groups is best which brings out the initiative and responsible action, no matter how crude, of the group itself. The young people would often like to shift this responsibility, for it is unpleasant to face opposition and defeat, but the times of the greatest success have always been associated with the effective shouldering of responsibility on the part of the young people themselves.

The work ahead, now that in the course of time groups have been formed around special interests, is to widen the scope of interests by associating the groups one with another. This is done by the staff, for in my staff meetings all groups are represented, but it is not so true of the participants of these groups. The musicians do not know the club people well, and the workshop boys have no connection with the nursery school parents. In this sense, the work of the House is not integrated; and there is really no particular reason why it should be, except that every person and every group should know about all the activities and feel that all these things are open for those who wish them. If a violin player knows that his tiny sister may attend the nursery school, if the potter knows there are classes in Italian, if the children know of the vacation possibilities the House affords—in fact if each group is acquainted with all that the House does, a very real though informal unity of interest and purpose is gradually built up. We do not so much encourage the idea of House "loyalty" as emphasize the fact that the House serves the neighborhood and that all that is undertaken is related to the neighborhood's welfare and so to that of the city and nation. It is the service rendered and not the institution itself that is central to the activities program.

One group in the neighborhood may be attracted by one activity aspect, while another is drawn to some other interest. One of the enterprises which attracts people of varying backgrounds is the nursery school. Nursery schools for the most part have been private schools not available for low-income families. Day nurseries have accented physical care; but mothers' care for infants has been recognized as superior to any institutional care. When, however, a child gets to be two years old the value of association with other little children comes in. The habits formed at this period are basic for later years.

In our neighborhood there have been two types of nursery school: the private school and the federal nursery school, which was for the children of relief families only. But ours has been for low-income families who could not avail themselves of the private schools—which, in any case, had long waiting lists—but who were nonrelief families. Miss Patty Hill joined me in our request to the Department of Education at the beginning of our school in 1920 to put in at our House a public school kindergarten to take the nursery school graduates.

A child beginning in the baby clinic could enter nursery school and then kindergarten and thus start his regular school life with complete preschool care, both mental and physical. For all these children are served through our health center with doctor's and nurse's care, with luncheon, and with roof-play facilities. The same children can also come to the children's theater as rhythm beginners, and as soon as they enter school can come back after school in the afternoon for gymnasium, drawing, painting, theater, writing (as we have a children's newspaper), cooking and housekeeping or other activity in accordance with the child's desire and the parents' approval. We don't think of these children as "our" children. They belong to themselves and to their normal life of home and school, but we give them lovely opportunities for work-play which I often think "uptown" children might well envy.

Our neighbors' children are full of originality, not only in creative interests and performance, but also in larks and mischief. Some of these Manhattan Robin Hoods delight in roaming from one door to another annoying the teachers or leaders, in flooding the back stairs with water from the fire hose, or in drawing the wrath of the telephone operator by jiggling the hook on the phone extensions. One black-eyed lad asked the children's director in the lobby, "Has Sammy come in?" "No," was the reply; "Don't you want to go up to the gym anyway?" "Oh, no," he said. "If Sammy isn't here I won't bother to go up. We just like to make trouble together," and with an air of camaraderie added, "Don't you like to chase us?"

The children's classes are indeed always full of amusing incident. Many of the children, particularly those who work on the children's newspaper, are very thoughtful and independent. A onetime art teacher was a philosopher as well as an artist. Sometimes, after regular classes were finished, he would invite a few children to a feast of fruit, crusty Italian bread, and cheese. At such times he would air his own theories of art and of life and encourage the children to argue with him. On one occasion, Ruth was trying to sell him a copy of the *Greenwich Press*. The teacher objected to an article by Ruth herself, detailing the tragic death of the Belgian Queen.

"You should not write about things like that," he expostulated. "You should write about things that really mean something to you."

"But," said Ruth, "I have to put things in the paper that will interest everybody. Nobody cares whether I'm glad to be going back to school or not, but everyone wants to hear how the Queen died."

"I," began the teacher, assuming his most Olympian expression, "think there is more real news in an honest report of the feelings of one individual than in all the great events that excite the scandalmongers."

"But you're only a drop in the bucket, Mr. Smith," remarked Ruth, sticking to her ground.

In vacation time our own Camp Herbert Parsons is open to the children of our House and, as far as may be, the neighborhood. Herbert Parsons was a man who will not to be forgotten in our community. A lawyer by profession, as a Republican he entered Congress in 1904. After his war service he gave up his political prospects by coming out for Cox during the presidential campaign, as he believed in the League of Nations for which Cox stood. He sacrificed his own political future with the same simplicity and modesty that always marked his personality. He had principles and stuck by them. He had been a gallant adherent of the woman suffrage cause. He believed in the work of our House, and whatever he believed in he stuck by. He had that fidelity which is the finest of human virtues.

The camp named for him does more in the brief summertime to acquaint our staff with neighborhood families than all the winter months. In two or three weeks together people get to be friends very rapidly, as on an ocean liner. We should like gradually to see our camp site improved by bungalows for the various groups that meet in the winter at the House and so feel that "Greenwich House in the Country" could become a colony as well as a children's camp.

I repeat that one of the best things that have come out of the House are the happy marriages made there. This point was brought out by one of our alumni at a House dinner. This young man felt that the personal contacts made by the young people of the neighborhood, the resident workers, the leaders of the many groups at the House, in the homes of the neighborhood families and in the local life of the district were the House's most important contribution. Surely, sitting on a neighbor's steps of a summer evening may well lead to a fruitful inquiry and a new way of meeting need. Ringside pleasures are as real as a children's art exhibit. Dances are as valuable as classes in economic history. The whole point in developing the House's activities is to be hospitable to everything that makes its contribution to civilized living. Research is a necessary part of this life. For all that means is to find out enough facts to guide us in our journey—not research for research's sake, but to be able better to understand the problems of city life with which we are beset.

Help, too, to individuals we are enabled to make quietly and in co-operation with other agencies devoted primarily to the purpose of economic assistance. Our health center is also a medium through which personal service is rendered. This was established in 1923. Skilled advice and information in regard to health and other services are available. Mothers come to ask where a child's tonsils can be taken out skillfully and cheaply. A man is worried about his wife's strange melancholy. A boy asks about the CCC. A young woman wants to take lessons in good Italian. A woman wants someone to go with her to the Relief Bureau. The electricity is turned off; what can one do about it? Complaints, inquiries, confidences, family difficulties, all are present, day in, day out. The same old question comes to us in our House activities as comes in all our life: how to have order and freedom, how to be informal and efficient, how to carry on serious ventures and yet not be an institution.

The changes wrought in many a neighbor and many a social situation have been no more striking than the changes in attitude and resourcefulness in the residents and their work associates. It has been our policy to let workers fend for themselves largely. A sink-or-swim policy, perhaps, but on the whole making for realistic leadership. One of the neighborhood boys we found to be especially gifted as a leader. For him we secured a scholarship at Teachers College. On graduation, he became the head of our boys' work, a position he held for many years, where by his ability and hard work he attained not only a deserved popularity but an understanding of the local situation no other worker has ever surpassed. His famous minstrel shows, his acrobatic teams, his camp leadership in the Palisades Park where boys spent many happy summers, his knowledge of the personal life and problems of the boys more than justified our confidence in his future. Today he occupies an important post in the Department of Education, where all he learned at the House he is using in his school administration. Alas, we have missed many opportunities for helping to advance gifted young people with whom we are in contact. In a democratic society, it is supposed that the best go to the top. But many a boy has put out of his thoughts any possibility for himself which would mean that he would have to neglect his family's need. A ruthless selfishness should not be the price ability must pay to reach success. There is a terrific waste of talent and promise which could be salvaged through timely help.

Among those who have made our House a center for happy living, Charles and Kitty Hoge, for over twenty years the residents' cook and butler, are especially to be remembered. Charles emanated style. We were never allowed to light cigarettes by using the candles. He kept us up to the good old standards he cherished, and Kitty in her white dress always took a bow at the end of our Thanksgiving Old Residents' Reunion Dinner. When death took first one and then the other, we felt disorganized and lost. They always made us realize that form is perhaps as important as content. A pattern of living makes life itself run more smoothly. Freedom is more secure if there is a track to go on.

What I have said about the branches of our work I would like to say about the House as a whole. It is not an institution but a boiling center of interest where all concerned may feel free, at home, and ready for change as need arises. Whatever happens in our neighborhood concerns us. It is this conviction of the value of human living that is at the bottom of whatever we think or do. We may differ in politics, in religion, in economic doctrine, but we agree on this: that every individual is worth while, and that the possibility for the individual's development is the measure of our civilization.

The life lived in Houses such as ours is an attempt to present a microcosm of what all life can be. Its many failures and inadequacies do not dim that vision. It is in a way a family where old and young find a satisfaction in the common hope of a better life for all.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S CHALLENGE

WHAT TAKES place inside a neighborhood house depends on the neighborhood itself. What the neighborhood is like determines one's activities. And of course the neighborhood varies from year to year, from decade to decade. A continuous informal appraisal goes on, which supplements an occasional more formal survey. The subtler sense of different attitudes and emphases as the years pass depends on contributions from all the elements that make up the district's life. How the teachers look at local life, how the members of the Greenwich Village Association view the changes that have taken place, how the social agencies interpret events, and especially how the rank and file of long-time dwellers of the neighborhood see things, form the composite picture of neighborhood life as it melts and rehardens.

In summer, when doorstep life dominates, the natural quality of the neighborhood comes out. Pompeii's bells ring for Angelus. People go in and out of shops and restaurants and choose their pushcart luxuries leisurely. Children go off joyfully to the "country," wherever that may be, and young people, like all the world, take an occasional week end at the beach. In the winter season everyone wakes up. There's school for the children, and a new time-sense and dressed-upness for the grownup. But the summer informality stays on to a degree at the House. For even firemen and policemen come to help with the Christmas play, and the club boys help do up tempting packages at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Artists give their time for decorations for social events. The House remains a flexible, easy-to-change, welcoming place, hospitable to people and ideas. Coming to the House, countless people have found employment, though we run no formal employment service. They have had opportunities for advantageous contacts, both for their personal and for their business life. They have found health and pleasure and a stimulus for the better understanding of current issues through the informal associations the House offers.

Neighborhood improvement has indeed taken place, owing to the ferment and interest the House, as a meeting place for all groups, engenders. The additional play spaces and schools through the years, as well as other improvements, testify to this fact. But as the House looks at the neighborhood, there are great hurdles to cross.

The schools need a reconsideration of program in the light of present-day knowledge.

Truancy became conspicuous in our neighborhood at one time, and many were the causes suggested by learned sociologists. The fact, however, was that subway construction was going on. "He's livin' in the caves," one of the boys confessed to his teacher; "he don't want to go to school no more." Indeed, the cave dwellers got cronies to bring them their lunch there, as they didn't dare to go home for it.

Here was a situation provocative to intelligent teachers. For a "truant" gets classed as an antisocial person and, so labeled, is likely to fall into deeper trouble.

We learned long ago that "crime" is not the unadulterated willful commission of unsocial acts, but is, rather, often a drama of personal and social conflict.

At a Christmas party, the boys of a certain public school wanted to give their beloved teacher a box of candy. One of the boys was reluctant to go home after the party. "You know why? He robbed his old man's pants," confided one of the boys. He could not bear to be left out of the loving tribute.

An interesting plan for our children's after-school groups during one season was the formation of children's guilds, where the children played what they wanted to do when they were grown up. Homemaking, nursing, business, art were presented as the expression of the inner desires of the children. The years have seen many ways of building up the children's work-play interests. There is no one authentic way, I am sure. For much depends on leaders and on current absorptions which in one way or another trickle into the children's life from parents and from social happenings. Projects for children need the combined wisdom of child, parent, teacher and physician.

From 1925 to 1927, through Mary Rumsey's generosity, we were able to furnish the neighborhood with a guidance clinic offering psychiatric care for people with problems that medical and personal service could not cope with successfully. It was Mrs. Rumsey's hope that the community itself would undertake the support of this work after an experimental period of two years. But this was far too short a time in which to do the preliminary educational work necessary for an understanding of the value of such an undertaking. Since that time we have made arrangements with existing mental hygiene clinics, where essential, and in the case of children's problems have had as consultant a psychiatrist from a medical center. In New York this work as a whole still lags far behind the need. If, however, the schools can be taught to recognize the symptoms of atypical behaviorism, early attention can be directed toward possible solutions of these complex problems. But there is still a vast ignorance of the need of psychiatric care.

What communities will support depends, of course, upon their education in the various fields to be considered. There is still a deep chasm between expert knowledge and popular understanding. This will always be true, but in affairs of social importance basic matters must be appreciated to become a part of the community's program. People see the need for relief, for care of the sick, for holidays for children and above all for employment. Jobs and health are rightly the first general concern. But people have neither the time, the training nor the inclination to learn the intricacies of other matters next in importance. Yet a popular understanding is necessary to win community support.

Young people's needs for guidance require more than voluntary agencies here and there can supply. Every child needs individual attention to foster the gifts he may possess and to help him in his choices of further schooling or work. The child's desire, though primary, is not conclusive. For too often choices are haphazard and, of course, cannot be settled on grounds of merit but rather, unfortunately, on the family's economic situation.

The schools we ought to have would be all-day affairs open for play, and the curriculum would include those artistic features now left to voluntary agencies. On the other hand, there is often something refreshing in going from a school to a neighborhood house. Just the change gives a new stimulus. Yet one feels that the advantages a settlement offers ought to be open to larger numbers.

Since the depression days the neighborhood's relief families have been deeply disturbed. Food and shelter have become life-and-death matters. Economic concern has taken root. When the Village sank into the depression, many of the more thrifty neighbors moved to other parts of town where the rents were lower. A general economic decline took place in the neighborhood, for the business houses and loft buildings house workers who live elsewhere rather than in the district. A large number of the old neighbors are now on the relief rolls, and they have suddenly become aware of social problems in which they have hitherto taken no interest. Not used to strict budgeting, the careful planning of the relief authorities irks those who have heretofore had a little leeway in their spending. They are humiliated by their plight, which they feel shuts them off from their former friends, and as compensation they get new satisfactions either by joining pressure groups which make for fellowship or by improving their education, for which they have a new zest. Adult education classes are crowded which a few years ago would have made no appeal. Those too who have escaped going on relief are near enough to financial disaster to be deeply sympathetic with those who have gone under. The labor movement has had a spectacular rise, and the whole intellectual tone of the neighborhood has profited from the jolt received through loss. And another change has taken place. A neighborhood that hitherto has thought of jobs as likely to be had from the clubhouse now realizes that the old political life is distinctly on the wane. The younger generation looks, with distaste, upon the often shady character of political life as outmoded. The old-timers in politics as in industry had a certain heroic quality of ruthless power and indifference to honor and justice which a more sensitive generation resents. This is not to deny that eagerness for the good old days of graft and favoritism is still very much alive. But there has been a turn of the tide. And with this new accent there has come about a clearer vision of the outstanding problems our neighborhood presents and the goals toward which we must work: the condition of the seamen and longshoremen along our water front, the re-employment and care of the families on work and home relief, the rezoning of the neighborhood, relating the Village plan to the pending city plan, the further modernization of the local school facilities, increased play facilities for children and, above all, improved shelter.

The question of proper housing for the neighborhood has engrossed our attention ever since our arrival on Jones Street in 1902. As we went in and out of the Jones Street and other tenements of the neighborhood, we saw the whole history of New York's housing. From the old barracks north of the Battery, when no restrictions were placed on building, thus allowing the whole lot to be built on, to the modern apartment, every type of building in our neighborhood is to be seen from our roof.

Below on Jones Street are the old railroad flats that preceded the dumbbell tenements. To be sure, a small shaft has been sunk through the dark rooms in the middle of the apartments, and the façades of the houses are modernized. But no changes will ever redeem this type of house. Then there are the little old Dutch houses with their hip roofs, now for the most part converted into separate apartments. There are the "new-law" houses, that is, those built since 1901, and there are the modern skyscraper apartments recently erected. Our Lady of Pompeii's tower rises in Bleecker Street; the nearer push-carts, which will shortly disappear, give a picturesque note to this Village highway. The sounds of the outgoing ships give one the satisfactory feeling of living in a port. Barrow Street's dignified old houses stretch out in a long line, and to the north the Empire State Building speaks of a new city in which the Village is a reminiscent corner of old days, melting into an exciting present with its problems of planning anew for the years ahead.

The various tides of immigration affected all the downtown districts. People moved up to Greenwich Village as to a suburb, but as there was no zoning or planning, the Village simply grew like Topsy. The old lanes became streets, and the irregularities in house sites made plottage impossible for good planning. The twenty-five-foot lot with its limitations was further hampered by these irregularities. Added to these features was the increasing use of land for business purposes. Loft buildings appeared, and big business enterprises settled in the old neighborhood.

We knew then, back in 1906, that to make our neighborhood, as we eagerly proclaimed our aim, "the best place to live and work in, in New York City," the housing problem was the major question for lower West Side dwellers. It was in 1894 that the exposé of Trinity Church Corporation tenement holdings had taken place. It is true that many of their tenements were without modern facilities of any kind and that they were substandard when measured against recognized good housing. But there is this also to be said in reply: that many of the Trinity tenement dwellers were themselves against improvements, on the ground that increased rentals would take place. A very large number of neighbors preferred to live in their old neighborhood in poor but cheap quarters rather than to move out to better quarters in Brooklyn, the Bronx or Jersey. Associations of school and church and the feeling of being at home in the neighborhood were stronger than the urge for better quarters. One can well understand this attitude. However, when the present Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York came as rector to Trinity Church, he felt that this attitude would not excuse the Corporation for maintaining these unimproved dwellings. He appointed as investigator Miss Emily Dinwiddie, who in residence at Greenwich House had produced the first *Tenant's Manual*. On the basis of this survey many changes were effected.

The late William Coffin, President of Sloane's, became interested in our neighborhood, largely, I think, through the work of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, of which John Roswell Bates was for many years the well-known pastor. Mr. Bates's special gifts were those of arousing college students to the need of social change, and in the wake of his personality a neighborhood center in the southern part of our district developed a dormitory for women and other ventures. Mr. Coffin began to rehabilitate some of the older dwellings in the vicinity of this center, but, though the buildings were delightful, the rents were no longer within the paying capacity of former dwellers.

A similar improvement took place in the Minettas, Minetta Street, Lane and Court. These buildings, as in the case of Mr. Coffin's dwellings, were done over by Mr.

Arthur Holden, a well-known architect with a background of settlement association. But here too the improvement was no gain for the old neighbors.

Then in the "Village" years, Mr. Peppe, a real-estate operator in our neighborhood who had lived there all his life, saw the opportunity for remodeling on artistic lines. Soon the apartments with the old mantels and open fireplaces were in great demand. Here, too, though Mr. Peppe had from the days of our arrival on Jones Street befriended every move we had made for the well-being of the neighborhood, the improvements could not reach the low-income families. Still later, in postwar days, a great real-estate firm put up large apartment houses which attracted many who saw the charm of our neighborhood and its nearness to business and theaters.

In all this development the family with a small income is at a serious disadvantage. To stay in dilapidated old dwellings at a reasonable figure or to move to quarters too expensive for one's pocketbook seemed to be the only alternatives if one were to remain in the neighborhood.

It was this facing of the facts day by day and year by year that led me to realize that in New York and also, as I looked farther afield, in other communities throughout America, it is not possible to produce commercial housing for low-income families. The way open in the past has been to offer to the poor the leftovers of the well-to-do. As new housing is built, the low-income families must live in the dilapidated dwellings abandoned by those who could afford to leave. This has been not only the practice but also the theory of those who, maintaining they are the friends of good housing, see no other way open. But in other countries the answer has been a different one. In Holland, Germany, Austria, France, Russia and especially in England, housing has been regarded as a great public health measure and hence deserving public grants to make it possible to erect dwellings without private profit. The methods adopted have introduced a great variety of plans not only from an architectural point of view but also from the angle of organization. Co-operative features have been recognized and methods of financing vary. But at the bottom of the movement the main contention is that no government can afford to allow its citizens to live in a way that by the very nature of the case fosters sickness, disease and lack of parental control with its attendant dangers to family morale and social conduct. Of course, all these dangers have often been surmounted. Mothers have brought up their families well under the most difficult situations. Not only the log house of the frontier and the houses of the country village, but also the dilapidated slums of great cities have yielded an inspiring quota to the list of distinguished Americans. But this does not excuse us for allowing shameful conditions to exist.

The area of obsolescence in New York is very great, and when people must leave their old houses, through demolition, where are they to go? New housing is related to slum clearance, though by no means coterminous with it. The subject of housing is indeed primarily a question of community planning, and new housing is needed for all economic groups. But within the framework of an adequate city plan all groups except the low-income one will be able to be met by private enterprise. This is not the case, however, for families who cannot pay a commercial rental. And just as we have decided to furnish public schools, a public water supply, parks and hospitals, so if we are to preserve the health and self-respect of families of low income, we must not fail to insure decent shelter.

When we were at the beginning of the great depression, the first suggestion made by many who had followed the movement abroad and who were acquainted with the situation in our American cities, was that, as a measure for re-employment, public housing was indicated. England in facing the economic depression put forward, as primary ways of meeting the difficulty, unemployment insurance and government housing. In the case of the latter, there is income as well as outgo. Our relief measures are, of course, essential, but public housing is a great social measure, which in large degree will be self-supporting. And the intangible additional increment of income which is derived from lessened social care in hospitals and jails is well worth considering. As Sir Raymond Unwin has well put it, "We regard it as a bargain."

When the NIRA was enacted, in 1933, it contained the first provision which would make it legally possible to rehouse our low-income groups. Following this legislation, a bill was enacted in New York State which provided for the appointment of housing authorities in the state's cities whose large powers include the acquisition of property by purchase or condemnation, and the construction and operation of houses for the low-income group. This legislation has been approved by our highest state court. New York City led the way, and now the country has an increasing number of authorities empowered to receive federal funds and to engage in public housing.

Three years ago Senator Wagner introduced legislation which would remove housing from its emergency status and place it where it belongs—as a permanent social measure. In August of 1937 his bill was passed by Congress. The bill provides for federal loans and grants, and for decentralized administration. Thus for the first time in the history of our country, the principle of government aid to housing in the interests of public health and improved citizenship is established.

And what has this to do with Greenwich Village and our housing? Land costs are so high in our neighborhood and the configuration of local building sites is so irregular that the future for public housing in our district presents many difficulties. But the price of land is gradually diminishing, owing to the fact that the old overcrowding in immigration days has gone, and also that additional rapid-transit facilities have seen a great trek of our population to the outlying districts. Decreased use will continue to lower prices. How will the city recoup itself? Perhaps by enlarging its area and relating taxation to a new metropolitan district. Perhaps also by some new plan of taxation not based wholly on real-estate values. This raises new inquiries to meet a new day.

As to our neighborhood, renovation will help a little but not much. Demolition is due and has already begun. But slum clearance will not be enough. Here and there, however, there can be something done in a small area. Many of my city planner friends think it foolish to engage in housing unless it is on an impressive scale. I suppose a woman looks at it differently. If there is any chance to do anything, let us do it. Also, my life at Greenwich House has taught me not to despise small things. It is wonderful how little seeds sprout. I do not despair of good dwellings in our area for those who can't afford commercial rents. Nor do I believe that the answer to housing is all to be found in the outlying districts. There will always be a need for people to live near their work. Longshoremen should live near the docks. Office cleaners ought not to travel miles. Neighborhood planning should be developed in accord with a city plan, but the reverse is true also. If years ago we had developed New York as a series of villages, each with its own everyday features of residences, shops, markets, schools, churches and community centers for art, music and drama, with its housing so planned that children could have played in gardens rather than on traffic highways, with river front, baths and parks, we could still have preserved the advantages of great central shopping and theater districts. It would have meant a different plan for highways, whether on the surface or overhead or below ground. But it might have saved New York from the great areas of obsolescence and decay that today depress and challenge the city planner.

As our House faces the neighborhood, it sees the problems of wages and housing as major issues. Labor's share in opportunity and in the rewards of industry will increase, and the standard of living must go up accordingly. The degradation of poverty and of tumble-down, dark homes must disappear as we make our democracy more real and more in accord with the vision of the founding fathers of our country. The practical next steps in local housing include enforcing the multiple dwelling law and the building of homes, perhaps with a combination of public and private housing in an area large enough for replanning and for the inclusion of recreational features as well.

The proposed new zoning for our district provides for a permanent residential area. Our neighborhood presents, therefore, a definite challenge which must be the objective of the coming years.

CHAPTER XV

TODAY

A LAST chapter should perhaps register certain conclusions or should attempt to bring together the scattered aspects of the book's theme. But this is a formal idea not in tune with the flowing life of a neighborhood whose story is out of date as soon as written. Already outmoded is the Village of 1936 and '37.

About two blocks away from our doors there existed till a few years ago a half-concealed back yard called locally Patsy's Barn. There where the green door opened could be seen a horse, a goat and a few chickens. While Board of Health regulations forbade the existence of such a spot in our urban area, for that very reason, perhaps, it was the children's joy; and grownups, too, felt a sort of release as they smelt the hay and the warm pungency of the animals. No one would have dreamt of reporting this "nuisance," for it carried a memory and a hope. The goat seemed to say, as one went by, "Look and see me on a thousand hills, and here I am stuck on Grove Street. I don't care for it. Do you?" At Patsy's Barn our love of country revived, and subconsciously we thought, Why can't all life be jolly, friendly and natural? School children were taken to see the Barn, which was the nearest imitation of a farm one could find in our midst. But Patsy moved on and out. The forge on Barrow Street, which was a similar bit of the past, vanished, leaving in its place a night club.

So too, tops, hoops and jackstones are fading away. But spots like Bleecker's Gardens, St. Johns' Gardens and the Cherry Lane corner of Commerce Street are successful though tiny attempts to stabilize home settings favorable to a little silence, a little beauty and a little sense of space and harmony. One hunts for permanence. "Verbleibe doch, du bist so schön," we say of any arresting desire. And so, at the end of the story I have told, one asks: Is Greenwich House likely to survive? Are settlements passé? Once in discussing with my cousin, the late Kenneth Kingsbury, who was President of the Standard Oil Company of California, the future of his own great enterprise, he wisely said, "We can plan for the next twenty-five years, but after that who knows what will happen?" Hospitals and schools and libraries and parks, airports and roads will survive, but when one asks about movies, churches, lodges, the theater, settlements, clubs—i. e., associations for human values only indirectly related to the material necessities of life—one can readily admit that they will be conserved in proportion to the meaning they possess for a given period. They are dependent on the interest and the character of people who make voluntary choices inside the general framework of the state, but independent of its jurisdiction. In property relations the state, under its general welfare provisions, may be supreme, but when it comes to the voicing of opinion and belief, or the associations of people in their own interests, political or religious or economic, voluntary groups must continue to play an essential role in the life of a democracy.

The settlement started as a group of people deciding to live and work together, to understand their neighbors' problems, and with them to build a better life. It had no creed but that of a common humanity and no planned methodology for effecting its purpose. It started with a valuable respect for facts, and was determined not to let theory or sentiment swerve the movement from looking day by day at what was happening and wherever possible lending a hand to those, whether in or outside the neighborhood, who desired to make life more human and worth while. Always have we held that a person is more important than a cause. The House has had the grace of the ordinary. There is something refreshing about an illumined drudgery. The faith that has survived all criticism and failure is that of those who really believe in the possibility of achieving a more human society, but who know that this can never take place by flag-raising, speechmaking or even organization, but can be brought about only by the difficult path of analysis of the facts, the effecting of justice and the vitalizing both of art and of economics with a fresh sense of the meaning of our lives. If the people are not sensitive to the new breezes blowing, democracy comes to an end.

In theory we have always thought of ourselves as a family rather than an institution. When the beautiful young Louise Egbert, who kept house for us in our earliest days, went out to market, she said to the greengrocer, "There are sixteen in my family." "Well, lady, never mind; they'll look after you when you're old."

What an education we have had in our life at the House! Ernest Barker, Nevinson or Ratcliffe dropping in for breakfast; Albert Sonnechsen initiating us to the co-operative movement; Bishop Gore telling us of his English experience in social action; Babushka, grandmother of the first Russian revolution, blessing us with her presence; Margaret Bondfield and Mallon giving us of their experience with the British labor movement. And year by year from Japan, Italy, France and Germany, India, China, Mexico and Egypt, the Scandinavian countries, Russia and New Zealand, have come to us both visitors and residents, wishing to learn from firsthand contacts the daily life of a great American city.

In all the years at Greenwich House there has been fine leadership in the different enterprises we have built up. After the war, Suzanne Crawford's years with us brought to the House a clarity of outlook and performance that keyed us all up to fresh vigor. Many others—too many to name—have contributed their special gifts in fields of health or art or research. The members of our Board have shown their loyalty to the policies that have been adopted and their confidence in the judgment of staff members, who often have to make sudden choices in difficult situations. There are of necessity very different opinions in regard to many matters on the part of Board, staff, residents and neighbors, but a generosity of spirit prevails which allows for leeway in the making of decisions. And just as in political or religious matters anyone connected with the House is free to act quite independently, so in matters of social concern, new ways of looking at new problems, while scrutinized, are welcomed. Hospitality to ideas is different, however, from an uncritical acceptance.

Is there, then, no central thought, no core to our work? If we think of these little American neighborhoods as cross sections of American life, as microcosms, the inquiry is rather, For what does our country itself exist? The freedom our country envisioned included economic opportunities for all. But no individual can grasp them single-handed. Social change is necessary to secure that general welfare the Constitution declares to be America's goal. The settlements are tiny cells in this upbuilding.

It is no accident that the settlements had their beginning in England. The tradition of experimentation, of listening to others, of taking steps one by one as they become possible, of opening up fresh possibilities of more gracious living, is the path England has followed, and it is our path also. Liberalism, of course, may be unintelligent or unclear in aim and so worthy of the discard into which it has temporarily fallen. But as a method rather than a goal, it is the way of preference. For the general welfare is an aim lofty and roomy enough for endless social change.

As a recent candidate for the new City Council, I traveled all over Manhattan to districts with which I thought

I was familiar, but which as a matter of fact opened up to me new impressions of the great changes the city is now undergoing with a rapidity with which no previous period is comparable. I shall never forget the audiences I addressed in Harlem and on the upper East Side, as well as those in the downtown area, their understanding of the city's present-day needs and their enthusiastic support of measures to insure the city's well-being. There is a new spirit in New York, no doubt originating in trouble, which seems to be the beginning of all good things. And here too, in our own Village, questions relating to the standards of living are now coming to the front. Just as in wartime we all came together in one common program, so economic needs are bringing us together today.

As we look back over these years, perhaps we have cherished most the fact that the young people who have come to our House have turned out so well. We do not know how much the House has had to do with the good record of responsibility that has marked these young people. But they themselves believe the associations made, the new interests awakened, the responsible choices they learned to make, all have told in their later life.

Not only have the club and other group members testified to the worthwhileness of their connection with the House, but our residents have carried away with them the attitudes they learned at the House into their work, whether it be that of college president, editor, professor or businessman. Social workers have left us to take up work in almost every state in the Union and also in other countries. The government has been enriched by leadership learned in humble work in our neighborhood. Social critics, authors, teachers and clergy have all started as young students in the ferment of the House's life. Here they have participated in movements for social change based on actual experience through daily contact with the life of their neighbors.

If I, too, have learned anything throughout these many years, it is surely this, that it is our common life that matters, and that to stay apart from it is the death of art, of politics and of religion.

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